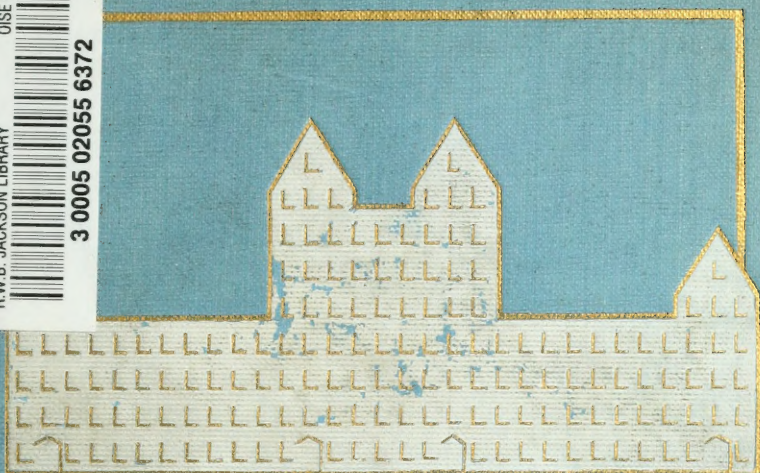


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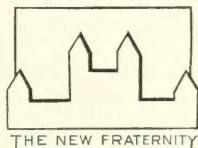
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The New Fraternity

A Novel of University Life

By

George Frederick Gundelfinger, Ph.D.



THE NEW FRATERNITY
Literature & Music
Sewickley, Pennsylvania

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Published November, 1916

*A Message to the Undergraduates, the
Alumni, the Parents, the Teachers, the Pro-
fessors and the College Presidents of America.*

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THE NEW FRATERNITY

CHAPTER I

THE HERO AND THE WHITE PLUME

A heavy gray fog, so characteristic of November evenings, had already begun to form and lent that uncertain mystic effect which is often seen in the background of a picture, where only soft outlines suggest rather than represent the view.

The fog was gathering thickly along the western horizon, and through it the upper zone of the setting sun was still visible, emitting a crimson glow, which, at lengthening intervals, seemed to brighten perceptibly, as if fanned by a wandering breeze, and then become duller than before. One might almost imagine it to be a human heart, which some warrior, athirst for blood and fame, had torn from the bosom of his victim and tossed into this sluggish, muddy, snake-haunted stream, where its pulsations grew more and more feeble and irregular as it sank lower and lower in the cold, lifeless water.

The game was over and won. It was the greatest victory in the history of the university, and the credit went to one man—Tom Kuhler. He did all the brilliant playing, made the long runs and the timely tackles. He was the star of the afternoon, the hero, the king, the god. And yet a merciless god—for, although he had sent the opposing team to bitter defeat, he had to twist their ribs and crack their skulls to do so; there was scarcely a man who escaped being injured in some way or other.

During the first quarter, one player was carried off the field; his neck had been broken. He was, in fact, the only man considered as Kuhler's equal or superior—the only man who really stood in Kuhler's way; and Kuhler himself had

connived in advance with his squad to remove him from the gridiron as soon as possible.

When the fame of a great university lies at stake, human suffering and death itself are disregarded. The main thing is the glory of the Alma Mater. Let us unfurl her flag to the eyes of the populace that she might lure the youth of the nation into her ranks. What difference does it make if we murder a man or two, as long as we win the support of a thousand others by doing so!

And while that score was being flashed across the continent, and while the graduates of the future were reading the thrilling accounts of the contest, the dying man was drawing his last breath.

The removal of the unfortunate victim produced a short silence and delay; but the game was soon resumed, and the spectators were again on their feet, yelping like hounds of war. When the whistle announced the close of the conflict, it seemed as though the walls of a mighty dam gave way, and the students poured down over the benches—stumbling, falling, rising, hurdling, rushing, dashing forward like a human torrent, which leaped over the fences and flooded the field. Kuhler, with outstretched arms and with a torch of blazing red fire in each hand, was hoisted on the shoulders of his fellow-players, who marched across the gridiron before a deafening brass band, followed by all the students, who threw their canes and derbies high in the air and howled and bellowed like a herd of wolves and wildcats. There was one girl among them; she marched along at the very end of the procession, waving her white-plumed hat frantically above her head.

There was perhaps only one student of the university absent from this spectacular pageant. He remained in his seat in the last row at the top of the East Stand. He had lost all interest in the game after the ill-fated victim had been carried off the field. The sight of that man's head, dangling loosely over the edge of a stretcher, had obliterated in this observer what little enjoyment the preceding part of the game had afforded him. His thoughts were

with the dying student, and it was to this boy alone that the sinking sun became symbolic of the final throbs of a human heart.

Although he was sad and pensive, no one seemed to observe it. Why should they, when death itself had failed to detract their eager attention? And was not this boy himself a part of the vast multitude in which his very thoughts were concealed? Inwardly he had his own individual reflections, but outwardly he appeared like all the others.

There is a certain captivation about this intense enthusiasm which seems to absorb all individuality. The audience does not consist of fifty thousand individuals; it is one gigantic body, shouting from fifty thousand mouths and stamping with a hundred thousand feet upon the trembling framework which supports it.

Yes; the boy's thoughts were far removed from the thoughts of this fearful ogre, but his body was a part of it. He rose with the crowd, cheered, and waved his hat; but he did so involuntarily, perhaps unconsciously. It was the persons around him who lifted him up. It was the pressure from all sides which forced the voice out of him. It was instinct, and not intelligence, which made him wave his hat above his head. He was drifting uncontrollably on a mighty sea, whose undulations began at one extremity of the grandstand and rolled along to the other. It was this wave which had taken hold of him; it was not his own enthusiasm.

Even those of us who have acquired the majesty of calmness are often demented by a football game. The animal spirit is temporarily unleashed. Students stand up and beat one another, exercising the same brutality which is displayed on the field. There is something terrible in this extreme joy; it differs little from the frenzy of a beast. It is even more pronounced in the older graduate than in the freshman. It would seem that the more reasonable we become, the more animalistic we are when the force of resistance is suddenly weakened. Both the youth and his senior seem to lose their heads—they go mad; they become dangerously intoxicated with delight.

It is not only the men, but also some women, who are thus affected. There was a girl in the East Stand whose madness was easily double that of any student in the section. She reminded one of Kipling's poem, *The Female of the Species*.

Those who were seated in that section had all reason to believe that the pensive lad had escorted this girl to the game. She sat next to him, and the clothes of both of them indicated poverty. The boy's coat was antiquated and shabby; the girl's garments were newer but cheap. She wore a shapeless white felt hat, trimmed with a long white flimsy plume, which hung down her back to her waist. Surrounded as she was by the rich shades of velvet and the expensive furs of the more dignified social leaders, she appeared like a common daisy in a bed of cultivated roses.

No conversation passed between this boy and girl. Indeed, she was interested in the game to the same degree that he was disgusted with it. Her eyes were glued to Tom Kuhler. Not a move of his escaped her, and she applauded furiously after each of his plays. At times she stood up on her seat mimicking the cheer-leader, her entire body swaying with the rhythm of the *rah rah rah*. When Kuhler made his famous run, she lost self-control completely and seized this boy with a frantic embrace, which sent his hat flying from his head. It was the only instant during the whole game when they seemed aware of each other's presence.

At the close of the game they separated, he remaining in his seat and she joining the torrent of students which was making its way to the field. She hopped and jumped from bench to bench like a mad bird until she reached her position at the rear of the procession, where we see her now, whirling and dancing to the music, singing and cheering with the students, and waving her white plume wildly above her head.

The boy had watched the white plume floating down over the grandstand and then he gazed thoughtfully and solitarily upon the procession of which it had become a part. The fog stood in long horizontal clouds over the gridiron. This, together with the distance which separated him from

the field, rendered the scene rather indistinct, and it was left to his thought, rather than his observation, to decipher what was taking place in the vast arena, which seemed miles and miles below him.

We know the nature of his thought: The procession, as it zigzagged across the field, was nothing more than a gigantic snake. Kuhler was at the head of it; this girl was at the end. The derbies, which he saw rising and falling in the air, were like a swarm of mad flies darting from and to the steaming hide of the serpent, which writhed along, dragging its belly through mud and blood—for it had rained that morning, and the field was covered with a slippery mire mixed here and there with the blood which had dripped from the torn cheeks of the contestants. The two torches which Kuhler swung about his head resembled two blood-shot eyes glaring through the fog. The girl's white plume, together with her shrill feminine voice (which could be heard at times above the others), supplied a rattle at the end of the snake's tail. The illusion was complete.

It was the first real football game the boy had attended. He had never seen such a multitude of people before. He had never heard such a storm of applause and enthusiasm. He had stayed away from earlier games to save enough money for the final contest of the season. He believed it was his duty to see this big event upon which the reputation of the university was in great part founded.

His idea of a university had been primarily a place for study—a world of books—a community in which scholarship was cherished, rewarded and worshiped. It was this notion he carried there when the alumni of his home town presented him with a free scholarship. He had been selected because they considered him a youth of great promise, sound in mind and body—a youth who would accomplish something of which the Alma Mater might well be proud. These things were stated in the letter which he had received from them.

Today he had seen the thing of which the Alma Mater seemed most proud. He had seen the alumni applaud and

idolize Tom Kuhler for the great victory he had won for his university. It was only natural that the boy's soul revolted when he saw the public worshipping brute strength, when he saw football occupying a more important place than scholarship—the one great activity which should predominate at the institution.

What little he had earlier seen or read of football led him to believe it was merely a clean, manly, healthful sport, conducive to study and resulting in a symmetrical development of the student's physique. Today it stood for one thing only: rank competition, which transformed men into beasts and deprived them of their reason by stimulating their animal passions beyond control. He could see little that resembled human happiness and success in that shrieking monster which groveled in the foggy depths beneath him. And yet it symbolized victory! Victory over what? What had been gained? A score. What had been lost? A life. Ah! more than one life. He saw the blood ooze from the mangled faces of the players as they limped from the field, but there was more that he could not see. There were hidden injuries which would not appear serious until long after the thundering ceased, long after the victory was forgotten. In that mad fight one man had perhaps burst an artery; another had strained a muscle; another had snapped a rib, pierced a lung or torn a heart. "Just a few scratches," says the victim; but it is not so trivial as that. Years will tell; poor health, disease and premature death follow in the path of this serpent—this serpent of victory.

Such were the thoughts which zigzagged back and forward in the head of our dreamer, just as the serpent zigzagged back and forward across the gridiron. But these thoughts were not all dreams. They are officially reported facts which seem to confirm them. It was recently estimated that seventy-five percent. of the injuries treated by surgeons in one season at a well-known institution were due to football casualties, and these were all found among the forty or fifty students who had entered the contest. The remaining twenty-five percent. were scattered among over

six hundred other students. Eighteen percent. of the seventy-five percent. of the injuries were of a serious nature liable to cause future trouble. A study of the careers of the graduates of that institution showed that those who were star athletes in their college days had suffered a positive loss in weakened physique at a time in life when the best should be expected in the co-ordination of mind and body. Glorious Football! Adorable Million-Dollar Stadium!

The boy remained in his seat, meditating.

The serpent was now leaving the field. Its head had found a hole in the fence; the body followed, and that part which was still visible grew shorter and shorter. Finally the very end of the tail—the white plume—wagged and rattled once again and then disappeared.

The spectators left the benches. The grandstands gradually emptied; they seemed to creak restfully after they were relieved of the great weight which they had supported. A drizzling rain fell quietly over the deserted gridiron. It seemed that God Himself was trying to wash away the blood-stains which had been left upon it.

The boy left the field in silence—and alone.

CHAPTER II

THE TEAM BREAKS TRAINING

When the boy saw the white plume vanish from the field he believed the serpent of victory had passed out of existence. He saw no more of it that night, for he spent the evening in his little garret chamber, far away from the riot and tumult. But he had seen enough. Had he witnessed the events which followed the game, and which will be described in this chapter, he might have revolted then and there against the whole idea of university education, although he had not yet received it. Providence drew the curtain across the scenes which would have excited him prematurely in regard to reform. Providence saw to it that this youth was not called away from his studies to solve those problems with which only an educated man could cope. His preparation for the conflict must precede the conflict itself. The cause for and the need of conflict would not disappear in the meanwhile; that cause and that need are omnipresent.

The snake dance on the gridiron was merely an introduction to the celebrations which followed it. The youth must be left in his lonely garret with his thoughts and his reflections, while we follow the path over which the serpent is passing. It creeps along from the field to the town, monopolizing the streets and even derailing the cars. Then it stops before the University Dining Hall and howls for food. We must peep inside this lofty building and see how the animal feeds.

"Kuhler is a miracle!"

"Wasn't that the greatest run you ever saw?"

"What wonderful interference!"

"Did you notice that remarkable punting in the third quarter?"

"He can put it all over that fullback."

"He is strong as a bull."

"The greatest game in the history of the university!"

"He could smash through anything."

"Wasn't that a pretty goal?"

"He's a wizard."

"Hell, fellows, we'll have to get soused on the head of this."

"I expect to be drunk for a whole week."

Such are the remarks at one table.

Then the table is transformed into a football field. The five-yard lines are scored upon the linen with the prong of a fork. The salt shakers and the vinegar cruets represent the players. The catsup bottle becomes a goal post. Each student at the table takes a cracker and tries to kick a goal. Bang! Some one at the next table has struck the catsup bottle with a grapefruit. The bombardment between the two tables begins. Others participate in the general war. The whole hall becomes a scene of battle, with food and dishes for ammunition. Chunks of bread rise and fall like projectiles and meteors, whose paths intersect, giving rise to collisions. Napkins, filled with powdered sugar, explode noiselessly in mid-air, forming clouds of white smoke. Stacks of order blanks are sent to the ceiling, where they separate and flutter down from the rafters. Bang! Bang! Bang! The glasses are hurled upon the stone floor, where they fly into a hundred slivers. The knife blades serve as springs, which, when released, shoot pats of butter against the wall. Plates are spun on the floor. Spoons are rattled against the tea cups. The waiters cross the hall, carrying trays of food above their heads. A tray makes a good target. Bang! One down. Roast beef, celery, ice cream and chowder are splattered over the floor and the waiter himself, who runs for refuge with a hot clam nestled in his ear. A shower of baked potatoes and biscuit falls about him. A water pitcher just misses his head. He crawls

under a table. The table is overturned, and the dishes and food are spread helter-skelter. One good turn deserves another. A second table is upset. Then a third. Ten more trays go down simultaneously.

Thus it is that the serpent feeds.

Then, hungrier than ever, it leaves the hall, climbing over ridges of broken china, swimming through puddles of gravy and milk, wading through marshes of custards and mashed potatoes, slipping on vegetables and olives, sliding on salads and bananas, squashing and smashing all under its thousand feet. Onward it creeps, still dissatisfied with the ruin and devastation which it has left behind it. Onward, onward to continue its destruction.

A snake may be cut into several pieces, and each part seems to retain the life and energy of the complete body. The larger part of the serpent had entered the dining hall. Other smaller parts had squirmed off in other directions. What had become of the head? of the tail? Where were Tom Kuhler and the girl with the white plume?

Kuhler was a senior, and this was his last game of football at the university. It was the great climax of his athletic career, and he was anxiously waiting to celebrate it. The training-table, where the squad had been fed during practice, was in the basement of a certain house which catered mainly to student trade. Several smaller pieces of the serpent had found their way into the smaller dining rooms of this boarding house, where the same spirit prevailed that we saw at the large dining hall. The head of the serpent—Kuhler and his victorious team—was at its usual trough. The windows of this basement were on a level with the street, so that passers-by could easily see through them without exertion. The curtains were usually not drawn, but for this special occasion all but one of the windows were shaded. The girl with the white plume was standing on the sidewalk, gazing through this window at her hero, who was carousing with his squad; for this was the night that the team broke training.

We have seen Tom Kuhler at a distance. Let us also peep through the window to get a closer view of this modern Hercules.

He sat at the head of a table which was groaning under the weight of champagne bottles and heaped-up platters of meat and fruit. He had a head of hair like a mop of hemp. His teeth were prominent and milky white, permanently rooted in a pair of iron jaws. His lips were thick, and wet with wine. His cheeks were like two patches of red flannel. He was pug-nosed; a few hairs extended from his nostrils. His sensual eyes flashed like the discharge of a cannon. His back was a mountain of muscle, and his limbs were like mighty pillars of marble. His hands were large and plump; his fingers, firm and thick; his nails, well defined. His chest rose and fell like the tide—for it seemed his lungs were large enough to retain sufficient air to supply him for an entire day. Brutal as his actions were on the gridiron, we find him fascinating—this handsome human ox.

The strength and the appearance of the husky athlete had completely deprived this girl of her reason—this girl who stood on the pavement watching his every move, just as she had done at the field. A girl friend stood beside the white-plumed creature, trying to pull her away from the window, but her efforts were futile; it seemed Kuhler had chained her there.

"He's goin' to make a speech," rattled the tail of the serpent; and she tried to open the window.

"Do come away," pleaded her friend. "Your mother doesn't know you are here. She wouldn't want you to be here either."

"I can't leave him; I simply can't."

"Bah! he doesn't give a rap for you," said her friend, in a discouraging tone.

"How do you know? He has never met me."

"Do you expect to meet him?"

"Sure thing!"

"How?"

"Just wait and see. Gee! but he is handsome. Just imagine havin' them arms around you!"

"Do come away," said the friend persuasively.

"Look at his eyes. Did you ever see such lamps? My God, how they burn me!" panted the unfortunate victim.

By this time Kuhler had arisen and begun his speech. The girl had succeeded in lifting the window a small distance, but no one had noticed it. She could now hear his voice very distinctly.

"Well, boys," said Kuhler, "the season's over, an' the vict'ry's ours. We played a great game; we did. That score'll ga down in hist'ry. It'll puff the reputation ove the univers'ty tenfold. We make this univers'ty w'at she is, boys. If football wuz 'bolished, this univers'ty 'ud go ta the dogs. Three cheers fur football!"

The team cheered, while Kuhler drained another glass of sparkling Burgundy.

"Next year I won't be here," continued the hero.

The girl at the window sighed.

"But," he added, "I want 'a spur ya on—those ove ya who 'll return in the fall—ta do even better work in the future. I don't need ta tell ya not 'a study too damn hard over yer books."

A smile appeared on all the faces around the table.

"A football star 'as never yet been known ta flunk out. The univers'ty which 'ud permit such a thing 'ud be com-mittin' suicide. What ya want 'a do is ta give football all yer attention. Concentrate yer efforts on that. Muscle! Mountains ove it! Gray matter don't matter. Good animals—that's w'at we want—that's w'at we need. Football ain't a game fur babies, but that's w'at the're tryin' ta make out ove it. I want ya all ta work hard an' save the game an' restore it. Don't become too inconveniently spir'tu'l. I want ya ta yearn again fur the good old days ove brutal-izin' vict'ries, as our encouragin' *Alumani Weekly* puts it.

"And now jist a few words more, boys: We 'ave kept in trainin' fur a long time, an' stored an' saved energy fur the final game ove the year. We 'xpended a great part

ove that energy ta-day fur our Alma Mater. It's ta be hoped that we still 'ave some left, fur our own pers'nal enjoyment. A good deed deserves a reward. We 'ave been 'good boys' fur a long time, an' 'ave at least tried ta stay away from the habits which ere believed to harm the athalete. But such things ere no longer denied us— fur a time at least. Our season ove work's over; our season ove pleasure begins—ta-night."

"Tonight," shouted the team.

"Tonight," gasped the tail of the serpent.

Then the glasses were refilled, and all drank to the health of Tom Kuhler. The banquet ended with a long cheer for the hero, in which the white plume participated.

A few minutes later, Tom Kuhler was standing before a house on Walnut Street. There was light in the windows on the second floor. The windows on the first floor were dark, but the curtain on one of them was drawn aside a little, and a pair of sharp eyes watched every move of the man who stood on the curbstone with two girls, one of whom wore a long white plume on her hat. The smaller window in the garret was also dark, but the sweet strains of a violin came floating from it.

"Hello, Arch Coddington," shouted Kuhler.

"Hello," came the muffled reply.

"Stick yer head out the window."

A window on the second floor was thrown open, and a student leaned over the sill.

"What in the hell are you after?" asked Coddington.

"I've got somethin' here that's never been touched," answered Kuhler.

"Hurrah—Hurrah!" exclaimed the student at the window.

"Will I fetch it up?"

"You could never get past the watchdog," was the reply. "But wait a second."

The lights went out, and so did Coddington. The curtain on the first floor closed again; the violin was still playing softly in the garret.

When the team breaks training at the end of the football season, the whole student-body seems to follow its example. All sorts of training—manners, laws, respect, courtesy, manliness, everything—are broken. Restraint fades and vanishes. Students who seemed to be the very models for their class lose every trace of refinement and dignity, and join the common rabble. Let us continue to follow the serpent of victory, and see what has become of its dissociated sections.

There is one piece of it in every down-town saloon. These are crowded to the doors. In them the animal continues to glut, quaff, spit and puke, as columns of smoke arise from its hide.

That part which has been denied admittance to the saloons creeps and crawls up and down the avenue. There is one unbroken stream of students, graduates, gamins, harlots, ticket-speculators, fakers and venders. Half of them are saturated with drink; the others are joy-mad. The venders blow their horns in the ears of the pedestrians. The gamins snatch off hats and pick pockets. The drunkards stagger along, colliding with women. The students fling confetti into the faces of young girls. A sophomore lies rolling in the gutter. An old "grad" is vomiting in the middle of the sidewalk. A peddler's cart is upset, scattering peanuts and caramels over the street. A trolley car is blockaded; the students climb to the roof of it, and some enter, and insult the passengers. Automobiles, filled with mothers and sisters, glide along with the winning colors streaming behind them.

Then the doors of the theatre open. Seats have been selling at double and triple their regular prices, but this does not turn the serpent away. It writhes through the lobby into the parquet. Parts of it climb the stairs. It greedily occupies every seat in the house, not only every seat but every square foot of space.

The curtain rises. The chorus enters. Flowers and loaf sugar are hurled at the soubrettes. Soon they stand knee-deep in an ocean of colored streamers, which have

been hurled to the stage from all parts of the house. A shower of confetti falls gracefully from the gallery. Several pigeons are liberated from coat-pockets; they fly through the air frantically, and then roost on the tops of the boxes. A cackling chicken flies over the footlights and disappears in the wings. A squealing cat lights on milady's coiffure in the orchestra circle.

"Repeat that song! Repeat that song! Repeat that song!" shouts the serpent.

The song is repeated, and the ocean of streamers rises higher and higher.

"Repeat it again! Repeat it again!"

The chorus repeats it several times and then leaves the stage.

"We want more song! We want more song! We want more song!"

A comedian appears.

"Take off that hat! Take off that hat! Take off that hat!"

The comedian refuses to remove his chapeau. Bang! an orange has done it for him.

"Take off that mustache! Take off that mustache!"

The comedian, fearing more fruit, obeys.

"Put it on again! Put it on again! Put it on again!"

He does so.

"Take it off! Take it off! Take it off! Take it off!"

The actor loses his temper, picks up the orange, throws it at a student in the front row. Then he rushes off the stage—a volley of lemons after him.

"We want that man! We want that man! We want that man!"

The actor does not reappear.

"We want that man! We want that man! We want that man!"

No sign of the comedian.

"We want that man! We want that man! We want that man!"

The leading lady steps on the stage in a costume which at any other time would have created a sensation, but her presence is ignored.

"We want that man! We want that man! We want that man!"

She begins to sing. At least, her lips are moving, although the audience hears nothing but its own deafening clamor.

"We want that man! We want that man! We want that man!"

The manager sends the chorus on again, hoping to pacify the mob, but in vain.

"We want that man! We want that man! We want that man!"

The comedian is trembling and cursing behind the scenes. He refuses to appear.

"We want that man! We want that man! We want that man!"

More streamers; more confetti; more lemons; more sugar.

"We want that man! We want that man! We want that man!"

But the comedian has left the theatre in terror, and is on his way to the hotel.

"We want that man! We want that man! We want that man!"

The curtain descends slowly; the serpent hisses.

"We want more show! We want more show! We want more show!"

This cry is kept up for fully twenty minutes. Then the curtain rises. The stage is empty. The scenery has been removed. The actors have withdrawn from their dressing rooms. The manager, fearing a riot, has left the theatre, taking his whole show with him.

"We want our money back! We want our money back!"

"Boycott the theatre! Boycott the theatre! Boycott the theatre!"

"Riot! Riot! Riot! Riot! Riot!"

"Tear down the house! Tear down the house! Tear down the house!"

The serpent is wild, furious, mad—mad because it has been defeated after its glorious victory on the gridiron. It needs but one student to start the work of destruction, and then the whole student-body will join him. The angry animal will chew, crush, mangle, beat, tear, strangle, demolish anything and everything which is within its reach. Several volunteers arise, but they sink back into their seats; their courage fails them. Finally, one student jumps over the railing, and glides across the front of the stage, dragging a chair through the trough of footlights. The lamps are shattered, one after the other, giving rise to a series of shots like those from a repeating musket. Powdered glass flies in all directions. Another student seizes the draperies, rips them down and tears them to shreds. The same act is repeated in the boxes on the other side of the theatre, where the banister is also beaten to splinters. Students stand up and kick their feet through the velvet seats of the chairs in the orchestra circle. The danger point has been reached. The women are leaving the house. One man, with brute strength, unrivets the iron legs of a chair from the floor and hurls it across the orchestra pit. Others follow his example. Several rows of seats are ripped up in the balcony and thrown forcefully one by one upon the stage, where they form a pile several feet high. One chair strikes a girl. She is killed instantly, but the chaos is so fearful that no one notices how she is carried from the theatre dead. The house is gradually clearing. A part of the serpent fears that it might destroy itself. As that part leaves the building, it smashes the glass doors in the lobby, and brickbats the electric light sign over the entrance. The part of the animal which remains in the auditorium seems to have an insatiable appetite. It does not cease its pillage until it uproots several more rows of chairs, snatches down the life-sized framed pictures of Mansfield, Irwin, Terry, Marlowe and Jefferson, and throws them, together with

other miscellaneous contributions, upon the heap of debris, which has already completely covered the stage floor.

Where were the police? They were in the midst of it all, but what good are police in a riot of this kind! What cares the infuriated serpent for the gashes it receives from their maces? It laughs, hisses and spits in the very face of a revolver.

A university! A place for learning! A thoroughly civilized community! This is the type of man you graduate. This is the outcome of the great football contest on which your reputation is founded. It is for the encouragement of this barbaric sport that you erect your million-dollar stadiums. Wonderful Football! Glorious Football! Noble Football! Onward! Onward, thou frenzied serpent of victory! Onward, leaving injury, death, crime, murder, and ruin, in thy path!

The theatre was a complete wreck. The serpent stood and grinned with satisfaction upon the demolition which it had wrought.

At the conclusion of the havoc, a drunken "grad" rushed upon the stage, and, standing upon the heap of ruined furniture and decorations with outstretched arms, he cried: "A long cheer for Tom Kuhler." The serpent squealed until the walls of the theatre trembled as the name of Kuhler rang nine times across the scene of destruction.

But where was our illustrious hero?

CHAPTER III

ALICE AND ALLAINE

Samuel Milton was a musician, who died in the heyday of his career as an artist. He was survived by his widow, Alice, and his son, Paul. He had provided them with a simple little cottage and a small capital, the income of which was sufficient to furnish clothing and food.

The widow could not offer her boy the numerous opportunities which are lavished on the sons of well-to-do parents, and which these sons seldom appreciate or utilize. But Paul's heritage from his father was something more precious than the gold which the rich bequeath to their children, and which is often the cause of their unrest and degradation. The life of Samuel Milton was stainless, and Paul came into the world without a blemish.

Alice Milton was a very beautiful and cultured woman. She had had many ardent admirers but had refused their oft-repeated proposals to await the husband whom destiny was reserving for her. She had learned that wealth was not always happiness, and that the men who possessed it were seldom loyal to their sweethearts or wives. The simple, poetic life of a musician appealed to her; it seemed nearer to nature, nearer to God, more like the life of a bird, in contrast with the mere animal existence common among men who had fallen heirs to vast fortunes.

She saw and heard Samuel Milton the first time at a private musicale, where she was at once charmed by the moral beauty reflected from his countenance and by the soul and colour which characterized his art. She longed to share the sweet solitude which enveloped this man's life. She longed to make him happier, for it seemed he was

speaking to his audience through his violin, and his message—as she interpreted it—was one of sadness and yearning. Strangely enough, during the rendition of one number on his program, the large dark eyes gazed into the still deep blue of her own, and then only did the tone from his beloved instrument seem to indicate that his soul was calm. It had found that perfect contentment—the absence of agitation and suffering—which often steals over us when we couch upon the soft, warm sand of some unmolested shore and become charmed by the infinite tranquillity of the sea.

It was then and there that God wedded their souls, and the object of His union seemed that of bringing Paul into the world; for it was very shortly after the birth of the son that the musician was called away. God had gifted the father with musical genius to keep him upright and free from vulgar associations, and, after his spotless character was purely transmitted and safely planted in the child, God took the musician under his own wing and relieved the mother of duties to the husband in order that she might give the little son her undivided attention and preserve him for that deed of service for which he had been modeled by the Creator.

Never was a mother more attached to her babe. She remained constantly at its side. She felt that, were they separated, it would grow cold. She believed it was the flame of maternal love in her own bosom which kept the child alive and that the closer she remained to it the warmer the little heart became. At night she could not sleep unless she felt the warmth of its tiny hand resting upon her own cheek. Her babe was a part of her—an inseparable part.

As soon as Paul grew older, she began to teach him little by little. The child had few toys for instruction or amusement. The mother could not afford them. But she did take long walks through the public parks and acquaint him with the flowers along the paths and with the real animals in the cages at the zoo. He loved to watch the highly colored birds hopping from perch to perch; in fact he liked everything that was to be seen there—everything

but the serpents, in particular the huge rattlesnake writhing under glass. He loathed that.

All these natural objects made an impression on his mind. He had observed them very closely. One day the widow found him making a little park on the sand pile in the garden behind the cottage. She stopped her household work to help him. She knelt on the cool grass and traced out a network of paths and driveways, while he gathered flowers from the bushes and the meadow across the road. She bordered the driveways with rows of tiny white buttons, whose shortened stems were pressed firmly into the moist earth. Larger flowers were used to represent flower beds. A pie pan, filled with water and placed in the middle of the plot, served for a lake, in which a white lily, standing upright, sufficed for a marble fountain.

The boy removed the petals from a daisy and scattered them upon the water.

"What are those, dear?" asked the mother.

"Swans," answered Paul.

Then he likewise strewed some yellow petals from a dandelion.

"And those?" inquired the widow.

"Gold fish."

A bleeding-heart blossom was pulled apart, and the two halves were placed at the edge of the pan.

"They are rabbits drinking," explained the boy.

He constructed a small cage by sticking daisy stems into the sand, and in it he placed a black and yellow caterpillar.

"That's a tiger," he shouted joyfully.

The widow was delighted with the fact that his imagination could transform these insignificant things into the animals he had seen at the zoo. The children of the rich had expensive toys—tigers and rabbits with real fur—tigers that actually roared when their tails were twisted. Paul had to imagine all this, and the perfect little brain, with which God had blessed him, began to develop firmly as a result of it. To appreciate the toys of other children no

mental effort was required, and in consequence their minds remained sluggish and inactive. They seemed to have the same wooden and sawdust brains as the animals with which they played.

Paul was the brightest boy in his class. His mother never had to assist him with his lessons, but she often wept the entire day when he started out at morning with a book under his arm. To her, it was the beginning of his preparation for service to the world—the service for which she must eventually give him up. Until this time she had been his only companion and playmate. Now he would form new acquaintances and make other friends—friends who, perhaps, would weaken his affection for her. It was this thought which caused her to seize him each afternoon when he returned from school and to press him selfishly, almost madly, to her bosom, as if to smother the memory of his schoolmates and reawaken his love for her; for she believed the love was not so warm as it had been. After all, her boy was all she had in the world: We must try to forgive this selfishness on her part.

One night as they sat together at the little table with its bright red cloth and its old-fashioned oil-lamp, whose light fell steadily upon his open primer, the widow glanced up from her needlework and said: "Paul, how do you like your new friends?"

"What friends?" asked the boy.

"Your schoolmates," answered the mother.

"Oh, I don't know them yet," said Paul, without lifting his eyes from his spelling lesson.

"Don't you speak to them?" inquired the mother.

"No; I walk home alone."

"Don't they ever speak to you?"

"No, but today the little girl across the aisle from me put this note on my desk."

He handed his mother an envelope, which he had placed between the leaves of his book. His own name was written upon it with lead pencil in a large childish hand. The mother opened it and found an engraved invitation inside—

an invitation to a children's party which Mrs. Wallace Bennett was giving in honor of her little daughter, Allaine.

"It's an invitation to a party, dear—a party on Thursday night," said the mother.

"What's a party?" asked Paul dryly.

"A gathering of little boys and girls like yourself."

"And what do they do there?"

"They play games and have cake and ice cream."

"Is that all?"

"Don't you care to go?"

"No, Mother; I would rather stay home with you and learn my spelling lesson for the next morning."

This answer pleased the widow: From it she learned that it was the boy's interest in his books, and not in his friends, that had detracted his attention from her. And yet she had also discovered, that, although he did not seem to care for his classmates, nevertheless one of his classmates seemed to care considerably for him. That classmate was a little girl.

This discovery threw the widow into a pensive mood. Her thoughts darted into the future: would the time come when some other woman would win her boy's heart? when some other woman would steal him from her, and then treat her with disdain perhaps, and influence her son to do the same?

The childish love affair between Paul and Mrs. Bennett's daughter did not disturb her, but it did suggest the more mature affections, which might later play an important part in his life. She understood the present situation perfectly. The engraved invitation and the address written in lead pencil were comically inconsistent. Mrs. Bennett knew nothing of it. The widow decided the child had secured the announcement while the social secretary was addressing them to the children of Mrs. Bennett's friends. The widow had never even seen Mrs. Bennett, and Mrs. Bennett knew nothing of her daughter's attachment to Paul; she would very likely not permit such a thing, because the Bennetts were well-to-do. Furthermore, it was a one-sided love affair: Paul did not seem to manifest the slightest interest

in the other child. He was too busy with his books. And even if he had wanted to attend the party, she would have been reluctant—in fact she would have refused to grant him permission to go. But how it would have pained the widow to refuse anything to her son! She had always allowed him to have his own way, which, as far as she could see, was always a good and a right way. His attitude in regard to attending this party was an example of it.

And Alice Milton continued to sew, and Paul continued to study.

The Bennetts were the most fashionable and most exclusive family in the town of Norford. Willow Lodge—for such was the name they had given to their mansion and the grounds which surrounded it—occupied a whole square in the very center of the community.

Mrs. Wallace Bennett was at the top notch of society. Her mother, Mrs. Q. MacRae Kensington, had held the same position formerly, and it was Mrs. Bennett's ambition to see her own daughter capture it in the future.

Mrs. Bennett's early education was conducted by a private governess, who drilled her very thoroughly in French and Art. Afterwards she attended a very fashionable ladies' seminary and took special courses in aesthetic dancing, social etiquette and horseback riding. Mrs. Bennett was purely ornamental, as was everything with which she surrounded herself. She was tall, slender, pink and white, graceful, and charming. She could speak French beautifully but usually said nothing when she did so.

She had twenty-four servants, six horses, four terriers, three Packards and a cat.

She called the cat Richelieu. He received her personal attention; Allaine had a maid. He was a rather playful cat with long, golden, silky hair like that of his mistress. When the hostess held a reception, Richelieu was trained to sit on one corner of the white marble mantelpiece, with one paw on the stem of a large red rose, which hung gracefully over the edge of the mantelshelf. If the paw grew tired, he

would change to the other and sometimes drop the rose while doing so—in which case Mrs. Bennett would scold him very severely (in French) and spank him gently with that pretty red rose before replacing it. The whipping always hurt Mrs. Bennett more than it hurt Richelieu, and after it was over, she would caress him lovingly and allow him to brush her soft velvety cheeks with his pretty, long, white whiskers. Richelieu slept in a silk-lined basket on the foot of Mrs. Bennett's bed; Allaine had a room at the other end of the hall.

Mr. Wallace Bennett was an alumnus of the the university. He had met Mrs. Bennett at the Promenade and married her the year after graduation. Both were wealthy. Mrs. Bennett lavished her fortune on her house, her clothes and her entertainments. Mr. Bennett had become interested in the education of the poor and was giving large sums for that purpose. He had observed in his undergraduate days that it was the poorer students who took the greatest interest in scholarship; in fact he decided they were the only real scholars in the university. He noticed also that the number of such scholars was small. Education at the institutes of higher learning was becoming more or less of a farce; the colleges and schools were mere centers of pleasure and fashion. He wanted to bring them back to their original purpose, which meant that he must seek several promising boys, whose mental qualities had not been stunted by the indolence and indifference which go hand in hand with wealth. He must expect help only from the poorer lads who could and would appreciate the real advantages of learning and whose minds were capable of study and thought.

Mr. Bennett's own experience at the university always afforded him an excellent example in a waste of time and money. He had made numerous friends, but when he left the campus he had to leave them also, whereas he might have taken his education with him—had he received one. He always regretted the fact that he had not paid more attention to his books.

There was another product of fashionable and pleasurable education constantly before him: it was his own wife. To his eyes, as to most youthful eyes, she had appeared wonderful at first, but the poor man had made only a superficial study of his bride, and after his marriage soon realized that he had wedded nothing more than a beautifully gowned figure with a hollow head. Her conversation, her dinners, her bridge tables, her cotillions, her tallyho rides to the Country Club, her swimming parties, her dawn teas—all these things amused him at first, but after constant repetition they began to bore him. To his mind Willow Lodge was not a home; it was a public auditorium, restaurant, gymnasium, music hall and hotel, filled from morning till night and from night till morning with a clattering collection of dolls and dandies.

Mr. Bennett finally refused to participate in his wife's diversions, retreating to his library to sit before the fire in his comfortable arm chair. He was not alone however. Little Allaine always kept him company, and often while the guests were waltzing in the ballroom or being served in the *salon*, Mr. Bennett was helping his daughter with her school work. Allaine was his only comfort. She seemed a dozen times more sensible than her mother, and her prattle always amused him.

Allaine was, in fact, a partial cause of the loss of affection between her father and her mother. Mrs. Bennett wanted her daughter under the instruction of a governess, and later she expected to immure her at a private school on the Hudson. In fact she wanted to make another Mrs. Bennett of her. But Mr. Bennett protested. There was one type of woman Allaine must not become, and that was the society-mad type, of which his own wife was perhaps the best and most hopeless example. This type was not a natural one. No girl could even inherit such characteristics. The child herself took no interest in her mother's fads, unless they were held in her honor, and in that case it was from the standpoint of duty rather than pleasure that she participated in them. It was only environment—silly,

senseless environment which brought girls to this deplorable mania even against their own wills. At least Mr. Bennett thought so.

The right side won the conflict, as it usually does and always should. Allaine was sent to the public school, where she not only received the necessary common-sense instruction but also met with all sorts of boys and girls who broadened her views of life. Mrs. Bennett wept, but her tears were not those of a mother whose child had been torn from her breast; they were the tears of a social maniac who had been defeated in an attempt to lure another innocent victim into her whirl of fad and fashion.

But Mrs. Bennett did not give up completely; she continued to arrange parties very frequently, inviting only the most fashionable children of the neighborhood. The twin daughters of Mrs. Samson Pokes always came to these gatherings in their white limousine, escorted by a French maid; but they always sat by themselves, off in one corner, and had very little to say to the little hostess. Mrs. Pokes thought it "awful" to send Allaine among the "vulgar little toads" of the public school, and she even feared her own daughters might be "contaminated" indirectly by her company. Indeed were it not that Mrs. Bennett and herself were "the dearest of friends," she would not permit the children to attend the parties at all. As far as Mr. Bennett was concerned, he was a "monster" to expose his own daughter to such a "disgrace".

It was Thursday night—the night of the party to which Allaine had secretly invited Paul Milton. Willow Lodge was ablaze with light. Allaine was standing in state at one end of the large drawing room waiting to receive her guests. She was not dressed so gorgeously as she had been at her earlier parties, but she looked very sweet and plain; she knew that Paul was too poor to have a black velvet suit like Peter Harrison, and she wished to be attired accordingly. Each time the door bell rang, she expected to see Paul; but Paul never came.

The evening passed around very slowly for Allaine, but the other children had a glorious time at games and dancing. The Pokes twins sang a few French ditties, that no one understood; Allaine imagined they were making fun of her, because her little schoolmate had ignored the invitation, although she had no reason to believe they knew anything about him. At table she could eat nothing; she had lost her appetite. She was lovesick. Poor Child!

Here she was, surrounded by everything wealth could bring her—everything but Paul Milton. Why didn't he come? She had planned to do so much for him that evening. He and she were to have led the cotillion. Peter was by no means a substitute for Paul. How annoying it was when Peter came near her! Twice he asked to dance; twice she refused him. The first time she told him her toe was sore. The second time she said her toe was better, but she didn't like the music. Her toe, as a matter of fact, was extremely well, and the music was extremely beautiful. Had it been Paul Milton in his school clothes all covered with chalk-dust, she would have danced with him over and over again even though both the music and her toe had been frightfully painful.

Paul was to have sat at the opposite end of the table. She was going to inform the butler to give him the best of everything and a second helping of ice cream, if he wished it. What if he didn't have the latest manners! She knew the Pokes twins would snigger if he asked for more, but she had made up her mind to avoid his embarrassment by asking for a second portion also, and she had decided to eat it even though she would burst.

He was to have been her star guest. He was to have received all her attention. She had planned all these things in advance. She had not told a single soul about it. How badly she felt after the guests departed? She sat alone in the drawing room almost ready to cry. Then she spied the cat on the mantelpiece. He was grinning at her because she had been jilted. This was insult added to injury. She walked to the mantelpiece, snatched the red rose from under

his paw, and beat him terribly across the head. The cat jumped off to one side and sent an expensive vase to the hearth in a thousand pieces. The noise attracted Mrs. Bennett.

"Did Richelieu do that?" she asked.

"Yes," said Allaine.

"Give me the rose; I shall have to spank him."

Poor Richelieu!

The next morning Allaine went to school with a "terrible" headache, for she had cried the whole night long—at least she thought it was the whole night, but she had, as a matter of fact, fallen asleep a few minutes after her head was on the pillow. She expected Paul to tell her why he had stayed away from her party. But Paul never mentioned the party; he had forgotten all about it. Nor did Allaine dare to speak first. She preferred to suffer in silence; she preferred to believe Paul had never seen her invitation rather than believe he had refused it. Paul knew his spelling lesson very well that morning, but Allaine failed miserably.

A short while after school was dismissed that afternoon, Allaine walked down the street with a small box in her hand. She stopped before the widow's cottage and rapped gently on the door. Alice answered it.

"Good morning—good afternoon," said Allaine, immediately correcting herself.

"Good afternoon," said Alice, smiling at the little visitor.

"Please give this to Paul," said the child, holding out the package. "I want him to have a taste of my party, even if he didn't come."

"Shall I call him?" asked the widow.

"Oh dear no," answered Allaine very quickly. "I am in a dreadful hurry."

Then she fluttered away like a butterfly, as Alice Milton was calling her son from the garden.

"A little fairy has been here and left a present for you," she said.

Paul opened the box and took out a heart-shaped cake covered with pink icing, on which the name Allaine was embossed with white sugar. He took a wee bite himself and then placed it to his mother's lips.

"Taste how sweet it is," he said.

The widow pretended to eat a part of the cake.

"I shall get the rest of it sometime again," added the boy, and he returned to his work in the garden, where he was building a little schoolhouse on the top of a sand pile.

Those words—"I shall get the rest of it sometime again"—had a particular significance to the widow. She wrote them upon the lid of the box, placed the cake inside of it, and put the package away very carefully.

On Monday morning, Paul knew his spelling lesson very well, but he never once noticed Allaine. Indeed he had forgotten about the cake as quickly as he had forgotten about the invitation. He never even knew it was the same fairy who had delivered both of them.

It is needless to say that Allaine again failed miserably—in *her* spelling lesson.

Nevertheless she continued to love Paul in her simple childish way, although she never sent him a second invitation or another cake. Her little heart was heavy because he seemed to ignore her, but she found some comfort in sitting across the aisle from him. How good he looked in comparison with the other boys!

Mrs. Bennett knew nothing of the love affair which was "consuming" her little daughter. Allaine continued to bear all her "suffering" in secrecy. But it soon had an inconcealable effect. At the end of the year Paul was promoted to the next highest grade; Allaine remained behind. What a blow it was to her! not the fact that she had failed, but the fact that Paul would no longer sit across the aisle!

"There!" said Mrs. Bennett sarcastically to her husband. "That's public school for you. Your daughter has failed and brought disgrace upon her parents. The whole town knows about it; I have already received a note of consola-

tion from Mrs. Samson Pokes. Had she been sent to a private school and received individual attention, this would never have happened."

"You mean we would never have heard about it," added the husband. "But even if she did fail in public school, I am willing to wager she knows more than these fashion plates who graduate with honors and degrees from your highfalutin finishing seminaries. She can beat you all hollow in arithmetic—and me too. It isn't the lack of brains that made her fail."

"What is it then? It isn't society; she detests that."

"Perhaps she's in love," suggested Mr. Bennett jestingly.

"Love!" shouted Mrs. Bennett, "Why Mrs. Harrison told me that Peter refuses to attend another party, because Allaine treats him so disdainfully. She's an inhuman little goose with a heart of stone."

And she walked to the mantelpiece and kissed Richelieu.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT THE BIRDS TAUGHT HIM

When Paul passed into the next grade at school, he soon forgot that such a girl as Allaine Bennett existed, for, as the years rolled on, he had found other interests, in addition to his studies, to occupy his time and his thoughts.

One day an old gypsy stopped before the widow's cottage and played several melodies on his fiddle. Paul sat on the doorstep, silent and pensive, for the music charmed him wonderfully.

"I wish I had one of those," he said to his mother, when the gypsy had departed.

"Your father used to play the violin," said the widow.

"Have you still got it?" asked the boy ecstatically.

"Yes; it is packed away in the studio, but it is not a toy, Paul, and it is very dear to me."

"Well, I am a big boy, Mother. I won't harm it or break it. Do let me have my father's violin."

Those words—"my father's violin"—made the widow feel that the instrument was no longer her own but belonged to the son of the good musician.

"Come, we shall search for it," she said.

Both of them ascended the stairs to the little studio under the roof, where they found the violin well preserved in its old-fashioned case. To the widow the tone of this violin was the voice of her husband. When she opened the case, she imagined she was opening his casket. All the strings were broken—alas! that meant his voice would never be heard again.

"It needs new strings," said the boy, taking hold of the violin as though he had handled it for years.

"You must run to the drug store and buy a set," suggested Alice.

She gave him money, and he returned with the strings. He examined the manner in which the old ones were attached, then removed them and strung the instrument anew. He drew the bow. The violin was, of course, not properly tuned, but it had retained the same resonance of former years, and the youth brought out of it that wonderful singing tone, the ability to produce which is always God-given and never acquired. The widow concluded at once that the boy had inherited his father's genius.

"I wish the old gypsy would come back again," said the boy.

"Why, dear?"

"He could teach me to play."

The mother felt a certain anxiety. She wanted the child to have instruction, but she could not afford the lessons. He was receiving some instruction in music at the public school; he already knew about the staff, the clefs, the values and the names of the notes, the sharps, the flats, the keys and the scales. This knowledge would be a great help to him, but even combined with this and his own intuition—remarkable as the latter seemed—it was not sufficient. The boy needed the fundamental knowledge of the instrument and of the art of playing it. He needed the association with some one who had mastered that art, even though the mastery were more or less mechanical. It was, in fact, this very mechanical basis that the boy lacked; artistically he could take care of himself.

That evening, just at dusk, he was sitting on the back doorstep, drawing the bow back and forward, when he heard the call of a whip-poor-will from a neighboring tree. The boy listened as the call was repeated several times. Then he tried to imitate it. He moved his finger along one of the strings until he located the three notes which characterize the cry of that songster. The bird seemed to understand he was trying to imitate it, and flew into the garden, perching on a lilac bush, that the boy might hear the call

more distinctly. After considerable practice, in which both bird and boy displayed great patience, Paul reproduced the call of the whip-poor-will perfectly, and they continued to answer each other until finally the bird, seemingly satisfied with the progress of its pupil, flew away and disappeared among the leaves to await the dawn.

A few days later the old gypsy passed through the town again, and Paul called him in to show his father's violin. The widow had heard it rumored that gypsies stole things, and she felt rather uneasy seeing the man examine her husband's great treasure.

"It's a very old instrument," remarked the fiddler.

"How can you tell?" asked the boy, ever eager to learn.

"You have placed the strings on it in the order A G E D," was the reply.

The widow and her son both smiled. So did the gypsy, and the mother believed she saw nothing but good in his dear old face.

"Would you mind stringing it correctly and giving him a lesson or two?" asked the widow.

"I will be glad to do that," answered the kind old wanderer.

He also drew a staff on a sheet of paper and showed Paul the position of the four notes to which the strings responded. Then he tuned them accordingly, and produced that familiar blending of fifths, which Paul always remembered. He taught him how to play and finger the scales. Paul practiced them for several hours each day, and, when the old gypsy returned to give a second lesson, the boy could play them remarkably well.

Yes, the old gypsy returned regularly twice a week, and all he asked in remuneration for his teaching was "a bite to eat". The widow was only too glad to have the old man sit down at table with her and Paul. He entertained them with stories of his travels, telling them how children, charmed by his music, would sometimes march after him through the streets. He was in fact a Pied Fiddler, who loved little ones as much as he loved his fiddle. Alice soon

lost the notion that he might be a thief. She discovered that he was a good man, trying to earn an honest living by amusing the townsfolk with his music. And the old minstrel also learned that Alice was a kind woman, who paid amply for the small service he rendered her son. Had the mayor of Hamelin shown the Pied Piper the same respect with which the widow treated the gypsy, the Piper would not have robbed the town of its children but would have continued happily on his way. Men are not born thieves; they are made thieves and criminals by the ill treatment and the insult we fling in their faces.

It was not long until Paul was playing with a marvelous technique. He had discovered a chestful of music in the studio—music which Samuel Milton had used when instructing his pupils. He also found a notebook, showing in what order the various selections should be taken up by the student; and in this notebook were recorded many experiences in teaching, together with numerous suggestions for young violinists. Paul studied the book carefully. It seemed the father had prepared it purposely for the son.

So the father himself really became the boy's teacher, and under his guidance the pupil soon surpassed his old master—the gypsy. The gypsy honestly admitted that it was no longer necessary to call at the cottage. He departed one evening for the last time, and the tears stood in his eyes when he thanked the widow for all the kindness she had shown him. That night she had prepared a basketful of food in addition to his meal, and he disappeared under the shadow of the village trees just as Paul's first teacher, the whip-poor-will, had done, after the boy had mastered what little the bird was able to teach him.

Later, Paul began to play the less difficult selections his father had played in concert, and one afternoon, while the rain was falling over the little garden, he sat at the studio window, playing that very love song which the father had played to Alice Milton at the musicale where she had first met him—the love song which seemed to join their souls. The widow stopped her work and cried for joy. How good

God was to send this sweet reminiscence of her husband! She believed the husband himself had returned to his studio under the roof and was again serenading her as he had done of yore. She ascended the steps noiselessly and watched her little genius as he dreamed and mused. Once his eyes turned to the shadowy corner where she stood concealed. He seemed to gaze directly into her own deep blue eyes, and yet he was unaware of her presence. His were the same, large, dark eyes of the father, and over them hung that same rich, curly, brown hair. Samuel Milton had indeed come to life again, and his music—his voice—awakened in the heart of the widow the old love which had been replaced by the maternal devotion to her offspring. But that love had changed; it had grown purer as it slumbered in her bosom. It was a spiritual love—the love of the soul, which eventually forsakes the love of the body and towers infinitely above it, like the flower which is as yet unfolded in the seed embedded by the warm earth, but which later rises into the pure sunlight and turns its ethereal face to the skies alone.

The music ceased, and the widow descended the stairs. The stairs creaked, but Paul mistook the noise for the pattering of the rain on the roof. He was unaware of the fact that he had had a listener. Ah! more than one listener; for a girl, who was passing on the street, had also stopped under the studio window to hear the sweet strains which came floating from it.

Between his school studies and his music, Paul had little time for anything else. The widow never disturbed him, or in any way detracted him from his work. He had now entered High School and was approaching manhood. He had formed no intimate friends. His mother was the only one in whom he confided. It was before her that he brought all matters, all questions, all inquiries. But such inquiries were few, for Paul seemed to have forgotten the world in which he lived, and he gave all his time to his books and his art.

Such are the ways of genius, and the more ordinary man does not interfere with them. The man of the world permits the man of solitude to live undisturbed in his quiet dreamy fashion. But it is not the will of God that man should live entirely after this manner, and from time to time God speaks to the solitary one through Nature and shows him that love and companionship with his fellow-creatures are needed to make him happier and to reward his work.

One morning Paul and the widow were in the little garden. He was lying on the grass gazing among the branches over his head. The mother sat on a rustic bench, mending stockings. It was early springtime. The leaf-buds were just beginning to open on the fruit trees, and the birds were gathering straws and grass for the construction of their nests.

Paul's eyes were fixed on a pair of birds above him. The birds were mates; their nest was near by. The mother bird was perched on a swinging bough, her graceful little form quivering happily each time the male brushed by her, as he danced and hopped restlessly from twig to twig or described graceful curves in the air. From time to time he would alight gently on her warm downy back and embrace her tenderly and lovingly with his fluttering wings. Then after darting away—not too far—with peculiar joy, he would run his bill through his ruffled plumage, to appear neat and clean to his little mate, who chirped merrily for his return, and upon whom he always directed one eye in his prettily tilted head that he might follow her in case she took flight.

"What are those birds doing, Mother?" asked the son.

"Which birds?"

"Those up yonder in the tree."

The widow glanced up and saw the birds when they seemed so happily united.

"There! see them now," said Paul. "What are they doing?"

The widow knew that the boy's curiosity had been aroused. He was still innocent; he had not yet learned the

secret by which Nature reproduces her kinds. He was now old enough to be informed. His father was not there to enlighten him. It rested with the widow to tell her boy the whole truth, and to tell it plainly. She would neither invent a fairy tale to keep him in ignorance nor would she postpone telling him that truth openly. The time had come when he must know all, for God so willed it by showing him the birds. Were she to refrain from enlightening him, he might learn the secret elsewhere and learn it in a wrong sense, which might mislead him, injure him, and disgrace both of them.

"What are the birds doing?" he continued to ask.

"My dear, they are loving each other."

"They seem so happy," said Paul.

"They are very happy, dear—just as happy as your father and I were when we loved each other in the same way."

"Are there father and mother birds?"

"Yes, and they will soon be the happy parents of a little baby bird—just as your father and mother were the happy parents of their little Paul."

"The birds look alike; what is the difference between them?"

"Just the difference there is between you and me, or between any boy and girl."

"What is the real difference between boys and girls?"

"All things in Nature are reproduced by the union of the male and female elements," began the widow. "Take a flower for example."

She culled a purple morning-glory from the vine, which was climbing up the strings on the fence. She removed the beautiful purple corolla that he might see the pistil very distinctly.

"This is the female organ," she said. "Before it is full grown, it represents that of the girl; after it matures, it represents that of the woman."

Then she removed one of the stamens, which were attached to the inside of the corolla.

"This is the male organ. Before it matures, it represents that of the boy; after it matures, it represents that of the man."

The boy listened attentively, watched closely, and seemed to understand his mother without asking further questions. She rubbed the head of the stamen between her fingers, and then showed him the pollen which adhered to them.

"This dust is produced by the mature male organ and is carried, sometimes by the bees and sometimes by the wind, to the female organ, where it descends until it reaches the seeds. Then the seeds are said to be fertilized—that is, endowed with life; and, when planted, they give rise to new morning-glory vines.

"Now let us return to the birds. In the male bird, there is an organ corresponding to this male organ in the flower. In the female bird,—the mother bird,—there is an organ corresponding to this female organ in the flower. The mature male organ is capable of secreting a fluid, which corresponds to this dust in the flower; and the mature female organ produces eggs, which correspond to the seeds of the flower. In the springtime each male bird selects his mate, and when the two birds embrace, as you saw them in the tree, the fluid passes from the male into the female and fertilizes the eggs. Then the baby birds are hatched from the eggs.

"Man can learn much from the birds. They, of all God's creatures, seem nearest to Him. They soar in the sky, where the air is purest and where the sunshine is brightest. God's message is always truest when received in the cleanest places. While the birds are singing so beautifully among the trees tops, they are promising God they will do what He is asking of them. He is telling each male bird to select a female bird and keep her as his sole companion, love her dearly and tenderly, and by so doing, bring more baby birds into the world. And God is telling man the same thing, although man does not always heed Him as the birds do; man does not seem to hear God's voice so clearly as they do, because man does not always wish to hear it. Man

sometimes ignores God, although he must always suffer for doing it. But the purer the life of man becomes, the nearer man comes to God, and then he hears the same message which God sends to the birds. Like the bird, he selects a mate, a wife, and although he continues to love all mankind, yet this particular relation, which you saw between the two birds, brings him closer to his wife than to any other woman and confirms their marriage. It is a relation which neither of them should have experienced with other men or women before their marriage, nor which they should experience with other men or women after their marriage. It is this relation which sacredly unites and weds their bodies just as God unites and weds their souls. It is against God's will that unwedded persons should thus unite, for those who so abuse this power of reproduction become wretched and diseased, and their children enter the world unhappy and imperfect."

"But why should men and women wish to abuse this power?" asked Paul, innocently.

"You saw how happy the birds were. Man and woman are just as happy when they are so united. The union of the male and the female is accompanied by pleasing sensations—perhaps the greatest joy known to material man; it is for this reason that it so degrades him when he abuses it. Men and women marry for another reason aside from the love of children. In the case of man, the union of the sexes has another purpose, which the birds do not seem to require; it is that of pleasure and relaxation. The bird's life is restful; the life of man is one of conflict. Man must struggle for his existence; he must work, study, learn and accomplish great things. God has sent man to earth to help Him in His great tasks, for which God offers him this reward. The man who has employed his mental or physical powers to accomplish good work deserves this reward. The reward is not only a wife and a happy family of children but also the continuation of that pleasure by which the children were created. God has planted the desire for this pleasure in all men. It is an inborn desire; not

an acquired one. As long as man remains good and as long as he labors, this desire sleeps; but after the good work is accomplished, the desire awakens and should be purely gratified.

"Thus it was, Paul, that I could reward your father at the close of those days when he labored so diligently with his pupils and his art. Thus it was that I offered him my body, and we repeated the mutual pleasure which brought you into the world, and the purity of which has blessed you with a clean birth. Your happiness and our happiness proves that God does not deny this pleasure to the good man and his wife. He denies it only to the man who indulges before he has earned a true and loving wife—for in that case, the pleasure results in disease. The noblest thing I can tell you about your father is the fact that your mother was the first and only woman with whom he shared the pleasure of sexual love.

"And now, Paul, I have told you all. Remember that God has this pleasure in store for you also. Do not abuse it, my boy. Think of your mother, your future wife, your dear children and yourself. Do not bring disgrace, suffering and disease into the world. This desire will sooner or later awaken in you, but learn to work hard and master it until you have accomplished some good work. Let it be the spring which presses you onward to some great task, the attainment of which will justify the gratification and entitle you to a loving wife and children and the same joy which was cherished by your own parents."

The widow had finished her sermon. The son stood before her on his knees. It was a lesson he never forgot.

"And now since father is dead, you are deprived of that pleasure," said Paul, with a wavering tone of pity in his voice and an expression of deep compassion in his large dark eyes.

"Yes, dear," responded the sweet widow, "but it has been replaced by a higher pleasure—a truer happiness—a purer and more spiritual love—the love for my boy—my dear darling boy."

And she took his clean, upright face between her soft, white hands, and kissed his spotless forehead.

The widow had not overlooked the one great duty in the education of her son—an open discussion of sexual intercourse and its proper uses. It is that part of education which neither school nor college can teach aright—the knowledge which only a father or a mother can successfully impart—the knowledge which should and must be transmitted to us through the parents from whom we have sprung.

If the mothers and fathers of the past had known and imparted this to their children in the same way, the world would be much better and purer today. Most fathers and mothers do not merit the name of parents, because they dare not breathe such matters before their children. They prefer to let their children discover these things for themselves, with the result that they learn of them from and practice them with persons who abuse the legitimate pleasures of wedlock, consequently exposing their sons to temptation and ruin.

There should be no shame connected with the pleasure in which man and wife indulge behind the closed door of the nuptial chamber. There is no reason why this moral conduct of the parents should be kept a secret to their grown-up children. The world must awaken; the world is topsy-turvy. We refuse to mention sexual intercourse in its purified and legitimate form, but the intercourse which is illicit and commercialized we advertise with red ink in our newspapers and drag out on the boards of our theatres. It is with intercourse in its depraved form that we prefer first to acquaint our children. It is of the intercourse which is a deadly vice, and not of the intercourse which approaches a virtue, that the world speaks unblushingly before the children of the next generation—before the children who become the unfortunate and debased men and women of the future.

As long as you are going to keep your own *moral* conduct a secret to your son, he will most assuredly keep his

immoral conduct a secret to you. As long as you fail in your courage to talk before him about the decent, helpful and necessary pleasures which you share with your loyal wife and his sweet mother, how can you expect him to mention before you his indecent, unhealthful and unessential relations with the women of the street! How many boys, who are slowly being poisoned by harlots, remain mute in the presence of their parents, because their parents have never approached the subject of sexual intercourse before them! And think how many a boy might have been saved had he received a word of warning from his father or mother before he received the initiation from his first temptress!

As soon as a boy reaches the age when he becomes curious, these things should be the foremost topic of conversation between him and his father, and it is the father and not the son who should encourage this conversation. I believe immoral fathers are far more willing to start their sons on crooked paths than moral fathers are willing to start their sons on straight ones. How timid we are about mentioning our rectitude! Is rectitude a thing to be ashamed of? Take hold of your son, bashful father and mother, and explain to him the act which brought him into the world. Begin if you wish—as did Alice Milton—by speaking of the flowers and the birds, but conclude your discussion by referring to your own personal relation with the good woman whom God gave you as wife and him as mother. It is nothing but secrecy which makes this relation seem shameful to you and to him. Tell him all openly, and he will respect and love you; and that respect and love will do much to guard him from the illegitimate and immoral conduct which may lead to the disrespect for his own wife, the imperfection of his children, and the ruination of the peace and of the happiness of his home.

CHAPTER V

THE FLEDGELING IS CALLED AWAY FROM THE NEST

Paul Milton completed his course at High School with honors and was presented with a free scholarship for the continuation of his studies at the university. The scholarship was said to have come from the alumni who resided in Norford, but, as a matter of fact, it was a personal gift from Mr. Bennett, although few persons knew it.

Allaine by this time had grown to be a beautiful young woman. She was slender, graceful and sensible. She had inherited all the beauty of form and color which had attracted Mr. Bennett to her mother, but, in addition to these, she had acquired mental qualities which were far in advance of those of his wife, and which revealed personality and character, giving strength and permanence to the opalescent and seemingly fragile shell which encased them.

Her observations on persons and things were not superficial. She studied them thoroughly trying to discover their true nature and purpose. Her mother's social interests had never appealed to her very strongly, and now they seemed more shallow, more ostentatious and sillier than ever. It was toward her father that she had a natural inclination, because he had rescued Allaine from the freaks and frivolities in which the mother had planned to feature her. Mr. Bennett adored and worshiped her. Each day seemed to bring them closer. She became a true helpmate, and shared his interest in the enlightenment of the poverty-stricken inhabitants of Norford.

It was not the distribution of wealth that occupied Mr. Wallace Bennett's time and mind; it was the distribution of knowledge. In fact he had come to the conclusion that

knowledge was the only true wealth, and that those who had acquired it were far richer than those whose first and only treasure was gold. Money, to his mind, became valuable only when used for intellectual and common-sense purposes. Material possessions, beyond those essential for comfortable existence, were mere luxuries which dwarfed the development of the mind—the opportunity which God gave man in order that he might be superior to the beast. The flabby-minded well-to-do, who decorated their fifty-chambered mansions with imported bric-a-brac and tapestries, who decorated their bodies with gaudy satins and expensive laces, and who ate a ten-course meal three or four times a day, were, to him, objects of pity. What good was all their wealth if they hadn't enough brains to know how to spend it! He considered them just as unfortunate as those who had no money whatever. Since money alone had made the rich neither wiser nor better, it would likewise fail to improve the poor. Both classes were hungry and miserable, because they knew nothing; the poor were hungry for food; the rich were hungry for contentment. Money and food might bring temporary relief to the poor just as it had to the rich, but education was needed to do permanent good for both classes.

Allaine was not so brilliant as Paul Milton, but had it not been for the influence which his presence exerted over her childish emotions (for children have emotions) when he sat opposite her in the classroom—had it not been for this, she might have graduated with his class, although perhaps not with honors.

She had indeed lost a whole year of school on that account, but she decided it was better so; for although she still loved Paul secretly, nevertheless the love had grown more noble and womanly. It was not the giddy affection of a silly school girl; it was a love to help him along with his life's work, not a love to hinder him by selfishly attracting his attention with invitations to parties and with heart-shaped cakes bearing her own name. She was very glad they were no longer in the same class and room at school,

lest her constant presence reveal the mature sentiment. True, he had ignored her when he was still a child; but he was now approaching manhood, and it was not improbable that, were he to discover the deep interest and yearning hidden in the heart of this beautiful and sensible girl, it might awaken a passion which would stand in the way of his ambition and check the career which God had offered him. This would have broken the girl's heart completely. She was willing to suffer being separated from him, but she refused to perish simultaneously with his career. She longed to see him big and great. She wanted to help him accomplish something worth while—perhaps a great reform. Toward that end she would also devote her life assisting him in every way she could. But her assistance, like her love, must be a secret to him. It must be impersonal. He must not know how she was using her influence to place opportunities in his path and to spur him on to great deeds.

It was indeed through Allaine that Mr. Wallace Bennett, representing "The Alumni," had presented Paul Milton with the free scholarship.

"You are interested in the education of the poor, aren't you?" asked Allaine Bennett of her father one day, as they sat in the library while Mrs. Bennett was out calling on Mrs. Samson Pokes.

"Yes;" answered the father, that afternoon, "I am deeply interested in the education of the poor—far more than in the education of the rich. The rich do not wish to be educated. They like to display their ignorance and lack of judgment. The rich need reform, and it is only through the poor that the reform will come about, providing we give the poor the opportunity. When I attended the university, Allaine, I considered it a waste of time to be interested in books. I could see no object in solving problems, performing experiments, writing themes, translating foreign literature and reading Shakespeare and Tennyson. What good were such things to me when I was receiving my monthly allowance from home, which enabled me to entertain my friends royally at the theatres and the taverns? I knew

my parents were wealthy, I knew they had far more than they needed for themselves. I saw that my future was provided for, so why should I work over books when I was offered a life of everlasting pleasure? Furthermore, my father himself told me to enjoy life while it lasted—to take things easy; and, thrown, as I was, among epicureans, it was only natural that I should join them in their frolics and deride learning and intellect.

"I shudder now when I recall some of the things we did. Were I to tell you, Allaine, I fear you would not care to call me your father. I often look at you and wonder why God blessed me with so sweet a daughter instead of punishing me for the lawless manner in which I abused His sacred power. I marvel that His verdict has not been scrawled across your fair forehead to remind me constantly of the sins of my youth. A child of one of my classmates was born blind and covered with festering sores. Great God, Allaine! think if this suffering had been inflicted upon you."

Mr. Bennett fell back in his chair, covering his eyes as though horror-stricken. It seemed he could not bear to gaze upon and feared to touch, at that moment, the clear face of his daughter, which was crowned with a halo of bright golden hair. But Allaine drew his hands away and looked with pity and forgiveness into the eyes which they had hidden from her.

"God is good," she said softly. "God forgives. Perhaps it was He who sent you among these men that you might learn their need of reform. Perhaps He protected your body and mind that you might live to inspire other men to reform their unfortunate brothers."

"But why did he allow me to be dragged through the mire?" replied the father. "I could have known without practicing it. Had I been strong, I would have tried to save the boys who were tempting me, instead of allowing them to draw me under. Oh, I was weak. And why was I weak? Because I was ignorant. I refused to learn; I refused to use my brain and my reason. I tossed my books

to the wind, and with them all my golden opportunities. The real purpose of education had escaped me. These problems, these experiments, these themes, these books—perhaps they do not offer direct benefits, but youth does not see far enough. He does not perceive how they all benefit him indirectly. He does not realize that these things keep his mind occupied and cleared of depraved thoughts, which result in ruinous action. Nor does he realize that they sharpen his mind as a tool, enabling it to probe more deeply into other matters and to solve other problems in later life, which have no apparent relation to the problems of his school days. The grindstone sharpens the scythe, but it is not the grindstone that destroys the weed and exterminates the poison; it is the keenness of the scythe.”

Allaine was much pleased with the metaphor, for she had often heard her schoolmates mockingly refer to Paul Milton as a grind.

“The scholar is the only real product—the only useful product of a university,” continued Mr. Bennett. “Pleasure and friends are necessary perhaps if they are clean, but they should always be secondary—very much secondary. If scholarship is not the first—decidedly the first interest of a college man, he will be of little real use to the world; perhaps he will bring only disgrace.

“We often hear of degenerates who have reformed or think they have reformed, and who tour the country to bellow in public places, where they create sensational but momentary commotions with their vivid and vulgar eloquence—if we may call it that. But in their discourses, there is much to repel us. They do of course amuse the vulgar masses but seldom inspire them. In these reformers, there is nothing of the true scholar, whose eloquence is not the delirious after-effects of the debauchery which has swamped his mind and body, but the God-given reward for his studious and abstemious life.

“I have tried hard to forget the wild pleasures of my youth. I have again returned to my books, but alas! I am no longer surrounded by the men whom I long to re-

form, and I have lost the youth which alone can inspire youth to clean living. But I trust I can find some lad as yet untainted, whom I might send, as I would a son of my own, to reform my university—a boy who feels that he must work for his own future and for the future of others—not a mere cipher who squanders his own time and his parent's wealth on pleasures which result in ruin and misery for himself and others. I must find such a boy, Allaine. I owe this favor to God, because God has sent you, pure and clean, to comfort me after all I have done against His will. Perhaps He has sent you—you who still love your father in spite of all I have told you—perhaps He has sent you to help me find such a boy."

"Father! Father!" cried the girl, "you have made me so happy." She threw her arms around his neck. "I am so glad you sent me to the public school. Had I been closeted with a governess, I would have seen nothing. But now I know what life really means, and I have also found a promising boy for the task you wish him to perform. He is a poor boy, who has ignored pleasure for work—a boy whose only pleasure is in his books—a boy whom I know must be good—a boy whom I know is good."

"Who?" asked the father.

Allaine blushed, but Mr. Bennett did not notice it.

"Paul Milton," she responded. "He is graduating with honors from High School this spring and will be prepared to attend the university in the fall."

It was the first time Allaine had mentioned a boy's name in the presence of her father. The father concluded that the youth must be as extraordinary among boys as his own daughter was among girls.

"I have great confidence in your selection," said Mr. Bennett. "We shall send him to the university on a free scholarship."

Allaine suddenly reflected; if Paul knew the scholarship was coming from her father, he might surmise that she had had something to do with it, and that, above all things, he must not know. Furthermore, if she explained this to

her father, then he too might suspect that she loved Paul Milton. But her father's next remark saved all.

"Of course, Allaine," said he, "it shall not be made public that I am presenting this scholarship. It will come from 'The Alumni.' It isn't necessary that the name of Bennett be tacked to it. We are not seeking publicity; we are trying to do good, aren't we?"

Allaine was too happy to speak. Her affirmation came in the form of an embrace.

"We are going to clean the university," he said happily, "and we need not tell Paul Milton what to do. I shall take your word that he is an upright boy, and he will see the need of reform with his own eyes."

Allaine's love for her father became greater from that day on, and she decided to please him no matter what he should ask of her, because he had done so much for Paul Milton.

"The Alumni" notified Paul Milton of the free scholarship. Paul was extremely happy, and yet the thought of attending the university and leaving his mother filled him with hesitancy.

"Shall I accept it?" asked the boy.

"Of course you shall," answered the mother, who appeared very happy and enthusiastic outwardly, although a great sorrow had begun to surge about her heart. "It is the opportunity of a lifetime. It has been sent to you from God. Your father wanted you to have a good education, but I doubt if he ever dreamed of your going to a big university. He must have spoken to God about it when he went to heaven, and God has sent you the scholarship as a consequence of the interview. If He does this much for you, He will do more; but He will do more only if you make use of that which He now offers you."

"But you will be all alone, Mother!" said the son.

"Don't worry about that," said Alice, with a forced smile. "The very thought of your future will keep me company, and then, too, you will be with me each summer and

each Christmas. It is not death that is separating us, my boy. It is for a good and great purpose that you are leaving me, and your absence and your attainments will only make me the happier when you return."

"For a good and great purpose!" repeated Paul enthusiastically.

"Yes, my son, and I know you shall succeed."

How noble the widow was to surrender her son so unselfishly for service to the world! How brave she was to conceal the deep sorrow which would follow their separation! How considerate she was not to reveal it, lest it should trouble him and interfere with his progress! Had she not, after all, by means of this sacrifice, repaid God for all the happiness with which He had blessed her by sending this son, whom she had kept so pure and clean that he might accomplish the task destiny was reserving for him.

She managed to appear happy, to keep up her spirits until the last day—the last hour—the last minute.

She embraced Paul on the doorstep of the little cottage, and told him to remember the things the birds had taught. Then he kissed her good-bye and walked off to the depot with a traveling-bag in one hand and the violin case in the other. There was no fashion about his clothes and general appearance, but his face was clean and ruddy, without a trace of the dissipation or the parental sin which stamp the pale faces of many well-dressed boys with ugly lines and blemishes. There were no fumes of a poisonous cigarette curling about his lips; there was only the purity and the sweet memory of a mother's kiss.

The heart of the widow, which had been gradually filling with sorrow during the summer, could hold no more, and, under the weight of it, she sank to the floor and remained there sobbing and alone in her little cottage.

It was late September. The sky was red and gold with one of those magnificent autumnal sunsets. The colors, at first warm and brilliant, were now gradually losing their splendor and seemed to melt one into the other to form a dull cold gray, which was finally effaced by the blackness of

night. The leaves, which seemed to retain the warm shades with which the sun had painted the heavens, were falling one by one from the lonely trees, although no one noticed them; for the earth was enveloped in darkness.

Yes, the sun, although it was rising at that instant upon some other part of the planet, had removed its warm bright rays from the little cottage which sheltered Paul Milton's mother, and she believed her own son had embraced her in his arms as he would never embrace her again. She believed he had left her to serve mankind, and when he would return permanently after he had completed his work, he would probably have the reward which he deserved—the reward she herself wanted him to have and for which she prayed to God—the reward which would leave her lonely, however kindly he might be and however happy his success would make her. Her sky would no longer be bright with red and gold, but cold and gray, and finally dark, and her warm tears would also fall unnoticed like the leaves in the night.

Such were the sad thoughts of the widow as she sat on the carpet with the night falling around her. All was silent. She heard each tear as it dropped to the floor. The almost inaudible thud against the carpet sounded like the clang of a hammer, striking and hurting her heart, which was already sore with grief. Once in the stillness she thought she heard the strains of a violin from the little studio under the roof, and she believed her husband had returned to console her. But it was only her imagination. Not only her husband but her own little musician had departed, taking the violin with him. How long before she would hear it again! How it would scatter the gloom if she could only hear it now!

She arose and made a light. But it did not brighten her sadness; it revealed more cruelly the absence of her boy. There was the plate and the cup from which he had had his last meal but a short time before. His chair would now be vacant, and she must sit there alone. Nor would she again feel the secret happiness of his silent company on

those long winter evenings when he prepared his lessons in the glow of the old lamp. The happiest moments of her life were now nothing more than memories. She must sit at the table alone until she grew sleepy from lonesomeness, and then she herself must carry the lamp upstairs—the lamp which he had always carried for her to light the way. There would be no little watchman to bolt the door, no little protector to tiptoe into her chamber to press her to his manly bosom and print his sweet good-night upon her lips. These thoughts overwhelmed her, and she buried her face in her arms and wept more bitterly.

When such a cloud of sorrow overshadows the soul, we are often made happier by the presence of another heavy heart than by one which is light and unsympathetic with gaiety.

There was a tap on the widow's door. She did not hear it until it was repeated a second time. Even then she doubted it, and she lifted her head to listen and wait. It came again.

"Come in," she said, between sobs.

The door opened, and Allaine Bennett stood on the threshold, a little satchel in her hand.

"I know how sad and lonely you must be," said Allaine sweetly, "and I have come to console you, because I am much to blame for your sorrow."

The widow was more baffled by this remark than by the strange girl's appearance.

"You do not know me," continued Allaine, placing her arm about the widow's neck, "but we often have friends whom we do not know, and yet these are sometimes our closest and dearest friends."

"Who are you?" asked Alice gently.

"Allaine—Allaine Bennett. I came to your cottage a long time ago, bringing a candy heart for your son. Tonight I am bringing my own heart for you."

The widow smiled with joy.

"But how could you have caused my sorrow?"

"Promise me you will tell no one; promise me, in particular, that you will never tell your son," said Allaine.

"I promise," said Alice.

"It was I who suggested that he be presented with a free scholarship for the university," said Allaine very softly.

"You darling!" exclaimed Alice, rising and taking Allaine in her arms.

"I told my father about Paul's good work at school, and it was through father that the alumni sent him away."

"Ah! how you have helped him!"

"I love him," admitted Allaine, blushing.

"My Paul!" said the widow, with just a touch of alarm.

"Yes, but I love you as well, and I love him as much as you do, and both of us can do more for him than either one of us alone. I shall continue to help him, and by helping him I shall help you; shall I not?"

"Yes, yes, my dear girl," said Alice more contentedly.

"But promise me again you will not tell. Never breathe my name; he must not know that I am going to help him."

"I promise," repeated the widow; and Allaine kissed her.

"Now let me help you with the dishes," suggested the visitor.

In an instant she had removed her hat and coat, and was clearing the table.

"Oh," remarked Alice, "I thought this was a visit."

"Yes, a friendly visit—not a fashionable one. May I have an apron?"

The widow understood at once that the girl would insist on helping, and she nonreluctantly handed her a neatly folded apron from the cupboard. The dishes were soon washed and dried and placed on the shelves, and then Alice and Allaine sat down and talked to each other across the little red tablecloth; they chatted until bedtime.

"It is late," said Alice. "I shall have to walk part way home with you."

"Oh, I do not intend to leave you alone this evening," said Allaine. "I told father I was going to stay with you the first night after your son's departure. He knows about

it. I doubt if my mother will miss me, and if she does, Father can tell her where I am."

"You are a kind sweet girl," said Alice, and the tears of happiness rolled down her cheeks.

"You are sleepy. You wish to retire."

"Yes," admitted Alice.

And Allaine bolted the door and took the lamp.

"You lead the way."

The widow ascended the stairs, and the girl followed her holding the lamp high in one hand and her satchel in the other. There was a cot, dressed with fresh linens, just outside the door on the first landing. The widow rolled it into her bedroom.

"Paul always slept on this," said Alice. "I hope you find it comfortable."

"I know I shall," said Allaine, placing the lamp on an antiquated but beautiful bureau.

Then she sat on the edge of the cot, removed her shoes, undressed, and stood before the widow in a simple white gown with delicate blue ribbons strung through the insertion about the neck and sleeves; Alice imagined it was an angel whom God had sent to comfort and guard her. After the girl knelt beside Paul's cot and prayed for him, she walked to the widow's bed, pressed her to her soft white bosom, and printed a good-night kiss upon her lips. Then she extinguished the lamp, and they were soon lost in sweet and peaceful slumber.

The express which was taking Paul Milton to the university was dashing along like a mad steed through the night. The youth tossed about restlessly on his pillow, which was moist with the tears shed for his mother, whom he had left alone in the little cottage at Norford.

CHAPTER VI

POVERTY AND WEALTH

The house on Walnut Street, in front of which Tom Kuhler with his two "lady friends" stood calling to Arch Coddington on the night of the big victory, was the house in which Paul Milton, the freshman, settled, when he arrived at the university. "The Alumni" had recommended the location; in fact Mr. Wallace Bennett had roomed there himself some twenty years before, when he was also a freshman. The strains of music from the attic window came from Samuel Milton's violin. It was only after he had finished serving the student-boarders, whose everlasting conversation on football kept the serpent green in his memory, that Paul retired to his room, where his tempest-tossed body and mind finally became calm under the influence of melody.

This little retreat under the roof was very different from the little studio which was similarly located in the Milton cottage at Norford. The sloping roof made it impossible to stand upright in the room, except at the very center. The walls and ceiling were not papered. The plaster was soiled, and in certain places, where the rain had leaked through, it had fallen away and exposed the laths. A few pieces of raveled rag carpet covered the worst spots on the floor, which was almost equally rough and knotty throughout. There was one small window, offering a view of the street.

The furniture consisted of a bed, a table, a chair and a student's lamp; nothing more.

The iron bed was now a total wreck; former students had played havoc with it. The white enamel had fallen off in flakes, and the black iron showed through. The vertical

rods at the head and at the foot were hopelessly twisted as though some wild animal, imagining itself encaged, had forced them apart to make its escape. The springs sagged like a hammock; it is probable that a former drunken freshman (perhaps Mr. Bennett himself) had danced upon them oftener than he had slept there. Only one of the four posts remained crowned with a brass knob; it is very likely that the other three knobs had been fired at some wandering cat, whose nocturnal serenades had interrupted what little natural slumber the reveler had tried to find while sober. It little resembled the neat and firm cot with its sweet linens on which Allaine Bennett slept the first night after Paul had deserted it.

The table, chair and lamp were all more or less defective and broken, but Milton soon became accustomed to them, and it was not long before he was able to work very well at his table and sleep quite soundly on his bed. Such trivial matters never disturb a genius; the boy never mentioned them in letters to his mother, because he soon forgot about them himself.

The free scholarship included little more than tuition and laboratory expenses. He bought his own textbooks with what little money he had taken with him; he could not spend it for better furniture. His mother had offered him more, but he had refused to take it from her. In no way did he wish to make her less comfortable for the sake of his own conveniences. He even contemplated sending her some of the money he hoped to earn through the bureau of self-help. He earned his food by waiting on a table in the landlord's dining room. The rent of his room would not have amounted to much, but he paid for it by firing the furnace or shoveling snow in winter and by mowing the lawn in spring. Mr. Bennett could have made and, in fact, wanted to make life easier for Paul Milton by sending him a small allowance also from "The Alumni," but when he recalled his own experiences at the university, the word allowance became synonymous with indolence and failure, whereas the absence of it meant application and success.

Milton met few students outside of the classroom except those whom he served at table. These boys would speak to him occasionally, but the relation between them and him was not the same as that among themselves. The boy in fact had neither the time nor the desire for friends. He was generally at his study table. The furnace, the snow and the lawn offered him sufficient physical exercise; there was no need of his taking part in athletics. His music afforded him all the recreation he cared for. It was his only diversion from books, and after completing his work for the landlord and preparing his lessons, he would sit for hours playing his beloved instrument.

His art was maturing day by day. His violin had become a loving and beloved servant, which obeyed and reflected every mood of its master. It always responded sympathetically and perfectly to the tone and tempo of his soul—now *agitato*, *animato*, *affretando*, *grandioso*; then *dol-oro*, *tarando*, *morendo*. His beautiful flowing *legato* was like a clear brook, meandering smoothly and gracefully through peaceful meadows. His brilliant but restless *staccato* was like a joyous bird, flitting nervously from branch to branch in a wind-tossed tree-top. There were times when the violin rumbled like distant thunder, and there were times when it pattered like rain upon the silent grass. It usually sang simply and sweetly like an innocent child unknowingly lost in a sun-kissed paradise of smiling blossoms, but there were occasional instances when it cried out momentarily with an incontrollable passion, as though some inner dormant longing had suddenly awakened, only to return again to its unmolested slumber—just as children often wake with a start, utter a strange peculiar cry, and then continue to enjoy the calmer dreams which float, like fairy clouds, across their pillows.

There was a square opening in the wall in Milton's room, covered by a black iron grating. It was intended to serve as an inlet for heat, but it conducted more fumes than warmth. The garret was not included in the furnace-circuit which heated the house, and rather than stand the extra

expense of a gas-stove, the landlord had constructed this device, which connected the garret with the kitchen stove by means of a long tin chute, through which his wife might also shout and wake the "waiter" in case he overslept. Milton kept the opening closed most of the time, for he preferred the cold to the constant odor of the cooking.

It was through this tin chute that the landlady sometimes heard Milton's violin. She was rather deaf, and when the music did reach her ears after traveling through this metallic conductor, she mistook it for the noise made by the cats of the neighborhood, who seemed to agree unanimously that her back yard was an ideal spot both for courting and for combat.

The landlady never appeared in any other part of the house: the kitchen in the basement was her world. She prepared the meals, ironed the linen and washed the dishes. Her table and the food served at it were the very best. Style, cleanliness, and the quality of the meats and pastries made her board the most popular among the students and enabled her husband to collect ten dollars a week for it.

It is, however, often best that we do not see where and by whom our tempting food is prepared. The kitchen was disorderly, and the landlady was never presentable. Milton was the only student who saw her, and then he seldom saw more than her fat steaming hand as it placed the various dishes on the "dummy." But now and then he had occasion to descend into the kitchen.

She was round as a sphere. Her face was scarlet from the heat; in outline it was almost a perfect circle, her eyes, nose and mouth all curiously bunched at the center. Her hair was jet black, and never combed. She was always buttoned up in a tight, blue, moth-eaten sweater decorated with class numerals and grease spots. She moved about heavily in a pair of thick woolen slippers. She had no assistant, but seemed chained to her drudgery like a slave in the galleys. She never complained. She had learned that it was of no avail to do so; her husband was stingy and inconsiderate.

Mr. Sweeny—for such was the landlord's name—did the rest of the housework. A chambermaid was an unnecessary expense, and it was unwise to place such an article in a student's dormitory, however ugly she might be; he had learned so by experience. Consequently Mr. Sweeny himself made the beds every morning and swept the rooms once a month.

Sweeny was a very small man in more ways than one, but he alone was not entirely to blame for his opinions and his schemes; students are not the most pleasant and most considerate persons to deal with. After demolishing much of his furniture, they often skipped the town without paying as much as their room rent. To even matters up and to effect a partial payment, he used to hold their trunks and in this way obtain much clothing. The clothes which fitted him (or his wife), he would keep; the others were sold to the Jew peddler on the street corner. Thus it was that Mr. Sweeny always dressed fashionably though rather extremely.

Once, however, a student got the better of him. The student was ready to leave town. Two trunks were standing in his room. When the expressman called, Mr. Sweeny sneaked up the stairs behind him.

"You have no right to hold both my trunks," claimed the student. "My bill is not so large as that."

"Very well," added Sweeny. "I'll let the expressman take the lighter one," and he satisfied himself as to which one that was.

After the expressman had departed with the trunk on his back and after the student had left town, Sweeny discovered that the other trunk was empty; it had been nailed to the floor. He turned white with anger; his little glassy eyes popped half way out of their sockets, and he snarled and showed his teeth. His thirst for revenge on students in general has never yet been quenched.

Such were the landlord and landlady in the house on Walnut Street in which Milton had settled. Such were the characters with whom he came in contact. Such was the

audience to whom he played on his violin. To Mrs. Sweeny, as we have previously been told, his music sounded like cat-squawking. To Mr. Sweeny it had much the same effect that soulful music has on certain dogs, who whine in agony when they hear it, as if they had been summoned before a higher human conscience to atone for having stolen bones from the plates of their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Sweeny took a far greater liking to the "noises" which were produced by the mechanical instruments in Coddington's apartment, and he would often go there when that student was out, put a band record on his graphophone and recline lazily in the elephant-hide armchair to enjoy one of Coddington's imported cigarettes, tapping time on the floor with the dancing-pumps he had inherited in lieu of room rent from some prodigal son.

Archibald Gregory Coddington came from a well-to-do Southern family. He had taken every possible means to utilize and display his wealth, having rented practically the whole second floor of Mr. Sweeny's private dormitory.

Every article in his study reflected wealth. All of Mr. Sweeny's furniture had been removed—even the carpet. The whole suite was repapered to the taste of the inmate. The walls were covered with a dark, rich green and conventional rosebushes embossed in gold. The paper was hung by an exclusive New York decorator. Mrs. Coddington had insisted that "Archie" should have all his work (tutoring included) done by experts, and that his apartment at college should in every way be equal in elegance and refinement to his surroundings at home. Her boy's character must not be ruined by a mediocre environment. The floors were covered with Baluchistan rugs, and the windows were hung with old embroidered silks from Tokio.

His desk was a massive mahogany table with handsomely carved legs. At least six sterling-silver picture frames stood on the top of it, each enclosing a different pose of his *fiancée*—Miss Ruby Pink, of Nashville, Tennessee, who had given him a solid-gold pen with a platinum point to be used

only when writing to her. She had also sent him seventeen gorgeous pillows, which were exhibited on a blue velvet window-seat, arranged so that most of them were visible from the street.

Arch's gift from his father was a copy of Cabanel's *La Naissance de Venus*, done by an American artist, whom the senior Coddington had especially stationed at the Luxembourg, paying all his expenses including a first-class passage on the *Lusitania*.

Coddington had both a pianola and a victrola in his study. The rolls on the top of the former were piled up almost to the ceiling. He had stacks of records and sheet music which were just as high. Each month when the new list of selections was published, he had most of them sent to his room on approval and kept them so long that he finally preferred to pay for all rather than be annoyed by the agent, who called repeatedly for those he did not care to retain. Coddington always wanted to be "up" musically. When a new comic opera was put on the boards, he grew very impatient because the various firms were so slow to reproduce the songs on rolls and records, and, rather than be behind, he would purchase all the sheet music for the entire show, trying to play it with one finger on his piano; and there he would sit, not knowing one note from the other and accompanying his own singing, although that which he played, that which he sang, and that which was written before him were three entirely different compositions.

Modern invention is doing much to preserve imperfectly the art of the past and the present, and to ruin that of the future—and yet we say we are progressing. In many ways we are declining: as a race, we are certainly becoming more and more satisfied with imitation and reproduction, thus losing our appreciation and respect for genuineness and originality. We are deserting the stage to injure our sense of sight by gazing, like bewildered animals, upon the painful jerky illusions of the cinematograph, and we are abandoning our opera and music halls to destroy the delicacy of our auditory nerves by listening for hours to the *scratch*

scratch scratch of the graphophone. It cannot be denied that art is gradually being replaced by mere mechanism. Mechanism will never inspire or develop the dormant, artistic genius in man. It is only when the eye and the ear are acted upon by the light and sound waves produced directly by original sources that true art can mature. We are rapidly becoming a machine-mad nation.

I am not assuming that Archibald Coddington was an embryonic genius, but he is an exquisite example of the degeneration of human energy. His money had smothered in him every flicker of both mental and physical effort. All his needs and wants were supplied by machines. His victrola sang for him; his pianola played for him; his automobile walked for him; his tutor thought for him. (Yes; a tutor is also a machine.) Coddington's whole existence lay not in himself but in the servants—human, mechanical or both—who or which surrounded him.

His appearance was always becoming. His tailor and his haberdasher kept him dressed to the height of fashion. When he arrived at the university, he signed a contract with a suit-presser before he had found a room.

Recent advances in tonsorial art kept him looking handsome. Arch never condescended to sit in a public shop; his private barber called at the room two or three times a week to shampoo and to trim his straw-colored hair to just the proper length and style, to shave his silvery beard, to massage his forehead, to pinch his cheeks, to squeeze his pimples, to bleach his nose, to powder his neck, to polish his nails, and to anoint him with the sweet-scented creams and waters of Ed. Pinaud. One glance at Coddington was enough to make many a girl leave home.

An ancient proverb tells us that we can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but the modern clothier and barber can accomplish the transformation externally at least. They can lift a sot out of the gutter and have him looking like a prince within an hour.

The main reason why Coddington roomed at Mr. Sweeny's house instead of an official dormitory of the uni-

versity was the fact that Mr. Sweeny served meals—for Coddington was always accustomed to taking his breakfast in bed.

Although Milton had waited on Coddington at table and had often recited in the same class with him, nevertheless it was a long time before they met formally. One night after Paul had finished serving the last student in the dining room, he went to the garret and began to play his violin before preparing his lessons for the next morning. It was early in the evening. Some one knocked on his door; he answered it, and Coddington entered with some sheet music under his arm.

"We have often seen each other, but we have never really met," said the student. "My name is Coddington. I have the room just below you. Heard you fiddling, and thought I'd come up."

"I am glad to have you," said Milton, as he took the boy's extended hand rather timidly.

"Do you play any ragtime? I've got a bunch of new stuff from a show that's going to have its first night here in town. Most of the New York productions have an opening performance in this burg, where they try them on the dog. If a musical comedy meets with the approval of the students, it's sure to make a smashing hit."

Coddington dropped the music on the floor, pulled up his trousers to prevent bagging, sat on the edge of the bed, and lighted a cigarette.

"Have a smoke?" He held out his silver case.

"Thanks, I don't use them," replied Milton.

"You're the first musician I've ever known who doesn't dope. To hear you play, one might think you were lost in a cloud of smoke. Most musicians get their inspiration, or whatever you call it, from cigars and pipes; don't they?"

"I don't know, but I think not."

"You bet they do—and from booze too. I've heard that our best American composers, who write these wonderful and successful comic operas, sit at their desks with a bucket

of beer beside them. They couldn't write a note without it; they use it for ink. Didn't the old guy who taught you ever get tight?"

"I received my first lesson from the birds, who are the most natural and truest of all musicians. They inhale only the pure air, and they drink nothing but clear water. I think the quality of the music is always highest when it comes from natural inspiration. Most of this stuff—as you call it—which is produced nowadays comes from brains that are artificially excited by tobacco and wine. It scarcely deserves the name of music."

"Does ragtime bore you?" asked Arch quickly.

"I prefer music every time," answered Milton.

"But you wouldn't mind playing over one or two of these; would you?" inquired Coddington, as he opened some music and placed it under the light on the table. "I'm going down to the theatre tonight, and I'd like to have an idea of what the songs are going to be like."

Milton placed the violin under his chin and played through one of the songs. It is almost comical to hear a genuine musician attempt to play ragtime.

"It doesn't seem raggy enough," declared the critic. "You don't altogether get the swing of it. If you heard the chorus girls sing it once or twice, you'd do much better. Have you ever seen a musical comedy?"

"No, I haven't," answered Milton.

"Come along with us tonight."

"I can't afford it; I need all my money for books."

"It's on me—free lesson—no charge. These girls will put you next to the tempo; they have the rag movement not only in their voices but in their heads, arms, legs, everything."

"I haven't time; I must prepare my lessons for tomorrow."

"Bosh! you'll soon get over that; I'm over it already. In fact I never came to this place with the idea of studying. I have a private tutor to do all that for me. I was told before I came here that a fellow could practically buy a di-

ploma. I came to see the football games, meet the boys, and have a general good time. By the way, what course are you going to take next year?"

"I am going to specialize in mathematics," said Milton.

"Rot! that's too much work. I elected the Select Course—the gentleman's course. That's the one that's been made purely cultural; they scarcely ever open a textbook. We will devote most of our time to art, literature and language. We get a taste of mathematics. We can usually compute the area of a square, but a circle stumps us. The fellows do all they can to keep the grinds out of this course. Yesterday, some poor fool told the teacher that the assignment was too easy, and the fellows all footed a petition to send him back to Engineering. We've got an awful drag with the faculty. We represent the wealth of the school; most all of the frat men are chosen from our ranks. It's the frat men who give the school its reputation. That's why we get everything we want. One of our profs cut his class thirty-three times last year; God bless him. They were all eight o'clock recitations too. The course is a regular gut; that's what makes it a drawing card. It's larger than all the other courses put together. If they ever abolish it, they might as well abolish the school; but the university knows its business."

Coddington took out his watch and looked at the time.

"Sorry you won't go with me," he added. "It's going to be a corkin' good show—the best looking and shapeliest chorus that ever left New York City. Perhaps we'll go out together some time later on."

Milton said nothing, but this postponement of the student's invitation remained strangely in his mind. Coddington picked up the sheet music, glanced curiously about the room, and then left, closing the door.

He had sized up the fellow in the garret. When he returned to his own room, he lighted another cigarette and buried himself among Ruby's pillows, where he laughed heartily over the idea of the birds who "inhaled only pure air and drank nothing but clear water." What a sad bird

this was which had built its nest in the rafters over his head and which chirped and squawked like a common, ordinary, vulgar sparrow—the kind he used to shoot by the dozens with his nickel-plated rifle at home! What an insignificant grind he had discovered! What a disgrace to the university! How fortunate that he was concealed up there in that God-forsaken hole! “Pooh! Pooh!” thought the gayer bird, as he swallowed a glass of whiskey and soda and then flew away to the theatre to joint the other feathers of his flock.

Coddington's visit had also given Milton food for thought. He was indeed the first caller Milton had had. Why this man, above all others, should see fit to ascend the stairs to his garret was something which Milton could not decipher. He had often glanced into Coddington's apartments as he passed the door, and he had noticed the luxurious furniture and the decorations. He wondered how a man surrounded by such things could concentrate his mind on his books. Comparing this environment with his own, he realized how different from himself must be the boy who lived in it. It was likely that they would never meet as friends. Milton had no desire for friends, and surely Coddington would not care to associate with the “waiter.” Neither was it the violin which had attracted Coddington to the garret; that was merely an excuse. Milton had learned, from the pounding on the pianola and from the scratch of the victrola, the kind of music that appealed to the student who roomed below him. It was very probable that they were mutually bored by each other's tastes. They had nothing in common.

What was it then that brought the two boys together? It was the force of destiny—a far stronger and stranger force than magnetism, which also attracts unlike charges. At heart, Coddington was trying to avoid Milton. He really did not care to be seen in his company at the theatre; he was glad his invitation had been refused, and yet he had suggested to Milton that they go out together sometime again later on. Coddington hated Milton; he even hesitated

before leaving his graphophone that night to creep half reluctantly on his hands and knees up the dark stairs to the garret. Nor had Milton felt or expressed a desire for this visit. There was some mysterious power which had taken the wealthier boy to the poorer one. That power was sending him as a messenger to communicate with the solitary student, who, though he was considered inferior, nevertheless lived above him. But the student was not prepared to receive that communication in full. There were other powers also exerting influence over Paul Milton. He was unaware of some; aware of others. There was Alice, and there was Allaine, and we shall later meet with several more who will serve as channels to conduct the various forces whose united influences fashion the destiny of the individual. These forces will each act in their turn, drawing him first this way, then that, confronting him with doubt, but eventually carrying him off in the direction of that path which he alone must travel. These are curious forces. Their action and their resultant can never be predicted; they disobey all physical laws.

It was not that Milton disliked either Coddington or the theatre. It was not that he feared their influence. Coddington's continual reference to chorus girls did not seem to phase him. It was the boy's love for books and study that made him decline Coddington's invitation, and had it not been that Coddington, in his conversation, had derided scholarship and corroborated the opinions which Milton himself had formed after the football victory—had it not been for this, it is likely that Milton would have given the interview no further thought. But now there seemed to stand before him two men—Kuhler and Coddington. The one represented football and brute strength; the other wealth and mental weakness. Both of them were enemies to scholarship, and yet they seemed to be the foundation on which the university flourished and on which its popularity depended. To his mind, they were joined together, and in their union he saw a means which was tending to defeat the real purpose of the institution. This inspired him to

work all the harder over his books, and it is in this mood that we shall leave him in Mr. Sweeny's garret for his remaining undergraduate days.

During his later freshman days, Coddington frequently brought Tom Kuhler to dinner, and Milton served both of them. At the end of the year these two enemies of scholarship were fortunately removed from Milton's presence. Kuhler left the university after graduation. Coddington left Mr. Sweeny's house, because he had been elected to a fraternity. He took all his furniture and decorations with him—all but the wall paper, and he threw several bottles of ink at that; Coddington and Sweeny had not been the best of friends.

The fraternity to which Coddington had been elected was the same fraternity which Tom Kuhler had made. It was through Kuhler that Coddington got in. All the most prominent athletes and all the wealthier undergraduates were included in its membership. Full backs and green-backs were, in fact, the two standards to which it almost exclusively adhered. It was perhaps the oldest fraternity of the university. Mr. Bennett had also worn its Greek letters but had now, for some reason or other, discarded them.

CHAPTER VII

HIGHER EDUCATION WITHOUT A COLLEGE

Alice Milton's life without her son was not so lonely as she had anticipated. Allaine's over-night visit the first evening after Paul's departure for the university had dispelled the gloom, and although the girl slept at home thereafter, she had introduced a permanent atmosphere of calm and contentment in the widow's cottage. Alice now felt that some one else, aside from Paul, was near and dear to her, that some one had replaced him, or had at least replaced his loving and lovable personality, for Allaine indeed called regularly every afternoon before returning home from school. Neither her father nor her mother were aware of this. Mr. Bennett knew of course that Allaine had stayed with Alice that first night; but he decided it was the widow's loneliness, rather than his daughter's interest in her son, that prompted Allaine to act as she had.

The following year, after completing her course of study at the High School, she continued to call at the cottage, always bringing some dainty morsel of food from home. Her father and mother still knew nothing of these little journeys, for Allaine had quite incidentally found a subterfuge: she had enlisted in the army of charity workers, much to her father's delight and much to her mother's disgust. She made daily visits to the poor of the town with her little basket on her arm. But this basket contained more than the food she carried to the widow; it contained mental food for the little ones and grown-ups, whom she was trying to improve. In it were a number of books—some for children, some for adults, some for amusement, some for instruction. So the widow's cottage was not the only cottage which

Allaine brightened with her presence, although it was distinctly different from the others, and her mission there was not entirely altruistic. The woman in this cottage was perhaps her intellectual superior, but the persons in the hovels along her daily line of march, which terminated at this little paradise of cleanliness and cheer, had not yet seen the light. Their souls were enveloped in darkness and ignorance; their faces and bodies were sometimes marred by filth and immorality.

The gentleness of Allaine's manner and the purity of her face brought happiness to many a home which had previously known only indolence and misery. Her picture books kept the children off the streets, where they usually met with temptation and vice. The older ones she sent to school; the younger ones were under her own instruction. She first taught them to keep themselves clean; she would not permit them to fondle the fascinating pages before they had washed their hands. The colored pictures were irresistible, and therefore the hands were always clean.

"Miss Bennett's comin' this mornin'; we'd better git washed up."

She taught them the names of animals, flowers and birds, and she had them commit little verses which were instructive and not mere childish jingles. They learned to love her. They would cling to her skirt and climb to her knee to listen to her stories. One little fellow always reached up to pat her pretty pink cheek and to stroke her soft golden hair. Children naturally admire and love beauty and cleanliness. It is mostly because they are surrounded by untidy parents that the children in the tenements are themselves always covered with grime and soot. Some of the mothers noticed the affection which their little ones revealed for Allaine, and these mothers, as well as their children, took to cleaner ways.

Many of the mothers could neither read nor write. Each morning she recited little paragraphs which seemed to uplift them, and she always left a bouquet of bright flowers

on the kitchen table as gentle reminders for the message which the verse or prose contained.

With those who could read, she left books and clippings from magazines and newspapers, which she afterwards called for and circulated among others. She insisted that these be kept unsoiled and untorn. The idea of cleanliness was always foremost in her teaching, and although she rarely attacked the mothers directly for their sloven condition, she gradually effected a change in their personal appearance by insisting that they handle her own books with care and respect.

The men were usually at work when she made her rounds, but some of them who were without jobs on account of their indolence and intemperance seemed to experience a sense of dishonor when she appeared.

"Me ole man hain't turned a hand for three months," complained Mrs. Maloney. "He's always drunk and gin-erally courtin' the hussy next door, he is. But the other day when he saw you a lookin' so pritty and rosy and clean, he told me you made him 'shamed of hisself."

"A clean woman can do much to keep a man straight," suggested Allaine.

The next morning Mrs. Maloney had washed her face thoroughly, combed her hair, and was wearing a clean white apron. Allaine tapped on the door; Mrs. Maloney answered.

"Is Mrs. Maloney in?" asked Allaine.

"Sure and oi'm her," said the transformation.

And a week later Pat had a job.

Thus Allaine was learning more and more of life each day and was doing far more than she realized to better the condition of the poorer people. Her methods were generally kind and gentle: they seemed to work wonders upon the persons with whom she dealt.

But Allaine's higher education was not confined to contact with every-day life only; she also had access to books. The fact that her father had resumed the study, which he

had earlier neglected at the university, was of great benefit to her, and she spent her evenings in his library perusing and reading the volumes which were rapidly accumulating there. It seemed Mr. Bennett and Allaine had founded a college in their own home, in which they alternately became teacher and pupil to each other; for the father saw much that escaped the daughter, and she called his attention to many things which at first reading had not appealed to him.

Mr. Bennett's library was growing, and the very latest editions of works by famous writers were soon placed on the shelves. A new set of Emerson had simultaneously attracted the attention of both father and daughter. It included, in addition to the essays already known, the journals of this New England poet and philosopher, which were now published for the first time.

At the time he was attending the university, if any one had suggested to Mr. Bennett that he read Emerson, he would have laughed and condemned the books as dry and unpenetrative. And yet, had he made but one earnest effort to understand the great thoughts recorded there, he would soon have developed a deep satisfaction from the big truths, which at that time would have helped keep him on the path he had now resolved to follow.

The pictures of Emerson, which appeared as frontispieces to certain volumes and which showed the good man at various periods of his life, awakened in Mr. Bennett a supreme reverence for the great author. He gazed at them often and studied the development of the man's character as revealed in his countenance. There was a moral beauty in that face, which seemed to strengthen and yet grow more mellow as the years advanced.

In the Journals for 1838-1841, there was an engraving of the author at the age of forty. It was this period of manhood which Mr. Bennett himself was now experiencing. How he wished that his own face could reflect the rectitude of youth which was still beaming in those large, dark, clear, expressive and far-seeing eyes, softened under the shadow of the heavy mobile brows!

He often turned to the picture in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, showing the moralist at the age of seventy. Would that he, Mr. Bennett, could reach that age and accomplish, in the life that was yet before him, half the good which this man had done for humanity through the noble example set by his upright life and through the writings he had left to perpetuate the memory of it. The eyebrows, like the hair which covered and crowned his beautifully shaped head and brain, were slowly becoming white with purity and age, accentuating the spiritual significance of the light which enveloped and bathed the tired eyes—eyes which seemed to have observed and recorded perhaps more than God Himself had expected of them. His all-reaching service to man was also indicated by the folds and lines in his soft brown cheeks—like furrows in fertile fields which had yielded a golden and inexhaustible harvest to feed the minds of future scholars and to awaken and develop their moral sentiment.

Mr. Bennett spoke of all these things to Allaine, who soon acquired an insatiable thirst for the thoughts of the revered philosopher, and she read and reread the soft, neatly printed pages, underlining and double-underlining many wonderful sentences and beautiful paragraphs, which helped her in her work and which she hoped might some day help Paul Milton in his; for they were surely words from God—words which God had heralded to mankind through this particular man.

The widow Milton kept her promise: she never mentioned Allaine's name before her son or in any way hinted that Allaine was helping him. Paul never once thought of her; and when he returned at Christmas and at Easter to spend a week or two with his mother at Norford, Allaine discontinued visiting the cottage, although she often walked by to get a glimpse of the boy whom she was striving to elevate by her very absence. Sometimes she would pass him on the street; how it would please her to be near him! He of course never recognized her. After he returned to the

university she resumed her visits and brought little tokens to show that her love for Alice and her son had in no way diminished.

During the long summer vacations Paul helped his mother in the house and in the garden, and played to her from the little studio under the roof. He had made no friends at the university and consequently did not miss them. He was glad to get away from Mr. Sweeny's garret in spring and equally glad to return to it and his books in September.

The Bennetts would motor to the shore or the mountains, where Mrs. Bennett spent the whole day displaying her wardrobe while Mr. Bennett and Allaine explored the coast or the cool forests seeking quiet secluded retreats, where they might continue to study and read the books which they had brought with them. Among these were always a few volumes of Emerson, to which they frequently referred to enjoy again the passages they had marked and which had stimulated their mutual desire to reform existing conditions.

CHAPTER VIII

ANOTHER THING KUHLER DID FOR HIS ALMA MATER

Good scholars are seldom praised by the undergraduates of a large university. The average student prefers to ignore or ridicule them. An active interest in scholarship generally leads to obscurity. But good scholars do attract the attention of the faculty, who, unfortunately, at once undertake to overdevelop their genius and isolate them from the student-body, which stands in great need of their example. It is extreme folly to continue sharpening that tool which is already sharp enough, by grinding it down to nothing. When the mind is keen enough, let it operate on the ways of mankind; let it cut deep and bring to the surface and remove the corruption which is retarding and dwarfing the real progress of the world.

While Paul Milton was working away in Mr. Sweeny's garret, he was far removed from his classmates and contemporaries, who scarcely knew of his existence. Even Archibald Coddington had forgotten about him. But his name was frequently brought up at faculty meetings, where a great future was predicted for him. He had indeed proved himself a rare genius in mathematics. His instructors claimed that they had found in him a real prodigy, who would shed luster upon the university through the big theorems he would eventually unearth. The institution must by all means retain him and do everything possible to nourish and develop the astonishing power of investigation revealed in his original methods and solutions.

The month of June had arrived—the last month of Paul's last year at the university. He was about to graduate with many honors, although the public announcement

had not yet been made. Just before the close of recitations, his professor summoned him for an interview and was far from modest in praising the boy's work, offering him a free graduate scholarship to continue the pursuit of knowledge.

"I shall have to think it over," said Milton. "I've been away from my mother for four years. I feel that I should return to her and begin to earn money; but I shall consider it."

Nevertheless, the boy was extremely happy. That evening after he had brushed the crumbs from the table and arranged it for breakfast, he thought the matter over. Should he seize this opportunity or let it go by. Would it be right to leave his mother for two or three more years? It would be very selfish to do so. And yet she had never once complained of his absence. Surely if she had missed him so much during these four years, one word would have escaped to communicate her loneliness. Perhaps she had formed friendships with other women in the neighborhood. He had not, however, seen these friends at the cottage during vacations. Yet something seemed to tell him she was not entirely alone, and, rather than confute this comforting thought, he decided not to question her. After all, was not he also alone, and was he sad for that reason? Then he recalled the noble words with which she had encouraged him when led to hesitate before accepting the *first* free scholarship from "The Alumni."

"It is for a good and great purpose that you are leaving me, and your absence and your attainments will only make me the happier when you return."

Did that word absence cover more than four years? Ah, it must have, for as yet he could not see very clearly "the good and great purpose" for leaving her. Aside from the honors, which are conferred every year, what had he accomplished? He had completed a four-year course. He would receive a diploma. Of what good was a diploma? Arch Coddington told him he could buy one. Arch Coddington, who had never looked inside of a book, was going

to take the same degree that would be conferred upon himself for all his earnest and consistent study! Coddington hated learning, while he—Milton—loved it. Was there no reward to distinguish love from hatred? Yes; the graduate scholarship. The "good and great purpose," to which his mother referred, would not become apparent until he had captured a higher degree—a degree which could not be bought—a degree which proved that he had the ability to do something bigger—something out of the ordinary. He must please his mother by all means and therefore prepare himself for that "good and great purpose;" he must accept the graduate scholarship.

He had just reached this conclusion when he heard a sharp rap on his door.

"Come in."

It was Arch Coddington—Arch Coddington who had never returned since that first visit in the freshman year—Arch Coddington who despised him and his studiousness and his goodness.

"Hello there, Paul," said the student, as he took Milton's hand and pressed it as though it were the hand of his best friend. "I've come around to get some help from you. I've got a condition in math hanging over from last year, and if I don't pass it off I can't graduate. I've tried to reserve hours with every tutor, but they're all filled up. They're pretty busy now you know—right before the finals. I don't know a damn about the subject. I could no more work it up by myself than I could kiss my own forehead. What's more the exam comes tomorrow morning at eight o'clock—it's a crime the inconsideration the faculty have for repeaters. I must get some one to help me tonight, or I won't get my dip. You'll do it; won't you? I know you're a good fellow."

And Coddington clapped him on the back, as if trying to force him to consent.

Just a few minutes before, Milton was asking himself if there was no reward to distinguish application from negligence. Were Coddington and he to receive the same

degree? Ah, it now rested with Milton himself to decide that question. Coddington was now at Milton's mercy: Should Milton prevent him from getting the diploma? But, what was Milton's answer?

"Yes; I will help you."

And why had he consented? Was it because he pitied a fellow-student? Perhaps. But was there not some other power at work—some power which said to him inaudibly: "Go! you have much to learn from this man."

"Good," said Coddington.

"Shall we work here?" suggested Milton.

"No; come down to my room at the frat house: I've got every examination paper in this subject for the last ten years. That's one of the big advantages of belonging to a college fraternity. Those who have gone before have hoarded exams and notebooks to make life easier for us who follow. We've got the solutions of all the problems in the text—but then they are apt to spring a new one on us now and then."

The two boys walked down Walnut Street to Coddington's chapter house, where they were soon seated before his table and the six poses of Miss Ruby Pink. The examination papers were also on the desk; for Coddington had been looking them over, only to discover that he could not answer a single question.

"We will not need these," said Milton, as he pushed the papers aside. "That is no way to prepare for a test. Learn the fundamental principles, and then you can solve any problem if you will only stick to it."

"All right," said Arch, lighting a cigarette. "Let's have the fundamental principles."

Milton began to explain and then applied his method to a problem. Coddington seemed to understand perfectly, for the exposition was very clear.

"What a snap! Why any fool can work that problem when he knows the principle," said Arch, as he sent a ring of smoke whirling across the desk.

"Yes; let me see you try one similar to it."

Milton invented one, and Coddington solved it with ease.

"Is that right?" asked Arch.

"Yes," answered the tutor.

"That's a cinch."

"Then let us pass on to something else," said Milton.

The two boys worked together for an hour and a half. Once during that time they were interrupted by two students who entered Coddington's room wearing their caps. It seemed they had come from a room across the hall.

"Are you going with us, Arch?" asked one of them.

"Not just now. I'm boning for my condition exam. Come and meet my old freshman friend—Paul Milton: "Red" Dillinger and "Fat" McCloskey."

Milton arose and shook hands with them.

"Well, we won't disturb you," said McCloskey.

"See you later, boys," said Coddington, as they walked out.

It seemed Coddington could no longer concentrate his mind on the problems, for he began squirming about restlessly in his chair.

"I think I know enough to pull a 2 on that. Let's shut down. How much do I owe you?" he asked, taking a check book from his pocket.

"Nothing at all," said Milton.

"Oh surely, surely," said Coddington.

There is nothing more insulting to a well-to-do snob than the refusal to take money for service rendered him.

"No," said Milton, "this wasn't a business deal."

"Well, then you'll let me pay you in some other way. I once promised to take you out again after you declined my invitation to the theatre. By the way, have you mixed any with the fellows?"

"No, I have been working over my books ever since," answered Milton.

"In that same God-forsaken garret?"

"Yes."

"All alone—no roommate?"

Milton nodded.

"I should think you'd get damn tired of it. Do you know, young man, that you've made a botch of your whole undergraduate life?"

Milton looked up quickly.

"Oh, I know you will probably take every honor and prize in sight—I know all that, but what good has it done you? What will you have gained over me? Now that you've helped me, I'll pass this exam tomorrow, and get a sheepskin just like yours, and what's more I'm leaving this place knowing a whole lot of friends. You don't know a damn soul in your class. You sit up there in that confounded loft of yours day and night, buried between the pages of your book like a worm. There's a heap more to get out of college life aside from what you get out of books."

"I've found great pleasure in them," said Milton.

"Pleasure! you don't know what pleasure is. It's because you never had a taste of real pleasure that you stick to this dry sort of time-killer. Here's your senior year almost over, and you don't know what college life means. To tell the truth, I had forgotten all about you. Why didn't you take to tutoring earlier? You would have met lots of fellows that way—lazy cusses perhaps, but good sports and good pay. It's a damn sight easier way to make money than by shoveling coal into a furnace or shoveling grub on to a table. Great God! think of it: all alone in that pigeon hole of yours for four years—dead to the world. It's a wonder you're not rotten. But there's hope for you yet. It's not too late; put on your hat."

Coddington's words had a strange influence over the boy. There seemed to be much truth in what he had said. The words charmed him, drew him irresistibly, involuntarily, unconsciously toward the person who had spoken them, and he followed down the stairs and into the street.

"Is it going to be a comic opera?" asked Milton rather timidly.

"No; the theatrical season is over," answered Coddington, "but I've got something better in store for you."

"What is it?"

"I'm going to take you out and introduce you to some girls."

"Girls!" exclaimed Milton, who had never as much as looked at one.

"Yes; you need them."

"My clothes aren't good enough; I'm afraid they won't care to know me," said Paul.

He had noticed the pictures of Ruby Pink displaying her gorgeous gowns.

"Let me go to my room first and put on another suit. I am not dressed well enough to be received in the society of your friends," added Milton excitedly.

"They're not going to look at your clothes," laughed Arch.

The two boys walked on in silence for some time.

"I shall feel embarrassed," murmured Milton. "I won't know what to say. Let me go back and get my violin; then I can play to them instead of talking."

"You won't need your violin. There's a piano at the house, and one of the girls can tear off rags by the yard. I'm afraid they wouldn't care to listen to your classical stuff. It's beyond most of us," added Arch, by way of apology.

They had entered a rather dark and forlorn alley, and continued to walk in a direction from which there came the rattling and metallic twang of a seemingly ancient piano, badly in need of tuning and repair.

"They've begun to dance," said Coddington. "We are just in time."

"I don't know how to dance," faltered Milton. "I had better not go in with you."

"Never mind; the girls will not only teach you how to dance, but they'll teach you how to do everything."

Coddington's last remark opened Milton's eyes; he realized for the first time that Coddington was planning a trick and a trap. He was about to turn and leave him, but before he knew it, the tempter had opened a door without ringing or knocking and had pushed Milton through the opening and closed it again.

"Hang your hat here on the rack," said Arch imperatively.

Milton saw no rack. All he could see were several couples whirling about in a dimly lighted room filled with tobacco smoke and the deafening noise from a discarded and neglected, but upright Chickering. He imagined he recognized some faces he had seen very recently—the faces of "Red" Dillinger and "Fat" McCloskey. He was bewildered. Coddington had removed his hat for him and was pushing him as far away from the door as possible. A pair of dancers brushed by them; Coddington seized the man by the shoulder.

"You were looking for a tutor to help you out on that Calculus exam next week," said Arch to the student whose dance he had interrupted. It was Dillinger. "Well, here's a fellow can put you through like a shot."

And Coddington walked off with the girl leaving Milton in the company of "Red" Dillinger. Now that Coddington had left him, Milton wanted to dash to the door, seize his hat and rush out; but Dillinger had hold of his hand and was speaking to him although Milton had no idea what he was saying.

"I met you up at Coddington's room this evening," said Dillinger. "I suppose you don't remember me. Yes; I need some help in Calculus. I've been loafing all year. I've been down here with the girls several nights each week. I've got to get busy or flunk out—one or the other. I'll need about six hours with you; that will mean one each evening from now on until the exam. You might call at the house just as you did with Coddington tonight. I room across the hall from Coddington up at the frat house. Make it early in the evening—about seven thirty. I don't want it to interfere with this fun."

Dillinger kept on talking about various things, but Milton was not listening. He was silent, and Dillinger's words were going in one ear and out the other. Nevertheless, Dillinger continued to talk, because he thought the new tutor was too embarrassed to say anything himself.

Coddington and the girl whom he had taken from Dillinger in the dance were sitting on a sofa at the opposite side of the room.

"Will you smoke?" asked Coddington, opening his cigarette case.

"I'd better not," said the girl, as she placed her hand on her throat and coughed dryly.

Arch lighted one for himself.

"I'll just take one puff of yours," she added, changing her mind.

"I've brought you a new customer," said Coddington. "He's never been through the mill."

"I could tell he was a freshman by the way he come in," said the girl.

"You get another guess—he's a senior like myself."

"A senior! he must be as slow as a snail," remarked the girl.

"He's a shark. He will probably pull all the honors, but he ought not to leave the university without knowing something about other things too. He's an innocent virgin—poor chap! I want you to break him in. He refused to take money for tutoring me tonight, and I thought this would be a good way to square up with him. Don't take any pay from him; I'll foot the bill."

"Just leave it to me," said the girl, with a smile. "It don't take me long to make a profesh out of a amateur, and he will soon find a way of earnin' money to pay for the second lesson himself. Introduce me so I can get busy."

Coddington and the girl crossed the floor, elbowing their way through the dancers until they stood beside Milton and Dillinger.

"Mr. Milton, allow me to present Miss Stanley."

The girl unhesitatingly thrust out her warm, moist hand, the very touch of which was repulsive to Paul Milton.

"I am happy to see you here," she said, as the shadow of a smile passed over her pale, thin face.

"Miss Stanley will be only too glad to teach you some of the new dances, Paul," said Coddington familiarly.

"Yes," added the girl, "the steps are rather tricky at first, but it don't take long to get next to them. Turkey trot, tango, hesitation—we do them all. Which one would you like to start with?"

Milton was not listening to the girl. Coddington and Dillinger had both deserted him; they had found partners and had disappeared in the whirling nebula.

"It won't be long until you can dance as well as them," continued the girl.

"I don't care to dance," he faltered. "I would rather not."

"Oh, don't be a foggy. Get the habit. Come along."

In an instant she seized him in her arms, and he soon found himself in the middle of the floor—a part of that dizzy revolving mass. Eyes flashed past him. Once he caught a glimpse of Coddington and noticed that he was grinning diabolically. But soon the faces were no longer distinguishable. His head was spinning, and he could not see. Miss Stanley was drawing him closer and closer to her twisting and squirming body. She seemed to be wrapping herself about him, thrusting her knee between his legs. At times she threw him to the right, to the left, pulled him forward, then pushed him backward, with unnatural strength until she finally became exhausted, and he felt her hot breath beat upon his cheek in short, quick puffs.

"Shall we go upstairs now?" she panted.

"Yes, yes; for God's sake yes," he gasped, "any place but here."

She dashed wildly up the steps, he pursuing her. There was a pair of invisible hands shoving him along; there was that same inaudible voice crying in his ear: "Follow her; follow her."

Coddington saw them vanish on the landing. Just then Dillinger danced past him.

"She knows her game all right," said Coddington; and Dillinger winked and smiled.

The girl had rushed into a room on the second floor and thrown herself upon the bed, her strange hollow eyes star-

ing at Milton, who had followed her there and closed the door, standing with his back against it.

"I'm too tired to undress," she panted.

"To undress!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

She sat up on the bed, eyeing him wildly.

"That's what we're here for; ain't it?"

"Not I," he answered with firmness.

"All that exertion for nothin'!"

"Yes; all for nothing," he repeated.

"Good God! ain't you discovered yet that you're a man? Do you expect to be a baby all your life?" she inquired mockingly. "If so, then get the hell out of here, and I'll go downstairs and get a grown-up. When I'm worked up to this point, I've got to go further."

She staggered to the door, but he would not let her pass.

"Don't leave me," he pleaded. "Please don't."

She smiled and returned to the bed.

"Oh! you've changed your mind. You was only bluffin'—only teasin' me. Come on; don't waste so much time."

She seized his arm and pulled him to the pillow.

"My God!" he stammered, "don't say that. I couldn't do such a thing; I couldn't."

He recalled what his mother had told him; that the desire would sooner or later awaken—that he should learn to work hard and master it. But it required no effort to master it here. This girl had even failed to awaken it. She stifled it—smothered it the moment she had touched him with her warm, moist hand earlier in the evening. To him she was an object of pity; it was not passion but compassion which she had aroused in Paul Milton.

"Ain't it in you?" she asked.

"It should be in all men, but I have not yet earned the gratification—and furthermore, you are not mine," said Paul.

"I am yours as much as I am theirs—they fellows downstairs."

"No," he said, "if you were mine you wouldn't be theirs, because I would guard you—I believe I—I'd kill them," he affirmed, with a tremor.

She looked at him in admiration.

"If only *he* had felt as you do," she whispered sadly.

"Who?" asked Milton.

"Tom Kuhler," responded the girl, her voice quivering when she mentioned the name—a name which startled Paul Milton.

"Tom Kuhler!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; he started me on this path—this road to ruin, as they call it. You must have heard of him—the whole world knows of him. You ain't that slow."

"I know of him," said Paul. "You mean the big football hero?"

"Yes, that's the one. He founded this here establishment the same day he won that big game for the university. Did you see that game?"

Milton nodded reluctantly.

"So did I, but sometimes I wish I hadn't. I went wild over Kuhler that day. He won my heart, soul, body, everything—all at once—that quick." She snapped her fingers. "Some girls can hold back; I can't. I would have throwed myself at his feet, then and there, and allowed him to walk over me. But he was wonderful, wasn't he? It was a great game, and *he* played it all. I don't see how any one could keep from goin' crazy when that man was on the field. There was a gloomy guy sittin' next to me that afternoon who seemed bored to death, and when Kuhler made that long run, smashin' through the line, I took that gloomy guy in my arms and tried to wake him up. I hugged him just like I wanted to hug Tom Kuhler."

Milton was silent, but he realized at once that the strange pale creature who was sitting beside him on the bed was no other than the white plume—the tail of the serpent of victory. But the plume was no longer white; it had been dragged through mud and muck and had been torn and pounded by a score of beastly men—trampled under the feet of that gigantic centipede of which it had also been a part.

"After the game," continued the girl, "I danced down the field like mad. I just couldn't help it: Kuhler was so

grand. And then I rubbered through the window at the place where the team had a banquet that night. Kuhler sat at the head of the table. Gee, but he did look great. Handsome's no word for it. I made up my mind to meet him or die. I waited almost two hours on the sidewalk. Millie Gray was there with me tryin' to pull me away, but she couldn't budge me.

"Well, Kuhler finally come out. He was pretty well soaked, but that didn't cut any ice with me. I loved him more than ever, and I whistled at him when he went by. He come over to the curb, chucked me under the chin, and took me 'round the waist—it was great I tell you. We walked down the street together—Millie on his left arm, me on his right. Millie was afraid we might do something terrible, and we did too. At least we thought it was terrible then; we don't now. But I'm gettin' ahead of my story.

"We picked up another sport along the way—Arch Cod-dington—the fellow that fetched you here tonight."

The girl stopped for an instant in her narrative, thinking that Milton might make a remark or two. He said nothing. Her throat was drying up, but she went on.

"Kuhler got Arch for Millie. The four of us started home. My mother and me lived all alone in that little shanty over there across the street."

She glanced out the window; there was a small light burning in the dilapidated house she had referred to.

"I was a cash girl in the department store. I supported the whole family—mother and myself. Mother was away that night. She had went up to the country on a visit, and had told Millie to stay with me so I wouldn't be alone. I got out our best china, and I sent Millie to the baker shop to buy some cream puffs while I made the lemonade; I was goin' to have a little spread for the four of us. But Kuhler didn't even look at the cream puffs and the lemonade—he was sweatin' wine. He said he wanted something else. Millie got frightened and run home. Arch said that two was company and three a crowd, so he left also and followed Millie. But he didn't get her 'round to it until a

week later, but he did get her all right all right. She didn't escape; her initiation was only postponed, don't you know. But she was lucky enough not to get into any trouble over it like I did. Millie had deserted me, but I had found another protector—Kuhler stayed with me till morning. You remember it was reported that he killed the boy who was carried off the field that afternoon—well, he filled up the vacancy by makin' another one that night.

"So our family of two was increased by one. Mother and Tom Kuhler Junior still live over there in the shanty, and I support them—but I ain't no cash girl no more. When the department store got next to it that I was goin' to have a kid, they throwed me out, and no other firm would take me in. So I decided to start up a firm of my own. This is it. Millie helped me to get some other girls—we found lots of them in the street who were only too glad to find a home and a bed of their own, but to work on commission. Millie ain't in tonight; she's out on an errand—out at some student's room. He's a sly stude, I tell you. His father and mother got next to his comin' here, and they've hired a private detective to keep an eye on this joint in case their little boy went at it again, but the joke's on the detective—Millie goes 'round to call on their son instead of the bube comin' to her, and she gets double price for doin' it.

"But we do most of our work right here. This is our third year at the business. I bet there ain't another joint in the neighborhood takes in as much money as we do. Our customers are all students. Students are good pay. They'd rather give us their room rent than pay it to their landlords. When the boys bring in a new one who hasn't the coin, one of the old customers foots the bill for the initiation. Arch Coddington told me in advance that he was goin' to square up with me for yours, to pay you back for the tutorin' you done tonight. But it looks as though there'll be nothin' doin', so I won't take the money from him when he offers it to me. I'm honest in a sort of a way—I ain't goin' to take money to raise Tom Kuhler's boy without givin' or

doin' something in return for it. I still have a warm spot for Tom, but I guess he's forgot all about me. He had a swell girl up here for the prom that year. She came all the way from Cincinnati, and wore a dark blue satin—I read about it in the newspaper. I've heard since that Tom's got married to her and has a boy of his own; Arch Coddington told me. Tom and Arch belong to the same frat. I know all the boys that live up there this year. They're the fastest gang in the university. They seem to inherit that rep from year to year. When a fellow gets in with that bunch it's good-bye to his virginity. It's too bad they didn't get hold of you a little earlier; I might have been more successful with you. A girl needs lots of money when she's got to support her mother and her son."

Milton had listened to every word of the girl's story, which now seemed indelibly recorded on his mind. When she had finished relating it, he took a purse from his pocket, opened it, and pressed a two-dollar bill into her palm. She looked at him strangely and incredulously.

"That's for Tom Kuhler Junior," he said, as he held her hand with a manly grasp. "Good night."

Then he left the room, closed the door softly, and descended the stairs. There was a large lump in his throat that he could not swallow, and big tears were standing in his eyes. Coddington saw him and noticed that he was weeping.

"It does hurt our conscience a little, after we go through it the first time; but you'll soon get over that."

Coddington patted Milton on the back. Milton did not think it necessary to correct the false impression made by his absence; he knew May Stanley would refuse to take Coddington's money, and that would explain all. So he walked to the rack in silence for his hat and stepped into the street.

The little light was still burning in the shanty on the other side. As he walked away, he heard the music cease abruptly, but the silence which had ensued was soon broken by a tempest of laughter, as though some one had related

a very, very, funny story. Then the twangy old piano was started again, and the dancing resumed.

Who was it that related the funny story? It was not May Stanley; she was still lying on her bed—sobbing. She had never even dreamed of meeting another man; she had long ago concluded they were all beasts.

CHAPTER IX

THE WATCHDOG

Shortly after Milton left the house, it began to rain—a light, drizzling rain similar to that which had fallen over the silent gridiron after the serpent of victory had deserted it. On that memorable evening, Milton had walked home through the rain, lost in meditation; he was walking through the rain now—lost again. He was glad he had not noticed by what route Coddington had reached the house of commercialized vice. He closed his eyes as he wandered and wandered, so that he might never know how to return. There was one thing May Stanley had said, which was ringing clamorously in his ears:

“Tom Kuhler founded this establishment the same day he won that big football victory for the university.”

The picture of the serpent came back to his mind even more vividly than it had appeared originally. He imagined he saw it creeping at his side through the mud in the gutter. He saw Kuhler at the head of it; he heard the mad cheers and the brass band. He saw the white plume at the end of it; she appeared more prominent now. At times the band would cease playing, but he could still hear a twangy piano, to the music of which the girl continued to dance sensually and breathlessly, alternately waving the plume above her head and then dragging it through the mud and slime. He understood now why she belonged there, strange as her actions appeared that afternoon. It was this girl who had clasped him in her arms to awaken his spirit to the glories of football. It was this same girl who pressed him toward her emaciated body to excite him for another diversion of the flesh. She had utterly failed to arouse him either time.

She had failed to arouse his enthusiasm in the two pleasures Kuhler had established. One of these was recognized officially by the faculty; the other was ignored by them. Nevertheless, did not May Stanley say her trade was restricted to students only? Was not this also a department of the university? Unadvertised, unofficial, secret perhaps, but nevertheless a department, and Tom Kuhler was at the source of it. Wonderful Tom Kuhler whose name had been flashed across the country from one end to the other! Tom Kuhler, who had won such fame for his Alma Mater! Fame? And this was the god and hero whom the alumni had worshiped—this was the type of man they wanted! A Butcher and Profligate!

Ah yes; there were other things left in the path of victory, things not only Paul Milton but also the populace never saw. There were the well-known wrecks of the Dining Hall and of the theatre, but both of these could be restored. There was a death, and there were several injuries at the field; these injuries might ruin the health of those who had received them, but their effects would go no farther. Here, however, a blacker and more lasting ignominy was left in the trail of the serpent. Here was a house which bred and spread disease—disease which would be passed on, transmitted to each incoming class at the university—disease which would mar the faces, deform the bodies and derange the minds of the students—disease which they would pass on to their innocent children. Onward, onward thou victorious serpent! Onward, leaving not only crippled athletes but also crippled babes creeping helplessly and perhaps blindly in thy path!

Paul Milton, consumed by such thoughts, found himself standing before Mr. Sweeny's house. He walked up the steps and rang the bell.

Mr. Sweeny himself answered it.

"What's the matter? It's something new for you not to be able to find the keyhole."

"I forgot my key," explained Milton.

The landlord snickered, and took a bite from the greasy chop in his hairy, paw-like hand.

"You're just the man I'm lookin' for," said Sweeny. "I want you for a witness. Step right in here."

The front room was open. It was dark within; we had observed that it was always so. Milton entered; the landlord followed, closing the door.

"Set down," said Sweeny.

Milton managed to find a chair in the darkness. The landlord sat in a rocker at his side.

"Do you see that there light?" he began, pointing across the street with the bone of his chop.

"Yes," answered Paul, as he drew aside the lace curtain to get a better view.

"Don't do that," said Sweeny, quickly, rearranging the window. "We don't want them to see us."

"Who?" asked Milton.

"The students," answered the landlord. "They're in the room on the first floor. The light on the second floor is in the landlady's room, Miss Clarabelle Jones. You must have heard the fellows talk about her. She claims her roomers are the most upright students in the university. She won't rent rooms to bad boys."

The landlord's snicker sounded like the chuckle of a fiend hidden somewhere in the darkness.

"They buy her all sorts of presents; her students do. They've give her so much candy it's a wonder her teeth ain't rotten—but I reckon they're false teeth. She's old enough to be their mother. She loves them students as if they was her own children, so she says, and she won't let nobody say a word against them."

"Well," continued the landlord, "all the people who rent rooms to students here in the neighborhood have agreed to keep an eye on one another's houses and to report any tricks which the students are up to. Miss Jones, however, wouldn't join the pack of spies—as she calls us. She says students don't have to be watched; they are perfect angels."

Sweeny laughed so boisterously that he woke his wife, who was sleeping in the rear of the room; but she soon turned over again and began to snore.

"Is there some one else in the room with us?" asked Milton, uneasily.

"Only the cook," said Sweeny. "Her bed's back there in the corner."

Milton felt strangely out of place.

"You probably know that the buildin' to the right is an old folks' home. Perhaps you seen the old women settin' at their windows in the mornin'—the windows with potted plants on the sills. Old women like potted plants; they set behind them like cats watchin' for mice. When a student breaks one of my windows with a snowball or baseball, the old women always report the right man to me; they remember him by his hat or the color of his tie. But there is more doin' at night than at day, so the old hens are not much account after all for they go to roost as soon as the sun sets."

The landlord's language was painful to Milton. He hated such discourtesy. However, he kept silent. He decided it was his duty to listen. The inaudible voice was telling him to remain. His ears in fact were becoming accustomed to slang and slander. He was wondering if he must listen to vulgar and disagreeable reports the whole night long.

"After sundown," continued the landlord, "we have to get busy ourselves. This is my watchtower. I ain't had a light in this room for the last five years, and I didn't rent it out either, even though I could have got a big price for it. I see somethin' from this window almost every night—students drunk on the curb, or walkin' by with hussies. They call me the watchdog. You know young Coddington who used to room upstairs when you was a freshman? He give me that name one night when Tom Kuhler, that big football player, was standin' out here on the side walk with two girls, tryin' to sneak them up to Coddington's room. There'd have been a gay time in that room that night if I hadn't been on duty. I wouldn't put anything past that man Coddington; he's the wildest and the sleekest stude in the whole university."

Milton realized immediately that the two girls referred to were May Stanley and Millie Gray.

"Tonight," said the watchdog, "I saw Clarabelle's 'perfect angels' take a girl in through the window."

Milton's head began to ache. He wanted to hear no more; he had already heard and seen too much. He wanted rest and sleep, but alas! rest and sleep were not for him. "Look and listen," the inaudible voice kept saying. It was the same voice which had been guiding him and ringing in his ears all evening.

"I called Clarabelle up on the telephone," continued Sweeny. "She said it was impossible that her boys should do such a thing but that she would go downstairs and make sure. She had already went to bed. She got up and dressed; that's why there's a light in her room. Notice that patch of light which her lamp throws on the wall of the old folks' home. As soon as the students saw that, they got wise and hid the girl behind their piano. There's Clarabelle in her kimono; she's back in her room again. Ain't she a bird?"

A bell sounded sharply in the darkness.

"Is that the alarm clock for to get up and cook breakfast?" asked Mrs. Sweeny.

"No, darling; it's only the telephone," said the landlord.

"Thank Heavens," groaned the cook, and she fell asleep again.

Sweeny, whose eyes seemed more useful in darkness than in light, walked directly to the telephone on the mantelpiece, and answered the call.

"Hello! Yes, this is Sweeny.....All right, I'm sorry I disturbed you."

He hung up the receiver, and returned to his post.

"She said she went downstairs and couldn't find a trace of a girl. All the students were studyin' their lessons. She asked me to please not disturb her sleep no more by false reports."

The watchdog then rocked back and forward, restlessly awaiting the move which would prove that Miss Jones was wrong.

"There!" uttered Sweeny explosively. "She's turned out her lamp, and she's goin' back to bed. The patch of light on the wall has gone too—that means to the students that the way is clear. Now watch close."

Sweeny was silent and motionless like a hound, which has scented a bird in a bush. A student appeared at one of the windows. He opened it, and looked up and down the street. Then the light in that room was also extinguished, and a dark mass was lowered from the sill. It rested a moment on the iron fence, which was very close to the wall, and then hopped to the ground and took flight like a bat. That dark mass was none other than Millie Gray on the "errand" which May Stanley had described to Paul Milton.

Hardly had the girl disappeared round the corner when the student's room was again lighted, and some one began playing the piano as though nothing had happened. The music was just as twangy as that Milton had heard at May Stanley's establishment, and it recalled all he had heard from the white plume, earlier in the evening.

"Now you see what kind of angels Miss Jones keeps in her house," said the watchdog, "and that's the way with all students whether they stay with Miss Jones or with me. I wouldn't trust one of them. They're a rotten bunch. They try to skip the town without payin' me rent, and they would turn every dormitory on the street into a whore house if they got a ghost of a chance. This town is flooded every year by a swarm of chips, who float around the sea-shore resorts in the summer time, and drift back to the college in the fall. They are a part of the university just as much as the faculty are, and they give the most popular courses too. Universities are hell—that's what they are. Some one ought to sweep them out with a broom; they need it. All the students come here for is to wear out their lungs at the football games and wear out something else on these street rats. You have no idea what's goin' on about you, Milton. You squat up there in that garret of yours rubbin' a horse's tail over a cat's gut, and the noise

you get out of it puts you to sleep. You're always dreamin'; you don't hear or see nothing but that blamed old fiddle. Here you are graduatin' with honors, I suppose, and you don't know a damn."

Paul could listen to no more; he arose and staggered from the room.

"Happy dreams," said the watchdog, sucking the bone from which he had gnawed the last shred of meat.

When Milton reached his room, he threw himself upon the bed and remained there for some time silent and motionless. It was dark. Had he fallen asleep? No; his head was hot with thought, and his brain seemed to be melting within it.

The things which he had seen and heard kept parading through his mind. Was it so that the men among whom he lived were so putrid? Was it true that the students of the university, his classmates, were so low? Were they as rank as this dog had described them? He could not believe it, although he had seen it with his own eyes and heard it with his own ears, though involuntarily. The inaudible voice had forced him to act against his will. Why had all this come to him without his wanting to know it? Was it Providence pointing the way and showing him his duty? Then he seemed to hear again the remark of the landlord: "Here you are graduating with honors, and you don't know a damn." Was there truth in that statement? Was it so that what he had learned from his books was all worthless? What good was all this stuff? Perhaps Coddington was right. Geometry, French, German, Chemistry, Physics, everything, all put together—what did they amount to compared with what he had learned this evening? Here was a community of several thousand students going straight to perdition. They needed some one to come to their rescue, to drag them out of the quagmire into which they were helplessly sinking. "The university should be swept out with a broom." Should he—Paul Milton—lay aside his books and take up that broom? Was not this "the good and great purpose" to which his mother had referred—the purpose for

which he had left her. But was it Providence, or was it merely the landlord? He began to toss about restlessly. Perhaps after all, it was only the false and blatant alarm of the watchdog which had awakened him in his harmonious heaven. Coddington had named Sweeny rightly, for he did nothing but snarl, snarl, snarl. Just because a student or two had cheated him of his rent, he formed the opinion that they were all sneaks and robbers. He was merely seeking revenge, not justice. He exaggerated and magnified everything. He was disgracing the institution by his groundless reports and his incessant barking. The university was a clean community. There were in it, as there are in all communities, a few sneaks, a few gamblers, a few profligates, but only a few; for the majority—and a great majority too—of the students were honest, upright and studious. He felt a certain hatred growing within him—a hatred for this dog who was scheming to give him such vile impressions—this dog who wanted him to believe that all the other landlords and ladies in the neighborhood were also spies as corrupt as himself. It was basely false; it was rank from beginning to end. It was nothing but gossip and slander. It was disgracing his Alma Mater—his Alma Mater for whom he had studied so loyally. He could not live in such an atmosphere. He began to despise his own room, for he imagined it to be contaminated by the stench from the watchdog's kennel. How he wished that he had been fortunate enough to have found a room across the street when he first came to the university—a room in Miss Jones' house! Then this foul report would never have reached his ears—this report which came at the very end of his senior year to mar the memory of the four happy years he had spent among his books. What a mean hound this Sweeny was to spoil everything! Just because he had seen a girl taken in through a window and lowered to the street from that same window, he concluded that the whole community was invaded by prostitutes. What rank falsehood! There wasn't even a grain of truth in it. Then he suddenly imagined that some one lay beside him on the

bed—a pair of strange hollow eyes glaring from his pillow—eyes that contradicted his thoughts. He closed his own to avoid their stare, but by so doing he could not avoid the hot breath, which was beating against his cheek. May Stanley was whirling him round and round again trying to excite his passion, trying to drag him to ruin. A cold sweat stood on his forehead. He thanked God that he had been able to resist her. The fact that he had escaped made him happy, because it led him to believe that other students had also escaped from a similar struggle. Yes; it was true that Tom Kuhler had founded this establishment; it was true that the community was invaded by prostitute women. The landlord was right to a certain degree—for May Stanley herself had found many of them on the street; she also had said there were several other houses in the neighborhood. Yes; this was all true enough. And that these girls were trying to ensnare the students was also true. Ah! but they did not always succeed. The students went there to dance, just as he had done and to enjoy themselves in a decent manner, and that was all. He was not the only man in the university strong enough to resist temptation; he was not so conceited as to believe that. Of course he had seen other students whirling about indecently in the dance, but had they also not seen him? He even saw them ascend to the bedrooms above; but what of that? Had he not done the same thing? He had frustrated the designs of this pale creature; so had the others. Yes; it all looked very wicked on the surface—but that was all. The majority of students were straight and honorable, however wicked they appeared and however black the watchdog had painted them. Of that he was confident. This Stanley girl—she tried hard to get their trade, to win them over; she was a frightful hussy. A new hatred began to develop—a hatred for May Stanley. It was she who was disgracing the university. But suppose he, Paul Milton, had a sister—a sister whom he loved as dearly as his mother at Norford. What if she had been ruined by some beast—a man like Tom Kuhler? Would he hate her also?

Whom would he blame—the girl or the man? He would blame Kuhler of course. Why? Because the girl was weak. Because she could not hold back—as May Stanley put it. And how about the man? He was drunk; he was “sweating wine.” He too could have resisted had he been sober. Why was he not sober? Because he had celebrated the football victory. Football again! Football *overdevelops* the body; it transforms men into husky beasts. It leaves the mind inactive, inert. It makes animals—human animals without power of reason to restrain the appetite which it stimulates and vulgarizes by suppressing the spirit and extolling the flesh. That night Kuhler was a drunken brute—nothing more. The girl, after all, was not to blame; she was helpless. Had it been his own sister, he would have killed Kuhler. But what chance had Milton against the brute strength of this giant? None. Then beast was superior to man? No; the beast could not even think. Physical strength without thought, without mental power—it is only weakness. Man can think; he can proclaim; he can expose; he can condemn, destroy and annihilate with words alone. What are blows compared to words? What is mere savage strength in the presence of civilization, rectitude and pure thought? Nothing. Very well, Milton would undertake to expose and condemn all. He would bark at the evil. Bark! Bark? Ah, that is just what the watchdog had done. After all, he would be lowering himself to the level of one whose kennel he had just left—another brute like Kuhler himself.

These thoughts kept pacing through Paul Milton’s mind. He tried to rearrange them, to alter them in order to arrive at a new conclusion, but in vain. They would give him no peace. The invisible hands alternately pushed him backward and forward; the inaudible voice alternately said “Act” and “Wait.” Doubt—nothing but doubt—confronted him. The tempest of thought was tossing his mind just as May Stanley had tossed his body at the dance, and now, more heartlessly than ever, some greater power was dashing that body from one side of his bed to the other, for he

seemed to have no more self-control than a fisherman's smack on a raging sea.

Thus he suffered the whole night. The clock in the Chapel tower struck twelve; then one—two—three—four. Why had he not heard it strike five? Had he fallen asleep? No; but he was dreaming nevertheless. He had unconsciously arisen from the bed and taken up his violin. And there he sat in utter darkness, listening to those old melodies which had so often calmed his soul: Schumann's *Traumerei* and Schubert's *Ave Maria*. Barcarolles and cradle songs floated out the window like pearls dropping one by one from a silken cord, touching the silent earth, and then rebounding, rising and wandering off through the darkness to meet the dawn.

Agitation had vanished; repose had replaced it. The darkness was gradually dispersed as the sky took on the delicate glow of the June roses, which were blooming in the garden of the Home for the Aged. Milton was still playing his violin. The birds one after another had joined him with their songs, twittering and frolicking among the leafy branches which shaded his window. He ceased playing to throw a few crumbs on the roof, and some of them ate from his hand. Across the street, four of the dear old ladies had already arisen and were sitting at their windows breathing the fresh cool air mingled with the perfume from the flowers on the sills. Their knitting needles reflected the morning sunlight, and their faces beamed with joy. After all, there is no great sorrow in being alone, as long as the lonely one is good, as long as he is alone with God. How happy these dear old women seemed as they smiled out occasionally between the stems of the flowers at the birds, which flew by their windows, or at the busy milk wagons, which clicked against the white cobblestones! Poor sweet souls! How they made him think of his mother at home, and how he wished that he might borrow the wings of the birds and fly to her window also!

Miss Jones was out sweeping her pavement. She was neatly dressed in a gray-and-white-striped gingham, drawn

in snugly at the waist with an immaculately clean apron. A few ringlets of her bright golden hair showed here and there under a lace boudoir cap with a bow of turquoise blue. How it brightens our own existence, thought Paul, when we entertain only good and clean thoughts about the persons of the community in which we live! It makes us young and happy no matter how far we have advanced in years. Such was the impression Miss Jones made upon him as she hummed the simple ditty, which was borne to his ears on the wind. How pleasant it would be to live in her house and be greeted by her smiling face every morning!

Arch Coddington, up bright and early to take the examination for which Milton had prepared him, walked by on his way to breakfast. He was whistling and twittering as happily as the birds. He stopped for a moment at Miss Jones' gate to have a friendly chat; she plucked a rosebud from her flower bed and placed it in his buttonhole. How happy they seemed!

Commencement was but a few days off, and he was thinking of the honors and the prizes which would soon be his, of the bright blue sky and the glorious sun, which was bathing the earth, the birds, the flowers, the whole university and all its students in rich golden light; and he too was just as happy as Miss Jones, who, after Coddington left her, began to sweep more energetically and sing more merrily than before.

"God's in his heaven; all's right with the world!"

Milton was startled from his reverie; for he imagined he had heard a dog bark behind him. It was Sweeny calling to him through the tin chute and telling him to hurry down to the dining room; the students were waiting for breakfast. It was the first morning in four years that Milton had *overslept*.

CHAPTER X

VARIOUS KINDS OF LOVE

Commencement came. Paul Milton had earned enough, through the bureau of self-help, to bring his mother from Norford to the university. How happy she was to hear from the lips of the president that her son had been the recipient of honors, prizes, and a graduate scholarship! And as to his accepting it—she was even more encouraging in regard to that than she had been when he was offered the first free scholarship from "The Alumni." The "good and great purpose" was gradually unfolding to her. She was deeply impressed by the conferring of the higher degrees and honoraries. The ceremony of the brilliantly colored velvet hoods awakened in her a certain awe and reverence for the great men over whose heads they were placed and for the great accomplishments which had justified their presentation. And she dared wonder if her own son might some day be similarly decorated for a deed which he was yet to perform.

Arch Coddington sat very near to Milton in the Chapel. He had passed his condition examination successfully, as he had all others by spending a little fortune on tutoring. He too wore a similar cap and gown and had won the same degree that was conferred upon Milton. Aside from Milton's prizes, there was no reward to differentiate between his love and Coddington's hatred for scholarship. And indeed there were many other students there who had also loved their books, but who had not even received prizes to distinguish them from those who detested all kinds of study. But the future, not the present, would decide the real difference. Scholarship was, after all, the great thing.

He would prove it so by his graduate work. As for the pleasures and friends which Coddington had enjoyed, he must now separate from them. But the books can be taken with us, and the pleasures which they have afforded can always be renewed. Milton therefore felt triumphant.

There was only one thing with which the widow had been dissatisfied, and that was the miserable garret her son had occupied; but he assured her he would stay there no longer, for he intended to room across the street when he returned in the fall—in the house of Miss Jones.

It was a happy mother and son who journeyed back to the little cottage at Norford. The report of Paul Milton's high standing had reached the town before him. His big success in scholarship and his love for the Alma Mater seemed to have obliterated all his unpleasant experience, for the article which he contributed for publication in the Norford Post was gushing with praise and optimism. It spoke very highly of both the scholastic and the moral standards, stating that he had found university life clean and inspiring—as clean and inspiring a life as a student could possibly live after leaving it. The letter also announced his intention to return and continue his studies along mathematical lines at the Graduate School.

Mr. Wallace Bennett read Milton's article in the daily paper. It did not please him; it disgusted him. Such optimism about the morals of the university always had disgusted him. He knew only too well the general tendency of all our universities to conceal the immorality they shelter. He decided that one of two things must be: either conditions had improved, or Paul Milton was blind to them. He came to the conclusion that the boy, whom Allaine had selected as a candidate for the free scholarship, was a total failure in spite of the fact that he had captured all the prizes in sight. He hadn't sent Paul Milton to the university to win prizes; he had sent him there to save the souls of the students, to make the university a cleaner place, to make the lives of the students more upright. It

would require more than saying they were upright to make them so.

"Oh! hasn't Paul Milton done splendidly," said Allaine, rushing into her father's library that morning and clapping her hands. "We must reward him."

"Hasn't he been rewarded with his prizes from the university?" said the father.

"Yes, but the alumni—the Alumni' who sent him there—they, too, should reward him," suggested Allaine.

"Ah, but he has not accomplished that for which we have sent him, Allaine. He has either ignored it, or it has escaped him. I am not claiming that the boy has lied, but he certainly has been deceived. I refer to the matter of morals, Allaine; he speaks too favorably of them. He has evidently been shut up with his books most of the time and has not been aware of the depravity which surrounded him. By overlooking it, he has made it worse, not better; it will continue to thrive undetected. I know that it exists; I know it only too well, Allaine. I have my own experiences and those of a hundred others for example and proof."

"But you yourself said it would require a true scholar to undertake a reform," said Allaine. "Surely Paul Milton has proved himself a true scholar."

"Yes—too much of a true scholar—a scholar and nothing else."

"But he intends to return to the university. Perhaps he knows more about the wrongs than you or I imagine he does. After all, how could he have the courage to condemn the very institution which has showered so many honors upon him?"

"He deserved them, Allaine, and the very fact that he earned them honestly would give weight to his opinions. A true reformer never lies! He speaks the truth and only the truth, no matter what the cost."

"Well, perhaps he has not yet seen enough;—he will see more when he returns."

"He is returning to continue his studies in mathematics. That is a very inhuman subject. With it he is more likely

to see less than he saw before; it will hardly inspire him in the matter of reform."

"Perhaps mathematics is only an excuse for his going back, his real purpose being to agitate a reform," said Allaine.

"How you do insist! Then you think we should give him another chance?"

"Yes, father, do not give up so soon. As long as he is returning to the university, there is still hope. I may be wrong, but I feel certain that Paul Milton has seen the conditions you have mentioned to me. Something tells me he knows there is need of reform, but that he is not ready to undertake it—but he will undertake it eventually. After all, Father, we mentioned nothing of this to him when he first left; we never as much as whispered the word reform in his ear."

"No; it is God, not man, who whispers that word in the ear of the reformer. It is nonsense to try to make a reformer; reformers are born, Allaine. The desire to reform their fellow-men is innate; it needs but some event, some vision to awaken it—something to set the strings vibrating—the strings in the heart which is ready to bleed for humanity."

"Perhaps what he has seen has not come close enough to his own heart; perhaps he is waiting for something to strike it and wound it; perhaps he is still in doubt, awaiting the final impetus."

"You are not going to give up, are you, Allaine?"

"No; I think we should help him more than we have. It may be that he lacks courage, that he has no fellow-reformer to spur him on."

"Who spurred Emerson on to say the things which have been handed down to us?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Allaine suddenly. "Why not present him with a set of Emerson just like ours? Think how they have helped us and how they will help him!"

"Great, Allaine!"

"And let them come from 'The Alumni' again, in recog-

nition of the good work which he has done with the scholarship," said she.

"A capital idea!"

"He loves books; and in these he will find the strength and the encouragement he needs. You have grown impatient, Father; learn to wait. It will come; it must come. God is preparing him, slowly but victoriously."

Allaine's words indeed awakened a new hope in Wallace Bennett. She had again helped Paul Milton, although he never knew it, for the set of Emerson was expressed to him a few days later "from The Alumni."

That summer the Bennetts remained in Norford, and an old college chum of Mr. Bennett's spent several weeks at Willow Lodge. He was Richard Hollis, and he was accompanied by his boy, Harold. They had just returned from a two-years sojourn in France and Italy. Mr. Hollis had resorted to European travel as a means for alleviating the grief which his wife's death had occasioned both him and his son.

Harold Hollis was a very brilliant young man. He had graduated from preparatory school and had passed all his entrance requirements for college. He had taken a few textbooks with him in his journey abroad that he might refresh his memory now and then, for it was decided that he enter the university in the fall.

The boy had taken only a general interest in "prep" school athletics and was not a highly specialized punting-machine; his physique had been symmetrically and normally developed. There was something incomparably clean about his general appearance, and his manner was upright and manly. His eyes were clear, and his teeth were not stained by tobacco. His complexion was ruddy. He was naturally handsome; his handsomeness was not the work of a tonsorial artist. Mr. Bennett had not failed to notice this, and he took a great liking to the boy almost immediately.

The face of Richard Hollis was not characterized by that clearness and openness which at once attracted our

attention to the face of his son. There were in it some lines—inconspicuous perhaps—which were indicative of a looser and less abstemious youth. It was probably the deceased mother who had started Harold on a straighter path. The father's views on morals were expounded one afternoon on the veranda in a conversation between him and his class-mate.

"Well, Dick, what do you think about existing conditions at the university today?" asked Mr. Bennett, whose interest in Paul Milton's reform had been rekindled by Allaine's suggestions. "I mean morally—student life in general."

"The conditions are just the same as they were when we were undergraduates," said Hollis, shaking the ashes from his cigar. "They will always be such."

"Why always?"

"Because they will grow neither better nor worse; all attempts to reform them are futile."

"What makes you think so?" inquired Wallace Bennett.

"Well, we can do a heap of talking and writing trying to ameliorate them, but after all, boys will be boys. It doesn't improve them to be everlastingly harping on what they should be and on what they shouldn't do. You will find in the end they are just where they were in the beginning. I firmly believe in letting each boy take care of himself. If he wants to smoke, let him smoke; if he wants to drink, let him drink; if, when he grows old enough, he wants a mistress, I wouldn't offer any serious objections to that, although I would tell him to be careful. In fact I have said these things to Harold since his mother's death. She had always preached to him against intemperance and immorality. He is a fine upright boy, but I believe he would have turned out to be that without his mother's sermons. It is a mother's right, of course, to rear her children as she wills, but I myself would certainly allow a boy to do pretty much as he pleased. I believe Harold denies himself those pleasures in which all his friends indulge."

"You are wrong, Dick, in trying to weaken his mother's influence. I think you should persuade the boy to keep

away from all habits which will eventually cheapen his character," said Mr. Bennett.

"Well, see here, Wallace," continued Hollis, "what if I should refuse him such pleasures? He would probably indulge in them secretly if he so wished, and there would be nothing honorable in that. But let your son know that you feel indifferent toward his conduct, and he acts on his own responsibility which means far more to him than acting on the combined responsibilities of both his parents. The boy who has gone through these things and learned his lesson is, I believe, a whole lot better off than a milksop. Experience is the best teacher. These things are a part of life, and while they seem to degrade us temporarily, yet, in the end we are stronger for having undergone them. There is seldom any serious damage done. The modern play which transforms our theatre into a medical laboratory seems to me pretty much of a farce. It's a new idea—that's all. The object is simply a commercial one, although it is described as sociological."

"I believe they are doing much good," argued Bennett.

"There's not much good to be done. The reports on suffering from venereal diseases are frightfully exaggerated nowadays. If a man is at all careful, he avoids all contamination, and even if he does get caught up, he can be cured, and the chances are it will never affect his children. Now to come down to the fine point, Bennett, take your case and mine. God knows we were wild enough. I hope Harold uses just a little better judgment. And yet with all our carousing and our intercourse with the lowest types of women, what has been the outcome? There it is down on the court."

Allaine had promised Harold to play tennis that morning. They were both dressed in white; he in a soft silk shirt, flannels and buckskin shoes; she in a simple flowing skirt and a waist which exposed her snowy throat to the wind and the sun. Both of them moved about the court very gracefully, the brilliant sunlight accentuating the whiteness of their attire against the dark green hedges in the background.

"Your girl and my boy," continued Richard Hollis, "look at them—both of them immaculate—both of them without a blemish—both of them paragons of purity. Two swans floating on a silver lake would not present a finer picture, as far as graceful perfect bodies are concerned."

Bennett nodded; "we have much to be thankful for. God has been merciful to us."

"He is merciful to nine out of every ten perhaps," added Hollis. "That is what leads me to believe that He doesn't take it so seriously as we do. And as for the unlucky one—well, it gives the doctors something to quack about. They like to bring themselves into the limelight too, just as much as men in other professions do."

"But think if you had been the unlucky one! Think if that boy down there had been born with it! Think if your sins had polluted his blood!"

"I am not looking for trouble, Bennett; I don't care to think of matters as being any worse than they are."

"But have you no sympathy, no consideration for the unlucky devil who doesn't escape? Don't you think he should also concern us? Don't you think we should consider our children's children as well as our own? Who knows but that there may be a trace of it in the boy my daughter should marry, or in the girl your son should take to wife? If it appeared in their offspring, we would certainly regret it, even though we ourselves were not the source of it."

"You look too far ahead, Wallace; why don't you look at the more cheerful side of life, and try to know that these things will turn out all right?"

"The fact that God, after all my abuse of his powers, has blessed me with so clean a child as Allaine makes me feel that I owe Him something in return."

"What?"

"That I cannot be too careful in the examination of the man who selects her—that I shall in no way expose her to the slightest infection which might mar her future happiness."

"Well, I hadn't thought of it heretofore, but just now it occurs to me that a marriage between our two children would relieve both of us of that anxiety and investigation. I am sure that you and I, as old college chums, would not object to the union," added Richard Hollis smiling.

"Decidedly not;" said Bennett, "if Allaine wins a husband as clean as Harold, I know I shall be happy the rest of my days."

"And I couldn't hope for a more charming daughter-in-law."

"Of course the two children must also be satisfied with each other," said Bennett.

"Well, it looks to me as though the tournament down there on the tennis court might end up in a love game," said Hollis.

Just then Mrs. Bennett joined them.

"I am so delighted with Allaine," she said. "I have never seen her make up with boys before. There must be some magic charm about your son, Mr. Hollis. It is rarely if ever that she even looks at a man. I am so glad Harold has been able to draw her out of the library. Wouldn't it be interesting if something should come of this?"

"Wouldn't it though," said Mr. Hollis.

"It is not impossible; and it is not improbable," said Bennett.

And that evening at dinner Allaine Bennett and Harold Hollis were being closely watched by their parents, although they were almost unaware of the presence of the seniors.

That night after Mr. Hollis had retired, his son entered from an adjoining room in his pajamas and sat on the edge of the father's bed.

"Say, Dad," whispered Harold, for he thought that his father might be asleep, and he did not wish to waken him.

"What is it, Harold?"

"I've got a confession to make."

"A confession!"

"Yes," said the boy, glad that the room was dark, for he felt himself blushing.

"Well, out with it, my son."

"I believe I'm in love."

The father sat up in bed.

"You believe it! Why don't you know it?"

"I know it too," said Harold, with assurance.

"Good! who is the lucky girl?"

"Miss Bennett," answered the boy, his voice wavering. "She is beautiful—beautiful not only in appearance but also in personality. I love her; I simply can't help it. I wish to be at her side all the time; I am unhappy when I am not with her—I am somewhat ashamed of myself."

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, my boy; for Allaine is a charming girl, and if I were a little younger, I might try to cut you out."

"You like her, then; do you Dad?"

"Certainly; who wouldn't like her?"

"And you wouldn't object to having her for a daughter?"

"Don't be too previous, Harold. Remember you can't marry until you are out of college."

"Four years!" groaned Harold.

"Four years," repeated Mr. Hollis.

"It is a long time, but I can wait," added the youth in a brighter vein. "If I felt sure I could have her, I would study all the harder and try to do something big—something that would make me worthy of her. And the thought that she would ultimately be mine would always keep me straight."

"I believe it would," said the father. "She is a very sweet girl, but at the same time you must not let her blot everything else out of your life."

"Just what do you mean, Dad?"

"Don't get the idea into your head that you must become a saint; don't consider yourself tied down until you are married."

"Well," said the boy, as he arose from the bed, "I am glad I told you about it. I think I shall feel some better now—at least I hope so. Good night."

There was a similar scene enacted almost simultaneously across the hall that night. Mr. Bennett, in his bath robe and slippers, had crossed to Allaine's chamber. He rapped lightly and then entered. Allaine had not yet retired.

"Well, how do you like your house guest, Allaine?"

"My house guest! Your house guests," she said.

"How is the tennis progressing?" he asked.

"Not very well for me, Father; we are to play another set tomorrow."

"That's good," said Mr. Bennett.

Then both of them were silent for a few seconds.

"I have come to find out if you are interested in Mr. Hollis' son, because I have taken a great liking to him, Allaine."

"He is good fun," said Allaine, "and a natural gentleman."

"You seem to enjoy his company."

"He is most pleasant," answered the girl.

"Allaine," said Mr. Bennett, placing his hands on her shoulders and looking squarely into her eyes, "tell me frankly— do you love him?"

"Oh Father!" she exclaimed with a smile, "it is not so serious as that. Mr. Hollis is your guest, and for that reason I feel it my duty to do what I can to entertain him. It is one way in which I can show my love for *you*. And here is another."

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"There; good night, Father."

"Good night, my little daughter."

And after he left her and closed the door, she sat at the open window, gazing sadly at the willow trees in the moonlit garden and wondering if her love for her father might not, perhaps, be greater than her love for Paul Milton.

CHAPTER XI

THE GRADUATE STUDENT

In the early part of the summer, Paul Milton glanced through some of the books with which "The Alumni" had presented him, but he found them very dry reading indeed—not even a triangle or a polygon or a parabola to break the monotony of hundreds of pages of solid print.

"Why did they present me with a set of Emerson," said he to his mother, "when they knew I was going to continue my studies along mathematical lines? They would have done better to have given me a set of textbooks in Higher Mathematics, or the money with which to buy them."

When Paul returned to the university, he left the Emersons on a shelf in the little studio under the roof, and there they remained unread and unopened.

On his arrival in town, he went directly to Miss Jones' house. In an instant she was standing before him—the same happy Miss Jones whom he had seen from the window of Mr. Sweeny's garret in June. How different she appeared from the landlady whose fat steaming hand had placed the food on the "dummy." His graduate scholarship was sufficient to pay for his room and board. He would no longer have to wait on Mrs. Sweeny's tables or shovel coal for the watchdog. How happy he was that he would never again meet that snarling face! Only the kind smiling countenance of Miss Jones would greet him as he passed in the hall.

"Have you any rooms for rent?" asked Milton.

"No," said the landlady, "all the rooms in my house are reserved by contract at least a year in advance."

Milton had never thought to engage a room beforehand. He had been accustomed to living in a garret, which no

other student would care to occupy. He thought he could find an empty attic room in any house at any time.

"I am very sorry I did not make arrangements with you last June. I had hoped so much to live in this house. I am not particular about location or size. I simply want a room—a room of any kind—a room under the roof."

"Well," remarked the landlady, with pretended hesitancy, "I have a small room in the attic, which has never been occupied. Perhaps I could furnish it so that it might be comfortable although not very elegant. Would you like to see the room?"

"Please," said Milton.

"Just place your suitcase here in the hall," said Miss Jones.

Milton bounded up the stairs. On the third landing, she unlatched a door, which opened into a small room where several odd pieces of furniture stood in one corner.

"You would be the only one on this floor," she said. "You might find it rather lonesome up here."

"Not at all," answered Milton, as he stood on one of the chairs to look out at the garret across the street, heaving a sigh of relief.

"The windows are rather high," remarked Miss Jones.

"They are ideal windows for a study," said Milton. "One is not likely to be peering out of them all the time, seeing things which detract one from one's books."

"Yes, and at the same time they admit lots of sunlight. The room is always very bright, both in morning and afternoon. I shall get you a little gas-stove in winter. When furnished it will be very cheerful."

"What is the rental?" inquired Milton.

"Well, I hadn't thought of that. You see the room has never been rented before, and I don't know just what to ask. But there is no hurry about that. First see if you like it, and then pay me what you think it is worth."

Imagine Mr. Sweeny renting a room on these conditions! Milton told Miss Jones he thought her too kind, but he decided to take the room.

"You used to live across the street, I believe," said the landlady, as they were descending the stairs.

"Yes; for four years," said Milton.

"You are accustomed to garrets then."

Miss Jones had observed more about the neighborhood than Mr. Sweeny had imagined.

"I used to see you occasionally at your window over there," she continued, "and I have heard every note you ever played on your violin. I would sit for hours listening to your music. Once last June just before Commencement it seemed you played until daybreak. Your music fascinates, entrances; you play with so much feeling and soul. In particular the *aria* from Saint-Saëns—*Mon cœur s'ourve a ta voix*—you interpret that so wonderfully. One could almost believe your violin possessed with a human voice. It stirs one up so. When you play that *aria*, it thrills me through and through."

They had reached the door. Milton held out his hand.

"I shall have the room ready for you this evening," said the landlady.

"I know I shall live happily here," said Milton.

He hurried to the office of the dean of the Graduate School to submit his course of study for the coming year. The schedule was a rather severe one—so the professor thought, but at the same time he had no doubt of Milton being able to carry it.

Then he walked across the campus, passing the dear old buildings, to whose walls the richly colored vines seemed to cling so lovingly. Nothing had changed: everything was the same. He was back again at the grand old university to continue the studies and learning which would eventually lead him to "the good and great purpose."

The average student who, after graduation, returns to his Alma Mater to pursue higher courses in the Graduate School feels lost without the companions of his preceding years. Some have gone east, some west, some north, some south; but the change in the nature of their new occupations leads them to expect a change in their surroundings and

associates, to which they at once become accustomed. The graduate student, however, finds himself in the same surroundings and interested in work very similar to that which formerly occupied his mind, and unlike the man just out of college, he feels that he should see the familiar faces of his senior days. He passes the dormitory and looks in vain for his roommate to "stick his head out the window." He even calls out the name, but there is no answer. If a face appears at all, it is the face of a stranger—one that does not belong there—one which makes him feel sadder than had no face appeared at all. He goes to his old boarding house and finds the undergraduates at lunch. He knows a man here and a man there perhaps, but does not feel at home among them. He enters the tavern and sits down at a table—the same table round which his chums and he used to gather and listen to many a good story while the waiter was "filling 'em up." Where are these friends—these dear ones? Gone. Through half-closed eyes he sees their faces faintly outlined in the smoke which meanders from his pipe, but he knows it is all a dream from which he must awaken to find himself alone.

Paul Milton suffered none of this. He had made no bosom friends. He had frequented no taverns. He had, of course, waited on Mr. Sweeny's tables, but the students whom he served changed from year to year, and there were no strong ties between him and them. Arch Coddington was perhaps the only one with whom he had come in close contact outside of the classrooms, but Arch could scarcely be called Milton's friend, although Arch did much to open his eyes—eyes which immediately closed again on the scenes which had passed before them. It seemed that Arch had entered his life to perform a secular duty by introducing him to certain phases of the college world, and had then passed out—passed out with Milton's own assistance. Milton was indeed happy that Coddington was no longer at the university; for his presence would only serve to recall experiences which Milton was only too willing to forget.

When he returned to his new quarters that evening, he found the room transformed as if by magic. There was a brilliant light burning on the wall, just over a firm-looking oak desk which had a row of drawers at either side. A soft green rug had been placed in the middle of the floor, and a very comfortable Morris chair had been drawn up invitingly before a little stove, which was diffusing both light and heat. A cot stood under the windows, its gayly colored couch-cover turned back and disclosing a pair of white sheets and a soft downy pillow. How different it was from Mr. Sweeny's garret with its old rag carpet, its broken table and lamp, and its twisted iron bed with the sagging springs!

Milton fell into the Morris chair. He could scarcely believe that the little room was for his sole use. What a wonderful place to work and study! How much good he would accomplish there! He stretched out comfortably that he might enjoy the warmth of the little stove against his legs and knees. How good it felt! How superior to the tin chute which conducted the fumes from Mrs. Sweeny's kitchen! It was like the sunlight of a Spring morning beaming across a soft grassy meadow—for the bright green rug did look like one.

It was a chilly, fall night outside, but it was Spring indeed in Milton's cozy little room—the beginning of another year—the opening of a bud, which would later develop into a marvelous flower, rare, wonderful, great. He sat there dreaming of his future. He could see that bud opening: he could see each petal unfold and assume its true form and position, each petal symbolizing a different event, an experience, an achievement—some dark, others bright, but all combining to make the final blossom which would greatly enhance the university and become the admiration of the alumni. That is what his professor had said when he offered him the free graduate scholarship. Yes; he would work hard to assure them that they had made no mistake in their selection. He would study day and night, and would let nothing interfere with "the good and great purpose."

There was a light tap on the door.

"Come," said Milton.

Miss Jones entered. Milton arose to greet her.

"I just came up to ask you how you liked it—the room," she said; and then she sat down in the rocker which he had pulled up for her.

"I am almost afraid it is too good for me," he answered, taking his chair again. "It is so much better than what I was accustomed to last year. But how about the rent, Miss Jones?"

"Let us not make that so important a matter. Let us wait. You have not been here long enough. You see it really did not cost me anything to furnish it. The desk, the rug, the cot, the chairs, the pillows—all were left here by former students. The boys usually give me their furniture when they leave college. The gas you burn is practically the only expense, and that will be a trifle."

"Then I have much to be thankful for, both to former students and to you," said Paul.

"Yes; I believe in treating every one nicely and kindly; then they treat me in just the same way. I have always enjoyed living in the midst of students. They seem to brighten things up so much, and they are such perfect gentlemen. These reports we hear about the terrible conditions at the university are not only exaggerated but many of them are false. I couldn't ask for the company of nicer young men than those who have lived with me the last few years. We have been more like mother and sons. They have done everything they possibly could to make me happy, and I have done all I possibly could to make them the same."

"Indeed I believe that, when I see what you have already done for me. I hope I shall be able to return this kindness in some way."

"I am happy so long as you are satisfied," she added, walking toward the door. "I don't want to keep you longer from your work."

"I have nothing to do tonight but to unpack my suitcase."

"Oh yes—your suitcase; I carried it up for you. You will find it there in the closet."

Milton opened the door of a spacious closet, which he had not yet observed.

"What a fine place for one's clothes!" he exclaimed.

"I shall get more hooks if you need them," said Miss Jones.

He placed the suitcase on the desk, and two large red apples rolled out when he opened it.

"My mother gave me these before I left home; won't you have one?"

"Thank you; you had better keep them for yourself," she said, "and if you care for more, you will always find a basketful in the hall. I keep them there for my boys, and you are one of them now. You are all welcome to fruit whenever you wish it."

Milton wondered if it were a real landlady before him; she was almost too kind.

"I do hope you won't get lonesome," she added, with her hand on the knob.

"No indeed; I am accustomed to being alone."

"You are quite sure there is nothing else you need or want?"

"I am perfectly comfortable," he answered.

She hesitated a moment on the threshold, then bade him good night. A half hour later he was sound asleep on the cot under the windows, in his own little world among the stars.

The next morning Paul arose bright and early in preparation for his first lecture. The subject-matter interested him intensely. He took notes copiously and then hurried down town to purchase material and tools for the construction of conics. The professor had said that, in solving the problems, the students would frequently have to draw ellipses and parabolas and that it would save time if they made, once for all, a set of these from wood or celluloid and ran their pencils or pens around them when the problem called for a figure. He procured celluloid and sand-

paper, and a file at the drug-store; and then he returned to his study.

He found the room in order, the colored cushions arranged artistically on the cot. He had been obliged to make his own bed at Mr. Sweeny's.

He sat at his oak desk and immediately began to make the conics, using the string constructions which he had learned in his freshman year. He traced the curves carefully upon the sheet of celluloid, cut the pieces from it, at first roughly with his knife, then filed off the rough corners and finally sandpapered them down until the outlines were smooth and accurate. It seemed more like play than work. It is so with every task in which we are sincerely interested. He fondled the complete conics with joy, for they were indeed beautiful and beautifully made.

He used them throughout the year. These, together with the triangles, compasses and rulers he had used in his course in Mechanical Drawing, enabled him to insert very neat drawings in his notes, which he rearranged and copied after each lecture. When he had written enough to form a book, he had the notes bound in cloth and placed on his book-shelf among the works of the great mathematicians. Each new volume indicated another step forward—another petal unfolding in the bud.

His schedule was a heavy one. He had much to keep him occupied. He took most interest, however, in those studies which were geometrical in nature.

The Differential Geometry—the works of Scheffers, Bianchi, Joachimstahl, Czuber and Serret all appealed to him. Curvature, contact, invariants, trajectories, envelopes, evolutes, differential equations, *Flächentreue Abbildung* isothermals, skew curves, Frechet's formulae, torsion, the osculating helix, developables, the theorems of Gauss and Euler, the indicatrices of Dupin—all these topics followed in rapid succession, each in turn attracting his attention and deepest admiration.

This was also true of the Projective Geometry. He would sit at his desk for hours entranced by the new con-

ceptions: the line at infinity and its relation to the three types of conics he had constructed, cross ratio, correlations—the wonderful duality between line and point geometry. He amused himself one whole afternoon writing corresponding theorems in parallel columns—theorems of Carnot, Ceva, Pascal, etc.

These courses gradually prepared him for more advanced work, which would ultimately lead to a thesis and a degree—perhaps. Geometry was his stronghold—the favorite branch to which he clung. Later he became fascinated with the cubic surfaces. How often he stood before the case which contained the famous Brill Collection of plaster models, viewing them from all angles, counting the lines, the nodes and the binodes! He loved to hold them in his hands just as a child loves to hold a pretty kitten in its lap.

The ruled surfaces, illustrated by the thread models, seemed to fascinate him most. He wanted to have them near all the time, that he might see and enjoy them. It was for this reason that he undertook to construct some of his own. He purchased cardboard, went to the planing mill and ordered a load of lumber—just a small load—a bundle of small square sticks, which he sandpapered and then painted with drawing ink. He also bought brass tacks, a small hammer and a saw. He went to the department store and selected several spools of colored silk, some needles, a package of black beads and a package of white ones; the girl behind the counter snickered at him, but he was too much absorbed to notice it. He hurried home, worked out the equations of the traces of the surfaces made by parallel planes; plotted these traces on the cardboards, which were held apart and in place by the small wooden sticks. Then he threaded the needles with various shades of silk and strung it through the perforations in the cardboard; and where two threads intersected, he placed a bead, just as the original model had instructed him to do. His work was very successful. The models with their glossy silk threads sparkled in the sunshine, which

poured through the high windows and flooded his desk with light.

His room had now become a workshop and a study; for he did no small amount of hammering and sawing and needlework. One of his professors gave him several prints of famous mathematicians—Klein, Cayley, Kummer, Lobatchefsky, Riemann, Sylvester, Darboux; he tacked them on the walls where they served him as inspiration. He was happy—extremely happy—as he sat and mused and planned and worked and thought there alone in his cozy little study among his pictures, his models and his books.

What had become of his violin? Alas! he had forgotten it. The case was under his bed, and in it lay the mute instrument, which he had once loved so well. It had ceased to vibrate, ceased to sing to him. Cayley, Salmon, Grassmann and Clebsch had put Moskowski, Schubert, Wagner and Beethoven to flight; Barcarolles, sonatas, operas and Spanish dances had been superseded by congruences, cyclides, matrices and integrals.

Miss Jones listened in vain for her favorite *aria* from Saint-Saëns, but never a note came from the room overhead. Had it not been that Milton went out for his meals, she would have all reason to believe that he had passed away. "The boy has gone insane," she would murmur to herself as she glanced at the thread models when moving them to dust his desk. "All he does is build and study these mouse traps." Once she opened a volume of his notes, trying to read what he had written. To her it was like so much Greek—and all these mysterious figures he drew in the text! "The boy is mad." Then she saw an hyperbolic paraboloid drawn with the Z axis horizontal and the X axis vertical: "A pair of corsets!" she exclaimed. "Ah," she sighed, "there's still hope for him—his thoughts are human once in a while."

Miss Jones was quite right: Milton was insane. He had become a monomaniac, and his mania was geometry. He thought geometry all the time he was walking, talking, eating, sleeping. He was interested in anything geometrical.

He avoided everything else, unless his imagination could transform it into some configuration with which he had already met in his work. He always walked alone, selecting the least frequented streets and allies; these streets to his mind formed a system of orthogonal trajectories. The telegraph wires became a pencil of lines with its vertex at infinity; the buildings along the streets, polyhedrons; the church steeple became an octagonal pyramid, and its large colored glass window became a system of polar coördinates; the trunks of trees became cylinders; the limbs became skew curves of higher order, on which he sought to locate cusps and nodes; the outlines of the leaves became cardioids and other well-known loci; the birds in the air described lemniscates and conchoids; in the flowers he saw roulettes; the fountain in the park became a paraboloid of revolution. At dinner, the plates became circles; the peas became spheres; the butter became cubes; the doughnuts became cyclides; the crullers became helices; the buns became surfaces with a double line; the piece of pie became a sixty-degree sector. The boy was geometry-mad. He saw geometry in everything—in everything except humanity, and in humanity he saw nothing.

CHAPTER XII

WHEN ONE STUDIES HARD ENOUGH ONE BEGINS TO SEE THINGS

There was nothing extraordinary about Paul Milton's insanity. We are all more or less insane at times; we have some mad hobby or other in which we become so completely absorbed as to forget about those persons in whose very midst we live. We continue existing in this state until something occurs—something which suddenly awakens us from our futile dream and brings us back to our senses.

Paul Milton had even forgotten about his mother. He walked by her letters on the table in the hall. Miss Jones had to bring them to his room, where they would sometimes remain on his desk for several days unread. But the widow was never disturbed because he did not write frequently. Her husband had often become so enwrapped working over his musical manuscript that at times he seemed to ignore her, but love her the more ardently after he came out of his trance. She knew well the trend of genius; and her son's seeming negligence was, after all, natural and necessary.

Paul knew there were other students rooming in the same house, but he had never spoken with any of them. Why should he seek their acquaintance? Their conversation would be absolutely ungeometrical.

Furthermore, why should they care to know him? They would pass on the stairs and in that way were occasionally reminded of the fact that some graduate student did his "grinding" up there in the attic. As long as that "grinding" did not interfere with their affairs, why take notice of him? Thus Miss Jones was the only one who spoke to him as he went to or came from his lectures.

Aside from his professors, there were only two persons with whom Milton cared to converse: the two graduate students who were taking the same courses as he. All three of them ate at the same table in the boarding house and talked of nothing but geometry across their plates. The other students were bored to distraction, but the three geometers appeared totally unaware of the disgust and the ridicule they were provoking. More than once Milton left the table without having tasted his food. The old colored waiter wondered how the boy existed and used to stand dumbfounded by the figures which he formed with knives, forks and spoons to illustrate the theorems he was proving to his fellow-maniacs.

Milton remained in his room every evening save one—one in every two weeks. Then he would attend the fortnightly meetings of the Mathematical Club. The papers presented at these meetings were usually beyond him, but he seldom left the lecture without having acquired a half dozen or so new conceptions, and he used to walk home alone, often repeating to himself the theorems he had learned.

One night, returning from the Club, he was ascending the stairs to his room when he saw a white form glide across the hall. The hall was only dimly lighted by the reflection from the lamp on the lower floor. The white form had come out of the landlady's room. Aside from his geometry, this vision was the only thing in several months which had attracted his attention. He was still thinking about it when he reached his room. He concluded at first that it was merely an hallucination, for he had been working very hard over his books that afternoon. But even if it were not an hallucination, he decided not to be disturbed, for it might have been none other than Miss Jones herself, however much it resembled one of her students.

But, two weeks later when he was returning from the meeting of the Club, he met with the same vision and observed quite clearly that it was a student in white pajamas—and not Miss Jones—who had come out of her room.

This time he could not easily forget the incident. Was the relation of the landlady, after all, that of mother and sons? He hated to think of it as anything else. Even though he knew a boy had left Miss Jones' room—even though he had touched him in passing, he wanted to believe it another hallucination. He must not study so hard. He must try to forget his geometry and take long walks in the afternoon. But with this decision, there came suddenly to his mind a remark which the landlady had made earlier in the year. "They have done everything they possibly could to make me happy, and I do all I possibly can to make them the same." The remark at that time implied nothing extraordinary, and yet it had secretly taken root in his memory. Now he could see in it a double meaning.

He recalled how extremely kind she seemed that first night, how she had lingered on the threshold, and how his music—*Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix*—thrilled her through and through. Then it suddenly flashed through him that he had never given her a penny in return for providing such a home-like room. His geometry had interested him so intensely that he had completely forgotten about rent. The fact that he had lived there free of charge and that she was allowing him to continue so without his serving her by mowing the lawn or firing the furnace began to trouble him. In what manner did she expect him to repay her? What were the designs of this extremely kind landlady!

He paced the floor and then sat down disgusted with himself for having allowed such an impression of this good-hearted woman to occupy and disturb his mind. But it was something beyond his control; he could not prevent thought. Another remark of the landlady shot through his head. "These glaring reports we hear about the university are not only exaggerated, but many of them are false." Was she defending the students? or was she defending herself? Did she know a girl was hidden behind the piano that night? What was he to believe? He paced the floor again and then threw himself upon the bed; but he jumped up instantly as though the springs had suddenly released and hurled him

into the air, for at that moment an unbearable thought flamed across his mind: the house in which he now lived was another establishment similar to May Stanley's. He, Paul Milton, had walked into it knowingly, for his very eyes had seen that girl lowered from the window. His room seemed unendurably hot, and the desk, the chairs, the stove, the pictures—all began to whirl about him; it was May Stanley's dance over again. He staggered to the bed, stood upon it, and flung open the window for air. The stars were shining brilliantly. He wished that his mind were with them, far, far off in space, away from the evil thoughts which were tormenting him—away from the wicked world on which he lived. Then he happened to glance across the street below. He imagined he saw two green stars flashing behind a lace curtain—the eyes of the watchdog staring at him from the pitch-dark kennel and grinning fiendishly because he had been lured and trapped.

Was the dog right after all in his views of university life? Somehow he wished he were back in Sweeny's garret. Mrs. Sweeny was a decent woman; she was clean morally at least. It was nothing but hard work that had brought about her physical unattractiveness. He hated to think what it was that enabled Miss Jones to live so comfortably and dress so well. He recalled how charming she looked the morning she was out sweeping her pavement—the morning she placed a rose in Arch Coddington's buttonhole. Arch and she were on friendly terms; that was enough to convict her. Think of it! in a house with such a woman! if he could only leap across the street to his old room!

And then he thought of the restless night he had spent in that room, and he feared another such storm was brewing. He recalled how his music had calmed him. He closed the window, descended from the bed, and pulled the violin from under it. Two of the strings were broken. He threw the instrument back into the case and sat down at his desk and tried to read and study. His geometry might bring him peace. He opened a book and read one line ten times, but had no idea of its meaning. The triangles seemed to

dance all over the page; the circles were going round and round. He closed the text in despair. His eyes caught sight of the thread models. He picked one up—the most complicated one he had constructed. He had worked on it for several days. "What good is this?" he asked himself. "It is only a trap—a trap in which the human mind is held captive like a mouse, so that the possessor of that mind knows nothing of what is happening about him." And he crushed the model ruthlessly between his hands. Then he took up his violin again and tried to play on two strings. The first note seemed to give some relief. He found another string in the case. He had not touched the instrument for months. How good it felt to hear it again! How lovingly it spoke and sang to him despite the fact that he had so cruelly ignored it! For his technique and his wonderful flowing *legato* had not suffered from lack of practice. The music was bringing perfect peace to his agitated soul.

He had just finished the *Traumerei* when he heard some one at his door. His heart leaped to his throat. Had his art awakened and aroused Miss Jones? Miss Jones coming to his room at this hour! He alone with that woman! He would rather draw the bolt and not admit her. The knock was repeated. He managed to say come in.

The door opened, and a student in white pajamas and moccasins entered the room. It was the same boy whom he had seen coming out of the landlady's bedchamber.

"I just came up to hear that music," he said. "It is certainly wonderful. My name is Hollis—Harold Hollis."

The boy held out his hand. Milton took it rather reluctantly, but he found much that was trustworthy and honorable in the grasp.

"I hope you don't object to my attending your concert *déshabillé*," said the boy, smiling and disclosing his white teeth, which sparkled like the eyes above them.

"Not at all," responded Milton, who could not help admiring the clean-looking youth, in spite of the doubt which was hovering over his own mind.

"Had I known you played the violin, I would have been

up to see you long before this," said Hollis. "I love music—I mean good music; and you know how to play it. How does it come you never tuned up before tonight?"

"I have been too busy with my work," was the answer.

"What in the deuce are these?" inquired the boy, as he picked up one of the string constructions on the desk.

"They are thread models illustrating certain theorems in Higher Geometry," said Milton.

"Did you make them?" he asked, examining closely.

"Yes."

"You're some genius. You are certainly going to make your mark some day. I wish I were half as sure of hitting mine."

"You will if you aim in the right direction," said Milton.

"I doubt it," said Hollis. He seemed to meditate, and then he added: "I'm only a freshman; what class are you?"

"I'm a graduate student; I graduated from this university last year."

"With Arch Coddington's class," said the boy quickly. "Did you know Arch?"

"Yes," answered Paul, thinking how queer it was that this boy should mention first the name of the only man in his own class whom he really knew!

"Fine fellow—don't you think so?" asked Hollis.

How should Milton answer? Yes or No?

"He was very well liked by most of his classmates," was the fortunate reply.

"He is a very close friend of mine," admitted the boy.

The teeth of doubt, which were gnawing at Milton's mind, seemed to sink in deeply with this remark. Hollis and Coddington were friends—Miss Jones and Coddington were friends. Two persons who are friends of a third person are friends of each other.

"Does Arch know that you have come back again this year?"

"I think not," replied Milton.

"I shall have to write about it and tell him I've met you. I know we are going to be good friends—you and I. Music

always draws me on. Do you know that song from *Samson and Delilah*—My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice?"

Miss Jones' favorite! Had she told him about it? And yet Hollis had said he did not know of Milton's violin.

"Yes; I know that song," said Milton, awakening from his debate.

"Please play it for me."

Milton did not care to "thrill" Miss Jones in the room below.

"There are only three strings on my violin," he replied, by way of excuse.

"Well, let me hear it as far as they'll take you, and I shall fill in the other notes," suggested Hollis.

It was hard to decline. Milton tuned his violin, and began the *aria*, which, as the reader may know, begins with deep, sonorous, meditative strains gradually working up to an amorous climax. Hollis, lying on the cot, his arms under his head, half-closed his eyes as if in a dream. Was he thinking of Allaine? Then as the music became more and more emotional, he stood up and joined his accompanist, singing in a baritone, which was wondrously rich and flexible. But it was not the passionate voice of a burning Delilah; it was rather like the pure sweet voice of a choir boy. Indeed, as Harold stood before the violinist in his white night clothes, Milton could think of him as nothing other than an angel. The vision—for Milton, dreamer that he was, considered it only a vision—impressed him much the same as Allaine Bennett had impressed the widow the night she stood at the side of Paul's cot in the little cottage at Norford. Paul, like his mother, also imagined God had sent a comforting angel. It began to pain him that he had suspected the boy and falsely judged his character. He wanted to take Hollis in his arms there and then. He loved him from that moment on, and in case he had done wrong, he wanted to shield and guide him.

Just as they finished the song, Miss Jones opened the door and appeared before them in her kimono, clapping her hands in ecstasy.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "it is beautiful—magnificent—glorious!"

Milton stood gasping, but Hollis seemed very calm. That this woman and this boy, attired as they were, should appear before each other and before him without the slightest embarrassment was something Paul Milton could not understand. He at once felt that his suspicion was correct. What he had seen was not an hallucination but a reality. And then Miss Jones walked to the cot, sat down with Hollis and tenderly pushed the hair back from his forehead. Milton felt the blood freeze within him. Such an open display of wantonness! How could Hollis permit this disgusting woman—this lascivious Delilah—to fondle him!

"I am so glad we all know each other at last," said Miss Jones. "I was reluctant about introducing you to Harold; it seemed you were always so busy, and I did not wish to disturb you. Had Harold known earlier that you played the violin, he would have given you no rest. Both of us are so fond of music. It runs in the family. Harold's mother was my sister; she died a few years ago," added Miss Jones sadly.

Milton fell back in the Morris chair. He wanted to speak, but he could not; the last remark of the landlady came as a sunstroke from a dark sky.

"Isn't it fortunate for him," she continued, "to be able to come to a college in a town where his Aunt Clarabelle lives. She can take such good care of him—just as his own mother would have done. But I take care of all my boys in just the same way; and by making a real home, I keep them off the streets and out of the taverns, and in this way maintain their interest in books. Harold came up to see you tonight without my permission. He would stay all night so long as you played for him. I thought I had better come up and send him back to bed. He is keeping you up or, perhaps, away from your work. We will both come to hear another concert sometime again when it is more convenient."

She arose and walked toward the door.

"Come along, Harold," she added.

Harold followed.

"I suppose I shall have to obey Aunt Clarabelle," said Hollis, with a smile, his eyes twinkling merrily, "but I am mighty glad to have met you. Good night."

And he took Milton's hand and held it with a grasp which proved convincingly to Milton that the boy was honorable.

"Good night," said Miss Jones, as she walked down the stairs with her arm across the boy's shoulders.

"Good night," said Milton.

He listened, and heard two doors closing—first the landlady's at the foot of the stairs, then the door to Hollis' room at the other end of the hall. He closed his own door happily, undressed, and extinguished the lamp. The visit of Miss Jones and her nephew had removed the faintest shadow of suspicion from his mind. How often he himself, dressed in pajamas, had tiptoed into his own mother's room to kiss her good night! and if she were to die and if he were to live with a dear kind aunt, would he not treat her with the same affection!

The moonlight fell through the high windows upon his bed. He knelt there and prayed that God might prevent the future visitation of evil brooding upon his mind, that God might check and destroy the growth of poisonous thought-seeds, which the attempted but unsuccessful escapade with Arch Coddington had planted in his head and which later experiences were tending to nourish.

And he slept soundly, for God did send him relief—temporarily.

CHAPTER XIII

HOLLIS AND DE SOTO

The next day Milton was at his work again, happy that he lived in a house where the landlady was so good and kind, happy that he had made the acquaintance of Harold Hollis, happy that he had again found interest in his geometry—for he was reconstructing the thread model which he had destroyed, because it was the most beautiful one of his entire collection. How glad he was to see it brought back to life again!

A few days later he was asked to present, before the Mathematical Club, a paper on a topic which was left to his own discretion. He at once thought of his string constructions. His name and his subject appeared on the university bulletin. He carried the models to the lecture hall in his suitcase; he had so many that it was necessary to make several trips. He exhibited the collection before a large audience of faculty and graduate students and explained the theory which determined the method of structure. His work was warmly applauded.

After the meeting, on his way to his room, he stopped before Harold Hollis' door. The success of his paper had thrown him into a joyous mood, which he wanted to share with the boy whom he longed to know as a very close friend. Hollis had not called at Milton's room since the night he and his aunt were there. Milton had not invited them to another concert; he was again lost in his geometry, and his violin had been buried in its casket under the bed. If Milton wished another visit from Hollis, he believed that the first one must be returned.

Milton had never called on any boys in Miss Jones'

house, but now he not only felt that he owed Hollis a call but that he really wanted to make it. And yet he hesitated before entering. As he stood there trying to decide whether or not to knock, the door suddenly opened, and Hollis, on his way out, almost collided with him.

"I was just going to drop in and see you," said Milton.

"Oh!" exclaimed Hollis, "is it you? Come right in. I didn't recognize you at first; the hall is always so dark. I was just on my way to your room to see you about a problem in *Analyt.* I had about given it up and was ready to go to bed when I thought you might be willing to give me a lift."

"Gladly," said Milton, removing his overcoat.

Hollis was in his pajamas and moccasins, just as we had met him before. He drew up a chair to his desk and asked Milton to sit down before the open textbook.

"It is this one:" said Hollis, "to prove that the area of the triangle formed by the two coördinate axes and a tangent to the equilateral hyperbola is constant."

"How far have you worked it?" asked Milton.

Hollis searched through some loose papers on his desk until he found one covered with equations.

"That's as far as I can get," he admitted, pointing to his result.

"That's as far as is necessary."

"Yes, that is the expression for the area, but I don't see why it is constant."

"Because the point of contact lies on the curve, and its coördinates must therefore satisfy the original equation," said Milton.

"What a dunce I was not to see that myself," said Hollis, rapping his knuckles against his head.

Hollis, of course, was by no means a dunce. He was brilliant; he had simply overlooked this condition.

"You don't mind my coming up to ask you a question now and then? I get stuck occasionally, but not very often," he admitted.

"I shall be glad to help you out," said Milton, "any time you wish."

"Do you like roasted chestnuts?" asked Hollis, preparing to repay Milton for his service.

"Yes."

Hollis disappeared behind the portieres, which were drawn across the alcove, and then appeared again with a paper bag and a corn popper.

"Let's just sit here on the floor," suggested Hollis.

Milton lost no time in obeying. Hollis was soon on his knees before the fireplace, roasting the chestnuts over the smouldering logs in the grate. Milton could not refrain from admiring the boy's face. The brilliant red glow of the embers was reflected in the clear whites of his eyes, and his cheeks soon began to bloom like roses coloring under the warmth of June sunshine. The white coat, buttoned snugly about his throat, and the lock of brown hair, which fell over his smooth forehead, both helped by contrast to offset his ruddy countenance. His pajamas covered but did not conceal his square shoulders and his rounded chest; physically he seemed perfect. It was a picture Milton always remembered.

"I had a letter from Arch Coddington today," said Harold, as he continued to shake the nuts.

The name Coddington awakened Milton from his reverie. The fact that Coddington and Hollis were friends was somewhat disturbing—the only unpleasant information he had gathered from the boy.

"You remember, I said I was going to write to him about you," added the freshman.

Milton began to feel uneasy. He never knew definitely whether or not May Stanley had taken Coddington's money that night—the money in payment of Milton's "initiation." Perhaps she had given Coddington the impression that she had been successful with her "new customer." Perhaps Coddington had written about it to Hollis, and Hollis was now judging him accordingly. But was not the boy justified when he himself had judged Hollis, and judged him falsely too.

"He mentioned your playing," continued Hollis, "and something else which I myself don't care to hear."

Milton at once concluded that May Stanley had betrayed him, and he resolved to tell Hollis the whole story.

"What is the something else you don't care to hear?" asked Milton openly, ready to defend himself.

"Ragtime," answered Hollis.

Milton quickly forgot about May Stanley.

"I get so tired of it, but Arch is ragtime-crazy," added the boy.

"Yes; so I discovered."

"It is such wild lawless stuff—just like Arch himself," said Hollis. "But Arch is a good fellow nevertheless. It was through him that I got a room in this house—the rooms are all reserved in advance as you know."

It puzzled Milton that Coddington should have to reserve a room for Hollis in a house where his own aunt was landlady, but Hollis' next remark dispelled the doubt before it had time to take root.

"Of course Aunt Clarabelle would have had one for me anyhow, but Arch didn't know she was my aunt—not until later. However, Arch has helped me attain a lot of other things in which Aunt Clarabelle has no influence."

Milton, at that moment, saw the firelight reflected from a pin on the boy's pajamas. He had not noticed it before, but now at once realized it was the insignia of the fraternity which Coddington and Tom Kuhler had made—also Mr. Bennett, as the reader has already learned. The thought of May Stanley again returned to his mind, and with it her denouncement of this same brotherhood: "When a fellow gets in with that bunch it's good-bye to his virginity."

"Do you like your chestnuts well done?" asked Hollis, as he scattered them upon the hearth. "Try some of these—be careful; they are hot."

Milton took one and cooled it by passing it from one hand to the other. He opened it, ate the meat, and threw the shell into the fire, where it squirmed and writhed under the heat which quickly consumed it, leaving only a gray weightless powder. And he wondered if Hollis would be able to resist the temptation which was undeniably lying

in wait for him, or would he also be consumed like the helpless shell which had been tossed among the hungry flames.

His attachment to the boy seemed to grow as the evening wore on, and he began to feel that it was not only his desire but his duty to warn and save him. His Aunt Clara-belle would have little influence when he left her to live in his new quarters at the fraternity house. Milton tried hard to know Hollis would stand the test, but he believed a warning thrown out in advance might make the fight easier for him. His aunt would probably say nothing by way of admonition. She was a staunch optimist in regard to the student *morale*. True, the boy was remarkably well preserved; his own father had very likely counseled him just as Milton's mother had counseled her son. Perhaps, after all, it was unnecessary to mention the matter.

Hollis continued to eat chestnuts. He was aware of the fact that Milton had seen the pin, and he noticed the meditating silence that followed the observation.

"Are you interested in girls?" asked Hollis, hoping to awaken the dreamer.

"No," answered Milton.

"Neither was I until I met this one," added Hollis, as he reached for a framed photograph on the mantelpiece over the fire. It was a photograph of Allaine Bennett which he had secretly carried away from Willow Lodge. "I should like to know what you think of her; all the fellows say she is a beauty."

Milton turned the photograph toward the firelight. The face was unknown to him. He had not seen Allaine Bennett since, when as a little girl, she had presented him with the invitation to her party. Nevertheless the face influenced him strongly and strangely. The eyes, it seemed, were imploring him to save the boy at his side.

"She looks like a girl of considerable influence," said Milton.

"Influence in what way?" asked Hollis.

"Influence in the way of keeping a man straight—influ-

ence in the way of keeping a boy from doing what he should not do."

"That is just why I keep her constantly before me. I expect to win her as wife some day—win her by working for some good and great purpose," said Hollis.

These words—"good and great purpose"—delighted Paul unfathomably.

"She is a girl whom a fellow wouldn't dare marry unless he felt that he really deserved her—that he was worthy. There's something more to her than mere good looks; she sees a real object in life. She is striving to uplift and make cleaner the wretched souls of the settlements. She is a wonderful girl, and if I don't win her eventually by helping along some good cause, I shall never be happy."

Milton looked at the photograph again, thinking what a wonderful girl she must be to influence a boy as she had influenced Harold Hollis; and the one desire on his own mind was that this youth and this maiden should some day be happily united.

"I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed my little visit," said Paul, as he rose from the floor and placed the photograph carefully on the mantelshelf.

"Take some of these with you," said Hollis; and he gathered a handful of chestnuts from the hearth and emptied them into Milton's pocket.

"Thanks ever so much," said Milton.

The two boys clasped hands warmly.

After the door was closed, Hollis walked to the fireplace, took down the picture of Allaine Bennett, looked at it lovingly, and then returned it to its place. He gazed into the dying embers, wondering why he had discovered Paul Milton just outside his door that evening. Then he walked to his desk, unlocked a drawer, took out a letter, and reread the following lines:

"The main fault with Milton is that he's too damn good. Even May Stanley couldn't warm him up. He's a virgin, and he will probably try to make a goody-goody out of you.

Don't let him do it, old boy ; don't let him keep you away from your fun."

Hollis extinguished the desk lamp and left his room.

How glad Milton was he had visited Harold Hollis that night and had met this girl whose influence was keeping him upright and true ! The visit had completely vindicated Hollis, by wiping out the last trace of the earlier suspicion under which Milton had placed him.

But the evening spent in the freshman's room had also awakened a broader spirit in Paul Milton—the spirit to associate with his fellow-men. He began to realize how much he had missed in his own undergraduate days because he had so isolated himself from others. There had been, no doubt, many boys like Harold Hollis in Milton's own class. He would have discovered them had he made the effort. He began to think he had been deprived of one of the best features of a university education. And yet that would have been denied him even if he had desired it ; for his time had been completely taken up by his books and the various chores which earned him his food, clothing and shelter. It was true that he had given many leisure hours to his violin, which he might have spent socially before the fireplaces of his classmates ; but why muse over opportunities which are past and irrevocable ? And after all, perhaps it was best so, for had he known his classmates better, he might have neglected his studies. He certainly would not have captured all the honors and prizes at the end of his senior year, and had he not won those, it might have discouraged the awarding of free scholarships by the alumni. If he had merely graduated as Coddington had done, what impression would that have made ? None ; thousands do that.

There was one thought which pleased him above all others—the fact that he deserved all that he received, and had it not been for the hard though selfish study which earned it, he would never have been the recipient of the second free scholarship from the faculty, and therefore

would not have returned to the university to meet Harold Hollis. Was fate such a cruel thing after all?

Milton's father, as we know, had died when his son was yet a mere baby. Paul had never known what fellowship with one's father meant. There was only his mother to whom he might speak, and he remained constantly at her side. Now he wished and longed for a brother—one like Harold Hollis. He loved Harold devotedly. He did not know just how Hollis felt toward *him*, and yet, judging from the hospitality and the friendliness with which he had been entertained, he believed the boy was not altogether displeased by his company. The violin had, after all, played its part and played it well. It had brought two boys to him—two boys who were widely different in character—two boys who had opened new avenues in Milton's life. He, Milton, now stood between them; for Coddington had pointed out to Milton the very trap from which Milton must save Hollis, his brother.

But to Milton, Hollis became a representative rather than an individual. He thought there must be more like him,—many more,—and he wanted to know them. There was in Milton a perfect seed of fraternal love which was only now beginning to sprout and blossom. Deeply as he loved Harold Hollis, he was capable of loving hundreds of boys with the same depth and sincerity; for Hollis was but a symbol for the entire student-body. He wanted to do as much for the boys as Miss Jones was doing for her students. He wanted to help keep them upright and studious. At the same time he would not lose interest in his geometry, but go at it more sanely. He began to see something more than geometrical configurations as he walked along the streets; he began to see humanity. He was interested in the face of each student he met. He noticed several boys who influenced him just as strongly as the youth in his own house, and he longed to know them, to meet them, to converse with them, to love them as he loved Harold Hollis. He wanted to form instantly all the friendships which he had allowed to pass. How could he reach these boys? He

longed to live his undergraduate days over again. It seemed all his classmates had returned to the university. He wanted to stroll with them about town. He wanted to take part in the games they were playing on the campus. He wanted to frequent each entry of the dormitory and stop in every room. He wanted to participate in the singing of the college glees. He wanted to join the story-telling circles around the blazing wood fires. He yearned to be closer, to lounge with them among the pillows on their window-seats, to cuddle up and feel the pure warmth of their hearts against his own.

But alas; they never felt that his heart as well as his eyes were fixed upon them—they scarcely noticed him as he passed. There was a gulf between these boys and Paul Milton. He could not do the things he wanted to do; something held him back. Perhaps he would only bring disfavor upon himself by trying to establish the associations which he had lost and which fate seemed to deny him. So he sat alone in his little room, and the only thing there in any way resembling a human companion was his own shadow, which the little gas-stove cast upon the wall. Hollis came up to see him but only seldom, and the short visits merely served to intensify his longing and darken the hours which followed them. He was a vessel overflowing with true fraternal devotion, and yet there was none flowing into it. To love and cherish but receive nothing in return—that seemed his destiny.

But with the approach of Spring a ray of sunshine came into the loneliness of his soul.

The impression which he had made with his collection of models at the Mathematical Club lasted longer than one evening. Toward the end of the college year, Milton's professor called him into the office to praise his work, telling him that the construction of the models and the explanation of it proved he had the ability to teach.

"We will need an assistant to help us with our instruction next year," said the professor. "The classes are grow-

ing too large to be managed conveniently by the present number of our faculty. Do you think you would like to try your hand at teaching?"

"It would be a wonderful experience," was Milton's affirmation.

"Of course," added the professor, "while we expect to have our teaching done well and efficiently, nevertheless you must not let it interfere with your graduate studies; we must not lose interest in them. The teaching will amount to only a few hours a week—perhaps three or four. The subject will be an elementary one; it will not require much time for preparation on your part. We shall use every possible means to arrange your teaching-schedule so that it will not interfere with your attendance at lectures. You know we are expecting great things of you in mathematical research."

"I trust my work will come up to these expectations," said Milton.

"I don't doubt that in the least," said the professor, "but, at the same time, teaching has spoiled the career of many a promising graduate student; I think it best that you should know this in advance. Research, you understand, is the main thing nowadays; there are already more than enough good teachers. The university expects each member of its faculty to contribute several papers annually to the scientific journals. The man who doesn't give most of his attention to original investigation will never amount to a row of pins."

The professor picked up a few of the loose sheets of paper which were scattered over his desk.

"I am working up an article myself," he continued, as he glanced over the rims of his spectacles, "and the extension and the more detailed treatment of several topics therein will serve for the subject-matter of your Doctor's Thesis. We older men often pass over things of minor interest, leaving them for the younger scholars like yourself to solve."

"Have I studied far enough to enable me to understand your work?" asked the boy.

"Oh! my no, my no," ejaculated the professor, with a superior air of importance, "my work is far—very far—in advance of anything which has ever been done along this line. The great geometers of the past never dreamed of it, and their investigations, which are as yet unknown to you and of which my work is both a generalization and a correction, are very elementary indeed compared with the results which I have obtained."

The professor cleared his throat and curled his mustache on the ends of his fingers. Milton felt he was in the presence of some great dignitary.

"But," added the scientist, "at this time next year you will have had sufficient preparation to enable you to outline your dissertation—that is, the part of my work which seems too trivial to concern one in my position. When you grow older and more experienced, you will feel the same way toward certain parts of your own researches—and your teaching. Your teaching will become purely mechanical: at a certain hour of the day you will meet your undergraduates just like a farmer who, at a fixed time every morning, throws out a measureful of corn to a flock of geese and then goes on to something more important."

The professor smiled at his own simile. He expected Milton to do the same, but he was disappointed. He then felt that he had spoken too lightly of teaching before the new assistant, and he undertook to modify the impression made by his former remarks.

"Don't get the idea that I do not care or never have cared to teach," he said. "It was not that I disliked it that I gradually forsook it. Brutus did not slay Cæsar because he disliked him; he slew him because he loved Rome more. So it is in my case: not that I love teaching less but that I love research more. Research and Rome! Two wonderful empires, rising, spreading, advancing!"

The professor accompanied his awe-inspiring analogy with appropriate gestures. Milton remained silent, but thoughtful; and while drinking in all of this bombastic

grandiloquence he was, at the same time, making a close study of the source from which it sprang.

"The salary will, of course, be small at the start—the four hours a week will probably bring you no more than a couple of hundred dollars for the year. But later on, after you have spent a year or so abroad and have become active in research, the university will reward you with a couple of thousand dollars for your discoveries and investigations. Well," said the scientist, feeling that he was losing precious time, "shall we call it settled then? You will be one of our teaching-staff next year?"

Milton at once agreed to take the position, and seeing that the professor was eager to resume work, he backed out of the office. The investigator at once bent over his desk, and, holding his pen very tightly between his fingers, he looked very much like a child amusing itself by drawing pictures of airships and soap bubbles.

Professor Ambroise De Soto—for that was the name of the great geometer—was a man of very small stature. His complexion was sallow from overapplication to his work, but his eyes were sharp enough to penetrate the bottle of Higgin's Eternal Ink with which he recorded the thoughts of his stupendous mind. His head was almost as thick as his shoulders were narrow. Milton, when standing beside him, looked fully six inches taller. He was always neat and immaculate, extremely accurate; even his steps were timed and seldom varied in length by more than a millimeter. His most distinguishing characteristics were his gray hat, shaped not unlike a truncated cone, and his black mustache, curled at the ends like a logarithmic spiral.

De Soto was also active in the administration of the university. He was, in fact, a Richelieu to the president, who lauded the former's scientific researches gorgeously and frequently in public speeches.

De Soto's talk on the importance of research had not inspired Paul Milton so deeply as the scientist had intended it should, although his mind had retained several of the statements which the geometer had uttered with emphasis.

It was, however, the idea of teaching—the idea of coming in contact with the undergraduates—that had aroused the boy's enthusiasm. It was for this reason that he seemed so happy on the way back to his room—as happy as the squirrels which frisked along at his side as he fed them with the chestnuts which Harold Hollis had placed in his pocket. Harold Hollis, as we have been told, represented youth in general—youth on the threshold of manhood—youth on the threshold of the great university. He was now going to meet and know that youth, not at the fireside but better still, in the classroom, where he felt he could exert even a greater influence over them. The opportunity which he thought he had lost forever had been offered to him once again. This time he would not let it pass. With each step he took, he felt his heart leap with joy, for at last he was going to talk with the boys who were now passing him on the street at every minute.

When he got to his room, he took one of the thread models in his hands—the one which he had crushed and reconstructed again. He at one time had called it a trap which imprisoned his mind and isolated him from the men among whom he lived. But now he caressed and fondled it, for he realized that this very trap had helped him procure the assistant instructorship which was going to bring him in contact with these self-same men. The yellow silk floss was the golden path which he was to follow—a path which now went forward, then backward, piercing and repiercing the cardboards, zigzagging from right to left between them, passing through beads,—some dull black, others shiny white,—intersecting itself at various points—points over which it had already traveled and points over which it must yet pass. The model became a symbol for his own life—the life, which, ever changing its course and altering his views as it seemed to do, would eventually lead him to “the good and great purpose.”

CHAPTER XIV

THE DANCE AND THE DESK

Paul Milton had helped both Arch Coddington and Harold Hollis in their studies. The reader will remember how he sat at Coddington's desk in the fraternity house helping him make up his conditions, and he will also recall how, at Hollis' desk in Miss Jones' dormitory, he told him he had already solved a problem without knowing it. He had helped Coddington very much—too much; he had helped Hollis very little—just enough. The two kinds of assistance were radically different.

Coddington knew almost nothing about his subject. Milton had to pump it into him, because Coddington had never tried to study; he devoted all his time to pleasure. The process which Milton used on Coddington is known as tutoring. Of course, Coddington graduated, but it was Milton's brain that put him through. We know the character of the man who stooped to such parasitism; we realize it procured a diploma for him unjustly; we saw how he had planned to repay the tutor that evening when the tutor rightly refused to accept money. Viewed from all sides and angles, in this case at least, nothing favorable can be said for tutoring.

Now let us consider the assistance Milton gave to Hollis: Hollis had studied his subject, worked it out for himself, knew it; only the final step puzzled him. It is in just these small things that help can truly be called help. Milton explained it to him by a process known as teaching. Its superiority over tutoring is at once evident: it encourages study; it does not stifle it. This contact with Hollis awoke in Milton a desire to come in closer contact with the whole

student-body; in the case of Coddington it undeniably resulted in his desire to shun it.

Milton did no more tutoring after he had helped Coddington to get his degree. That had shown him how injurious and unjust it was. He considered it nothing more than a decided evil, which enabled students to continue their immoral pleasures and, at the same time, draw their diplomas without working for them.

But in teaching, Milton saw great opportunities for helping the students morally as well as intellectually, and it was toward teaching that he now turned his attention. He had purchased many textbooks on the subject in which he was to give instruction, and every morning and afternoon during vacation he sat in the little studio at Norford, reading and preparing for his work in the fall. Indeed, not infrequently after his mother had gone to bed, he used to take the old-fashioned oil-lamp up there and work until late into the night. The set of Emerson from "The Alumni" was also on a shelf in the studio, but he never saw them. Only textbooks attracted him. He observed all the new or better ideas which they introduced, and recorded notes on the margins of the pages. He solved and graded all the problems, checking those which might lead to oversights similar to the one Harold Hollis had made. Hollis was constantly before his mind, as a type of the class he was going to instruct.

He thought out various schemes to make the subject interesting to his students, how he would present this or that theorem before his class. He used the wall of the studio for a blackboard, on which he practiced the free-hand drawing of mathematical figures so as to become quite expert at it, thereby saving time in the classroom.

He constructed more models—wooden models of cones and quadrics, which he sawed apart and then united again with wooden pins, to illustrate the conic sections. There was a planing mill in the neighborhood, and the foreman gave him permission to use the various mechanical devices and tools, which enabled him to turn out more accurate

and more beautiful workmanship. He also constructed some simpler models from thread and celluloid, illustrating the various loci such as the ellipse, the cardioid, the cycloid, the witch of Agnesi, the four-leaf rose, etc.

He designed more convenient coördinate paper—rectangular and polar—for plotting curves and evolutes. He invented hundreds of new problems, both in Plane Analytics and in Analytics of Space, to replace the time-worn examples in the usual text. He made seating-plans for the distribution of the students at examination and compiled several examinations and tests in advance.

In fact when he returned to the university, he had mapped out his work for the whole year and could give all his time to individual instruction in the classroom. How happy he was to look forward to his new duty, which would not only give him the opportunity to review, revise, revive and apply all he himself had learned as an undergraduate, but would also give him the opportunity which his strict application to that learning had prevented—the contact with the undergraduates themselves.

While Paul Milton was at work in the studio that summer, let us see what was taking place at Willow Lodge.

"Well, Allaine," said Mr. Bennett, "another year has passed, and Paul Milton has made no effort to better my Alma Mater. He is a good scholar, to be sure, but no reformer."

"Don't give up," said Allaine, imploringly. "Give him more time—more chance."

"Time!" repeated Mr. Bennett, "he has been there now for five years; isn't that time enough? If he is to see the need of reform at all, he should have seen it before this. And haven't we tried to deliver the message to him in a way that should have been most effective? If Emerson can't move him, do you suppose any one else could. He is a complete failure—that's all there is to it. I'm through with him."

Allaine wondered what she could possibly do or say to

buoy up her father's depressed hope. She had noticed that he was growing less and less sanguine in regard to Paul Milton's reforming the university.

Milton's hesitancy to act was, however, not the only reason why Wallace Bennett was losing faith and interest in him. The visit of Richard Hollis and his son the preceding summer had done far more to establish this attitude. In the first place, the senior Hollis had spoken so lightly and so optimistically of college morals that he had influenced Mr. Bennett considerably, drawing him, at least half way, to the same opinions. In the second place, the junior Hollis seemed to be the ideal husband for his daughter, Allaine.

Mr. Bennett loved Harold Hollis as he would his own son, and the mutual happiness which seemed to exist between the son of his old chum and his own daughter began to detract somewhat from his interest in other things. He had seen Harold steal Allaine's photograph, and was delighted with the theft. Furthermore, he noticed the girl was receiving letters regularly from the university; he knew they could be from none other than young Hollis. This correspondence pleased him. Allaine, of course, had told her father it was "nothing serious"—which Mr. Bennett interpreted as an open confession of her deep attachment to the boy. In fact the father practically saw them married; it was only a matter of a few years.

Naturally enough the relation between Allaine and Harold Hollis seemed to bring Mr. and Mrs. Bennett themselves closer than they had been in recent years. Very often they spent a whole evening in the library discussing their daughter's *affaire de coeur*.

Mrs. Bennett was even more enthusiastic than her husband, because Harold Hollis had begun the conquest of her daughter's heart and would gradually lure her away from that "disgusting" settlement work. She planned a brilliant house party which lasted a whole month—a sequence of dances, dinners, regattas, tennis tournaments, swimming parties, excursions, etc.,—all in honor of Harold. Allaine, whether inclined to or not, took part in all of them

to please her father. In fact she was pleasing every one—every one but herself. She dressed and danced and seemed as happy as the others, but it was all on the surface. At heart, it pained her, for her thoughts were in the little studio among the rafters with Paul Milton.

Thus while Paul studied, Harold Hollis was enjoying one continual whirl of pleasure and gayety.

The last night of the house party had arrived; it was the climax of all the festivity—a promenade. Even Mr. and Mrs. Bennett danced together in the spacious ball room, which was decorated with garlands and garlands of natural flowers studded here and there with tiny colored electric lights. Allaine and Harold had just finished the waltz preceding the intermission. The small balcony gave them a magnificent view of the gardens and the central fountain, which the moonlight was transforming into a spray of shimmering silver. They remained there for some time, inhaling the cool night air scented with the perfume of the flowering vine that twined itself about the stone balustrade upon which Allaine was seated. How glorious she appeared to him! She spoke much, but he said little. He knew not what either of them was saying. She certainly could not understand what he was saying, but from what he said she knew that he knew not what she said. The orchestra at last came to his rescue. During the intermission there was a cornet solo from *Samson and Delilah*. The psychological moment had arrived: Hollis was on his knees instantly. Had any other girl seen those large clear eyes at that moment, she would have jumped from the balustrade directly into his arms.

"Oh!" murmured Allaine. "I'm sorry."

"Why sorry?" asked the youth, his voice wavering and his eyes growing dim with tears.

"Think of your school—three more years at college."

"I will quit school—quit everything if I may have only you—you—adorable one—Allaine!"

"No, no; I must wait," she whispered, calmly stroking his forehead. "I must wait."

And she gazed wistfully across the slumbering gardens, and far beyond them she saw the little studio window, where the soft golden light from an old-fashioned oil-lamp seemed to vie with the moon, which, curiously enough, had suddenly and discouragingly disappeared behind a cloud because it had failed in its mission.

CHAPTER XV

RESEARCH AND TEACHING

The opening of the fall term found Paul Milton back in his room at Miss Jones' house. Harold Hollis had removed to the chapter house, just as Arch Coddington had done after his freshman year. But Coddington had not continued his calls on Milton after he left Mr. Sweeny's; Hollis, however, seemed to keep up the acquaintance, although Milton knew the main object of Harold's visits was to call on his Aunt Clarabelle; for he came to her house regularly, dropping in to see Milton at the same time. Milton usually found him in his room when returning from the meetings of the Mathematical Club.

It was a curious coincidence that the night which Hollis had reserved for visiting his aunt was also the night on which the meetings of the Mathematical Club were held. Chance also had it that Hollis take a weekly test in Calculus on the following morning, and it was for this reason that he always brought a textbook with him to Milton's room. Milton was not teaching Calculus that year, but he enjoyed reviewing the work each week with the boy he loved and whose company continued to give him so much pleasure. He never met Hollis in the classroom; he instructed freshmen only. Milton's relation to Hollis was not that of a tutor—at least Milton did not consider it so. There was no financial dealing connected with the assistance he gave; Hollis offered to pay, but Milton refused to take it. To have the boy near him meant far more to Milton than a fee for his service.

The truth of the matter was that Harold Hollis, however bright, had begun to neglect his studies. The influence

of fraternity life was gradually becoming apparent: pleasure was slowly taking him away from his books, and Milton's help to Hollis was assuming more and more the nature of tutoring, even though it had not been commercialized. Indeed the assistance which Hollis received from Milton, in preparing for the weekly test, was treasured perhaps as highly as the pleasure of visiting his Aunt Clarabelle after leaving Milton's room.

Milton tried hard not to believe that Hollis came to him for no reason other than to get help on his studies; he wanted to feel that the boy would visit him on those nights even if the day of the tests were changed. Sometimes when he sat close beside him at the desk, he longed to place his arms about Harold's neck. He often saw members of Hollis' fraternity walking along the street with an arm thrown across the boy's shoulders, and he yearned to do the same. But he denied himself that privilege and happiness, believing that Hollis might resent it; friendly as the boy seemed toward him, there was, nevertheless some secret bond with others which held Milton and Hollis apart.

It was not only toward Harold Hollis that Milton felt this way; it was toward all the boys he was instructing. What Milton wished to do for one he wished to do for all. In the classroom he was something more than a mere machine which took the attendance, assigned the next lesson, and then talked like a graphophone. He was a teacher in the truest sense of the word: he worked with his students—not apart from them. He was more than interested in them; he loved them.

At the beginning of the term both he and his pupils seemed to be enthusiastically interested in their work, but, as the term wore on, the student interest waned, and they began to take part in other activities, to make numerous friends, and to shirk their duties in general. Milton began to think that he was not forceful enough as a teacher, and he blamed himself entirely for the general "slump" which seemed to affect the whole class. He never once thought that it might be due to the fact that the students were being

initiated into the more entertaining features of college life. He forgot that there were two football games played each week, and that these furnished a lively topic of conversation during the days which intervened. He did not consider that the "big game" was approaching, and that the tension of enthusiasm was increasing hour by hour, crowding out books and learning. Somehow or other he imagined football had passed out of existence. Neither did he know that the promenade and a hundred other events were looming into prominence and gradually usurping the place which scholarship should occupy. He himself had never taken part in these events when an undergraduate; he knew little about them.

He took the whole blame upon his own shoulders and worked harder than ever to maintain interest in the classroom, devising many new plans and schemes, all of which proved futile. The models awakened a temporary concern, but the novelty of them soon wore off. It was all he could do to prevent himself from becoming discouraged, for the application of his students was diminishing noticeably week by week, day by day. The result was that, at the end of the term, Milton had a list of ten men—one third of his class—to debar from the final examination just before Christmas. Their grades were so low as to necessitate their repeating the subject the following year.

A faculty meeting was called to discuss the results of the work for the first term. Professor De Soto sat at the head of the long oak table in the departmental room, with the members of the Mathematical faculty on either side of him.

"Well, Doctor Leech," began De Soto, "have your freshmen done well this term?"

"Very well—splendidly—better than ever," answered the instructor, whose description we shall postpone until later.

"And how is your research progressing?" added De Soto.

"Admirably; I expect to see one of my papers in the

Journal for February, one in the *Bulletin* the following month, one in the *Transactions*; and I have also contributed a short article which will appear in the next issue of the *Mathematische Annalen*."

"That's good," replied De Soto, grinning like the Cheshire Cat in Lewis Carroll's famous classic.

De Soto then glanced at the instructor sitting next to Leech.

"And your work on Dirichlet's Series, Doctor Weaver?"

"I shall have it ready for publication in March," answered Weaver, as the smoke of his cigarette curled from his nostrils.

"By the way," said De Soto, "I noticed a dissertation in the *Comptes rendus de l'Academie des Sciences*, Vol. 149, page 909, on Dirichlet's Series, which might help to settle the question we were debating last week. It gives no details of the proof however."

Weaver jotted down the reference on the cuff of his shirt.

"And what about your article on Elliptic Functions?" asked the professor of the rather frail specimen of humanity which sat next to Weaver.

"Almost complete," said a hollow voice, squeaking like an E string. The students called him Lizzie.

"Have you any candidates for exclusion?" asked De Soto.

"Two," said the E string.

"Let us hear their records?"

"The first has done his notebook work regularly and beautifully," responded the E string. "He recites extremely well in the classroom, but he seems to lose his head when it comes to taking a test. He hasn't passed a single weekly test—his test average is only 1.2."

"There's no hope for him," was the professor's verdict. "Exclude him. Let us pass on to the second candidate."

"The second man is Mr. Harold Hollis—a very handsome chap—who does nothing at all in class and who has handed in his notebook but twice during the whole term.

Nevertheless, he has passed all of his weekly tests—his test average is 3.4.”

“There is surely no doubt in his case,” decided De Soto.

“You mean I should exclude him?” asked the E string.

“Exclude him?” exclaimed the professor, at the top of his voice. “How can we exclude him when he seems to know more about the subject than all the rest of us put together?”

“But aside from his tests, his grade is practically zero.”

“That makes no difference—the boy is brilliant. It is absurd to debar a man on a test average of 3.4,” said De Soto.

Milton had listened to the discussion of Hollis’ case in silent interest. He had never dreamed there would be any doubt as to admitting the boy to the final examination, and if Hollis would have been excluded, Milton was ready to rise and defend him. At the same time, glad as it made him that Hollis was to be given another chance, he felt that a great injustice had been committed, and, furthermore, believed that he himself was much to blame for that injustice. He realized now, after hearing this report, that Hollis had forsaken his studies and was depending entirely on *his* help before the weekly tests. He was helping Hollis to get a degree that Hollis did not deserve, whereas the other student was excluded, although his notebook record and his work in the classroom showed that he was an earnest and honest worker. Milton made up his mind to urge Hollis to take his work more seriously; he decided to speak with him plainly. There was only one thing about the whole matter that consoled Milton: Hollis’ instructor was not a very inspiring teacher.

“How are your student’s behaving this year?” asked De Soto.

“Fairly well,” said the E string. “The other day one of them threw an eraser at me, but I managed to catch it before it mussed up my coat with chalk dust.”

“Is that all, Doctor Oswald?”

“That’s all, thank you,” said the E string.

"Oh, by the way, Doctor Weaver, I forgot to ask if you had any men to debar from the examination," said the professor.

"None," said Weaver, lighting another cigarette.

"What excellent work we are accomplishing this year!" remarked De Soto, elated. "I suppose *you* are not going to spoil this record by adding more to the number of exclusions, Doctor King."

"I have only one to add," mumbled King, without lifting his eyes from the newspaper he was reading. "At the last class faculty meeting I give him a warning at 1.3, and since that it has fell to 0.9, which ain't half low enough because he don't know nothing."

"A very clear case very clearly stated," said De Soto. "And as to your article on Partial Differential Equations—that is coming along nicely I suppose."

"Oh yes, oh yes," mumbled King, bored to distraction.

"The university will be very well represented in the scientific periodicals this year," remarked De Soto. "And now, Doctor Wellworth, of course you have no students to exclude and no research to report on. It is well to keep one good teacher in the department, and we are willing to accept his excellent suggestions on classroom work in lieu of original investigation and contributions to the journals. By the way, Doctor Wellworth, will you see to the making out of a seating-plan for the final examination for all divisions, to posting it up, to distributing the examination papers and the 'log' tables, to collecting the books at the end of the hour, to assorting them and distributing them to the various instructors who will need all their time to complete their researches before vacation comes. I should also like to call the attention of the faculty to the meeting of The American Mathematical Society which will be held in New York City shortly after New Years. I shall present a very important paper at that meeting, and I should like to see all of you there to represent the university—would you mind taking my graduate class that day, Doctor Wellworth?"

Wellworth was silent. He merely nodded his head as he sat in a chair tilted on two legs and rested against the window sill.

"I shall also present that paper at our own Mathematical Club tonight," added De Soto, "and I shall be glad to have you all come there also. Should any of you notice a defect, I shall correct it before presenting it in New York."

Milton was sitting at the other end of the long table directly opposite the head of the department, who now turned his small sharp eyes in that direction.

"And now, Mr. Milton," said De Soto, straightening up in his chair, "—our promising young investigator of the future,—how many students have you to exclude?"

"Ten," answered Milton firmly.

De Soto shrank back to his usual dimensions; his spectacles dropped off his nose and fell to the floor, one of the glasses breaking into slivers.

Wellworth almost fell out of the window.

King continued to read his newspaper.

"Gracious, gracious," said the E string.

Weaver swallowed his cigarette.

Leech was thinking about his octic curve with seven cusps; he couldn't have swallowed that had he wanted to.

"I should like to see you in my office directly after the meeting to talk about your thesis," said De Soto, after his recovery.

"Yes, sir," said Milton.

"The meeting is adjourned," said De Soto quickly; and he balanced the broken spectacles on the end of his nose and limped out of the room.

De Soto had already reached his private office and closed the door with a bang; Milton rapped.

"Come in," shouted De Soto.

Milton entered.

"Close the door," snapped the geometer.

Milton obeyed.

"Well! Well! Well!" shouted the professor. "That was a blow."

"What was?" asked Milton nervously.

"Ten men to exclude—one third of your class! What's the trouble?"

"They don't know anything."

"Perhaps you didn't teach them anything," suggested De Soto sarcastically.

"On the contrary, sir, I worked very hard with them. I spent the whole summer inventing problems, constructing models and preparing test papers."

"Have you a copy of the last test you gave them?" asked the professor authoritatively.

"I can get it from my desk downstairs."

"Do so," commanded De Soto.

Milton started out.

"By the way, have you returned the papers from that test to your students?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Bring the papers with you also."

"Yes, sir."

De Soto paced up and down the floor until Milton returned; his steps were a few millimeters longer than usual.

"Here they are," said Milton.

"Sit down," said De Soto gruffly. "Let me see the test paper first."

Milton passed it to him, and he examined it through the one eyeglass of his broken spectacles.

"Where did you get that first problem? It is too difficult."

"I took it from a test which you gave us at this time of the year when I myself was in your freshman class," said Milton.

De Soto rubbed his chin.

"It's a good problem," he added, "but we don't work that kind any more. That was four years ago."

"Has the course been simplified since then?"

"Certainly, certainly; the University is growing."

De Soto took a second glance at the paper.

"Where did you get this second problem?"

"It is worked out in the textbook, but I made it slightly different by interchanging the *a* and the *b*."

"You should have kept it as it was. What is the nature of the third question?"

"The definition of the locus of an equation."

"That's good; it is always well to ask for several definitions. The students can commit them by heart."

"Not all students."

"No, of course not; but they usually write down something or other."

"The fourth problem is an original," explained Milton.

"How do you work it?" asked De Soto.

"By first applying one theorem and then the other."

"We don't give originals nowadays; we don't expect all our students to take up research. Now suppose you select what you consider the best paper handed in by your students."

Milton handed De Soto the paper on the top of the pile.

"I considered that perfect, and I gave the boy a 4," said Milton.

"Never give a student a mark of 4; he will not do any more work for a month after he receives it. Now let me see a paper that is not quite perfect."

"Here is one I graded at 3.9."

"What was the error?"

"He mistook a 2 for a Z."

"Heaven!" shouted De Soto, throwing up his hands. "You have graded him far too high."

"What would you have given him?" asked Milton.

"3.8."

Milton changed the mark accordingly.

"Now show me the paper of a man who has all but passed."

"Here is one graded at 1.9; he mistook a Z for a 2—just the reverse of the other man's mistake."

"Just the reverse? then add a point and pass him."

Milton raised the mark to 2.

"Now let me see a very poor paper," said De Soto.

"Here is one graded at zero."

"How much has he right?"

"Nothing," answered Milton.

"He has drawn the circle for the first problem."

"But he hasn't worked it."

"Nevertheless it is a very nice-looking circle—a very round one."

"Yes; it was drawn with a compass," explained Milton.

"Isn't it worth something?"

"How much?" asked Milton.

"Give him five points; I always allow something for a good figure."

"He didn't even try the second problem," said Milton in advance.

"He could have worked it if you hadn't interchanged the *a* and the *b*. Give him half credit. Now what about his definition of a locus?"

"He has written something which doesn't mean anything to me," said Milton.

"That doesn't make any difference as long as he understands it himself. Give him full credit."

"That gives him a passing grade," said Milton.

"That's good; we won't have to consider the original."

"Do you wish to see more of the papers, sir?"

"No; I shall ask you to reread them all yourself after the fashion I have just shown you. Don't mark so strictly, and remember that not all students have brains like you and I. Be a little more lenient, young man. Never exclude more than three men in one division. It gives the department a bad reputation."

"I believe you wanted to speak with me about my thesis," said Milton.

"I thought I told you once that you wouldn't be ready to think of that until the end of the year," remarked De Soto.

De Soto, in his excitement, had forgotten the excuse which he had offered before his department to call Milton in for an interview. The boy's remark, however, served as a valuable suggestion.

"However, I think I shall set you to work on it," added De Soto, "because you are giving entirely too much attention to your teaching. Be sure to come to the Mathematical Club tonight. What I shall have to say will be of help to you. And, by the way, suppose you call on Doctor Leech this afternoon, and let him explain to you the kind of tests we are accustomed to giving our students. His address is 53 Mellon Street."

Milton took his test papers and left the office. He realized that the old geometer had been excited, and did not know what ridiculous remarks he had made.

Nevertheless, it was not all due to excitement. When great scientists are called down to earth to consider such a trivial thing as the grading of a freshman test paper, we soon discover how useless, bored, absurd and inapt they are in undergraduate instruction. It is far better that they keep their heads among the clouds, their feet dangling in the air, and their hands off those things with which they are no longer fit to deal.

That afternoon Milton plodded through a driving snow, searching for the house on Mellon Street. He finally discovered the number, very dimly visible, over a doorway, so low that even Professor De Soto could not have entered without denting his conical gray hat. As he stood waiting on the rickety veranda only a yard wide, he could not fail to observe how much the building seemed like a paper shell; in case of a severe gale, the number would probably have to be changed to either 51 or 55, depending on which way the wind blew.

A little old man, with a long beard as white as the snow and with eyes like a pair of shoe buttons, answered Milton's knock on the door.

"Is Doctor Leech in?"

"Yes," said the old man. "Just walk up stairs and hammer on the first door you come to. Don't rap; hammer," repeated the old man emphatically.

Milton carried out the landlord's direction so faithfully that the old man stood gasping at the foot of the stairs lest the pounding prove disastrous to his property. And still no response came from Doctor Leech's room. Finally Milton opened the door and entered, unannounced, an atmosphere in which the fumes of gas, tobacco and alcohol each tried to gain predominance.

It was the front room on the second floor. The only thing on the wall was a calendar. An antiquated bookcase occupied one corner, the upper part consisting of shelves, which sagged under the weight of many thick volumes, the lower part consisting of drawers, which were open and filled with reprints and apple cores; a pseudosphere, black with dust, stood on the top, puncturing the ceiling. A threadbare couch, ruptured in many places and littered with research journals, was pushed up quite close to a table, which was strewn with stimulants and several sheets of paper. On one side of this table,—almost under it in fact,—stood a rusty roaring stove; on the other side, a revolving chair and an immense cuspidor. Leech had told the landlord to furnish him with "a spittoon that he couldn't possibly miss."

Leech was sitting at the table in his bare feet, which were almost inside of the stove. His hair, brick-red in color, was badly in need of trimming. There was a circular hole in one of his front teeth; he had lost the filling. He was smoking a cigarette and scratching with a fountain pen.

"Professor De Soto sent me over to see you," yelled Milton in Leech's ear.

Leech looked up with a start.

"What's your name?"

"Milton."

"Oh, yes; yes," said Leech. "Have a seat here on the bed."

Milton sat upon the research journals.

"Do you smoke?" asked Leech, as he held out a box of cigarettes.

"No, thank you."

"But you'll have a little nip, I guess."

"I don't drink either," admitted Milton, boyishly.

"And a mathematician! How in the devil do you manage to think? I couldn't do a stroke without my Deities and my rye."

He took hold of the bottle, poured some whiskey, and lifted the glass nervously to his thick lips; then wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

"Well, what does Professor desire?" asked Leech, after he had resumed puffing at the butt of his cigarette.

"He wants you to show me how to make out a test paper. Were you at the faculty meeting this morning?"

"I don't know," answered Leech.

"I saw you."

"Then I guess I was there. These meetings are such a bore. I never hear anything that's said at them. I am usually thinking about my research—my octic curves. It's the same way in the classroom. I never know whether I am there or not, and I never know whether my students are there or not either."

"Don't you take the attendance to find out?" asked Milton.

"Once a year—the morning of the big football game. Then I write across the card: entire class absent. It saves time and work."

"I noticed Professor De Soto did not ask you if there were any students to be excluded in your division."

"I never exclude students from the exam; I always pass them," said Leech, as he threw the butt of his cigarette into the cuspidor and lighted another one.

"They must be very brilliant," suggested Milton.

"They are hopelessly stupid," replied Leech.

"And you pass them nevertheless?" inquired Milton.

"Yes—unless they come around here and ask me how much they have to make to get through."

"Then what do you do?"

"I flunk them."

"Do any of them ever ask you how much they have to make?"

"They never come within a radius of six feet of my desk in the classroom," replied Leech, placing his half-smoked cigarette aside and cutting off a large chunk of tobacco. "They're a damn nuisance—a pest," added the "dope" fiend, as he crushed the wad mercilessly between his bony jaws. "My idea of heaven is a place where no student asks you his stand;" and he squirted the juice through the hole in his tooth over his left shoulder into the cuspidor.

"Is your class very large?" asked Milton.

"I'm the most popular instructor in the school," was the reply.

"I suppose most boys hate the instructor who excludes them."

"They'd murder him if they had brains enough to do it."

"I wanted to exclude ten this morning," said Milton.

"Ten!" shouted Leech, with a jump that upset the whiskey bottle.

"Yes; is that an unusual number?"

"It should be the regular number," said Leech. "I guess if you were doing the right thing, you'd exclude them all—but right is not always policy. After you have been here a year or so, you'll get next to a thing or two;" and he slid his hand along the table to collect the spilt liquor.

"What is policy?" asked Milton.

"Pass your students and say nothing," answered Leech. He swallowed what little whiskey he had saved, and then mopped up the rest with a blotter. "You haven't been hired to teach, unless you want to make a slave of yourself. Just take notice sometime to the way De Soto treats Wellworth—our crack teacher; it's a wonder he doesn't ask Welly to mow his lawn for him after recitations. Teaching around here doesn't amount to that." He snapped his wet fingers in Milton's face, and a drop of the liquor flew into the boy's eye. "You're blind—you are."

And Milton rubbed his eye to relieve the smart.

"Research is the one and only thing that counts," continued Leech. "You notice we have no assistant professor in our department, and we all stand a show for it—all but Wellworth. Of course I'm not considering you, because you haven't taken your doctorate yet. But we are all working our heads off to get that assistant professorship. I am far ahead of the others now. I've had a paper in each of the journals this year, two in some of them, three in one. I'm a wonder as far as quantity goes, and it's quantity that the university wants. It doesn't matter much what kind of dope you cook up for publication. Nobody reads it—nobody but the editors; poor devils! As a matter of fact, such old boys as Euclid, Newton, Descartes and Leibnitz contributed the only things worth while in mathematics. They built the foundation; a few other great men put up the walls and the roof, and all of us modern would-be mathematicians are putting on the decorations, which go out of style almost as soon as they come in. That's all modern research is—style—fad. But we've got to be up to date if we expect to be promoted."

He made another contribution to the cuspidor, and then continued:

"Some of the faculty think it helps along their promotion if they get married. Fools! Doctor Oswald tried that—he's the fellow with a voice like a string. He dropped in here the other night to tell me his troubles—twins and a mother-in-law. The kids have the measles, and the old woman's laid up with lumbago. Holy Jerusalem! I'm glad I'm single. After Oswald left, I got down on the floor and rolled over and over again; I was so happy. His house is quarantined; he's not allowed to go home—how glad he must be! He has written up a paper during his furlough, in hopes of getting the assistant professorship. He needs the money more than I do, but I'm going to come out on top all the same."

Leech grinned maliciously, showing the hole in his yellow tooth.

"Here's my family," he added, pointing to the whiskey and the tobacco. "They do my research for me; they don't keep me away from it."

By this time Milton was almost suffocated, not only by the heat, the smoke, the fumes of gas, and the liquor on Leech's breath, but also by the trend of the man's thought and conversation. He felt that if he were to remain with him five minutes longer, he would faint; so he took his hat and walked toward the door.

"What's your hurry?"

"I have to reread some test papers," said Milton.

Leech arose, and accidentally stepped into the cuspidor.

"Damn it," he cried, "that's what I get for not wearing my slippers. However, I hope I've given you some pointers on making out your next test. Good night;" and he held out his long, trembling, white hand with its dirty nails. "Come again."

A few minutes later Leech had reloaded himself with more ammunition and sat down to transform it into curves of the eight order, while Paul Milton was walking briskly through the fresh white snow, trying to purge his lungs and his brain by taking long deep breaths of the clear cold air.

CHAPTER XVI

THE THIRST FOR BROTHERHOOD

The fresh air had thoroughly purged Milton's lungs of the fumes from Leech's sordid nest, but it failed to disperse those ideas which had nettled the boy's mind. It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that although Milton attended the Mathematical Club that night and although De Soto looked directly at his star graduate student while emphasizing certain parts of his paper, nevertheless the boy retained nothing which the great geometer had said. Not only Leech's idea but Leech himself sat at his side throughout the entire lecture, and when De Soto brought his paper to a close, Milton fairly ran from the hall to the solitude of his own room, where he sank down upon his bed, reviewing his experiences of that day and trying to interpret them in a sane and satisfactory manner.

Thus we begin a new chapter of misery in the book of Paul Milton's life—the golden floss of the thread model, symbolizing the path along which he must travel, is about to pass through another black bead.

At the beginning of the year he was radiant—radiant because he had been appointed assistant instructor—radiant because he had been given the opportunity to mingle with the undergraduates, to know them, to love them. How he had labored the preceding summer, preparing his subject and trying to make it interesting! What had it all amounted to? Who knows but that the students themselves were ridiculing his efforts! Who knows but that they were laughing at him when his back was turned! Was not his record a sufficient proof of the fact that neither he nor they had accomplished anything? Ten exclusions—one third

of his class! The boys for whom he had worked so hard, the boys whom he loved so dearly! This was the recompense they gave him.

It was the fact that he had excluded ten while the other instructors had excluded practically none or one at most—it was this that made his case appear so dark; it was this which brought the wrath of De Soto upon him. But after all, had not the other instructors played falsely—at least the majority of them? Leech, for one, had certainly done so. De Soto had said never to exclude more than three men from any one division; otherwise, it gave the department a bad reputation. Leech and the others therefore were not acting justly; they were simply keeping up the reputation—the false reputation. Of course Milton reread his test papers, and, by changing the grades by the method *a la* De Soto, he had managed to reduce his list of ten exclusions to three. This, however, did not reduce the number in Milton's mind, but it at least brought considerable relief to the professor; for the list had not yet been publicly posted.

To give the men a chance to take an examination when they did not deserve that chance, when their disinterest in and their disrespect for their studies showed clearly that they were unworthy of it; to allow them to hire a tutor to put them through, to literally permit them to buy a diploma without even paying the university for it—this, to Milton, was disgracefully lowering the standard of scholarship, although it gave the public the impression that the students loved their books and that the faculty were by no means neglecting their interest in teaching. It was, in fact, corroborating the secret views of the students and the faculty themselves—the view that a boy could get a degree without opening a book.

That was just what Coddington had done; that was just what Hollis was doing. It was now clear that Hollis never opened his book except when he brought it to Milton's room. The report on Hollis' scholarship, which Milton had heard that morning, still annoyed him; although

he did not forget the fact that Doctor Oswald—Hollis' instructor—was not the type of man to inspire Hollis to study.

But was Oswald entirely to blame for the fact that he was not an inspiring instructor? Perhaps Oswald had also discovered that instruction would never lead to advancement. Could one, after all, reproach Oswald for turning his entire attention from teaching to research? He had even better reason for doing so than Leech had. Leech was a single man and from all appearances he was willing to remain so. His present salary was enough to enable him to live comfortably—certainly more than enough for his present state of existence. But here was Oswald, a temperate man, who, with a family to support, had to neglect his teaching because the university would not pay him enough for that alone. Milton began to pity poor Oswald, comical and effeminate as he appeared. It seemed that everything was against this unfortunate instructor: His looks, his voice, his actions all seemed to retard his progress; his students laughed at him and threw erasers at his carefully brushed clothes (Leech's clothes had never felt a brush); his children had measles; his mother-in-law, lumbago; he had no money to pay the doctor bills; and here was this fiend, Leech, who with money enough and to spare, was not only trying to keep it out of reach of the almost impoverished man, but also took a malicious delight in doing so. Was it any wonder Oswald seemed irate and uninspiring to his students? Was it any wonder his voice was under strain? Milton would not believe Oswald had married simply to gain the sympathy and attention of those who controlled his advancement. Oswald had another reason: Not all men are contented with selfish isolation, a whiskey bottle and a box of tobacco; some are more human and long for the companionship of a loving wife and children. A loving father always makes an inspiring teacher. Is it not possible that Oswald's failure to inspire resulted, in great part, from the resistance which came from all directions against his efforts?

Milton decided that Oswald had really shown himself superior to De Soto in wishing to exclude Harold Hollis; for by doing so, he would have brought Hollis around to his senses—the ability to do which is the real test of the truly inspiring teacher. Nevertheless, he hoped there might be a change in schedule for the following term, because he believed Hollis would brace up under a new instructor who devoted his entire attention to his teaching and his students—an instructor who had no researches to lessen that interest. Milton himself was such an instructor; and yet, had not Milton excluded ten?

Then what *was* at the bottom of it? What was the cause of so much poor scholarship? Ah! it was neither Hollis nor Oswald nor Milton who were at fault; it was the general idea in vogue at the university—the universal idea that neither teaching nor learning amounted to a row of pins. De Soto had expressed the unimportance of teaching; Coddington had expressed the folly of learning. But Milton had defied both; he bravely undertook to learn and to teach. He was successful in learning, but he had failed miserably in his first attempt at teaching. However, he was not discouraged. His failure only served to open his eyes to De Soto's method of grading test papers and to Leech's views of the university.

After all, De Soto himself had lacked the moral courage to state the naked truth; he had left that coward-like to his understudy. There was indeed nothing radically different in the opinions expressed by the two men: Leech's were crude; De Soto's were varnished. If De Soto had had a deeper insight into the mind of his so-called prodigy, he would never have sent him to the hole of this toad, whose confession that his students never came within a radius of six feet of his desk only served the more to inflame the mind of Paul Milton with a desire for closer contact between the teacher and the taught. But it was not De Soto, after all, who sent the boy on his mission. De Soto was merely an avenue through which the power was conducted—that same power which had pushed Paul Milton

up the stairs to follow May Stanley and open his eyes to the conditions amidst which he was living. It would have been far more pleasant to have called on Doctor Wellworth. Wellworth was a human looking man with humane interests. He was a teacher—a man deeply interested in his students. All this mental turmoil would have been avoided had Wellworth's ideas been the first to reach Milton's ears before they were poisoned. But now the poor boy's mind was set at variance against the ideals of his beloved university; for he soon began to think that all instructors in all departments entertained the same views on teaching as Leech himself. He believed Leech's policy was the general policy: Pass your men and say nothing—research is the only thing that counts—it is downright nonsense to take an interest in one's students—research itself is just as nonsensical—a mere fad. What a shallow thing the university was becoming! How it began to sink before the eyes of Paul Milton! How he longed to save it and restore it to what a university should be! The "good and great purpose!" At last it was unfolding to him. Providence was surely leading him by the hand.

Yes, it was Providence which had lead him into the watchdog's kennel and into the toad's hole. These two men—Sweeny and Leech—were now vivid in his mind. Horrible and inhuman as they seemed, they had a mission. One had pointed out to him the defects of the undergraduates; the other, the defects of the faculty. Here were the two distinct parts of the university—the student and the teacher, or, more true, the so-called student and the so-called teacher. Each was at fault—each a separate unit in no way related or connected to the other by friendship or fraternal bonds. His hatred for Sweeny and Leech was growing less and less; they were the microscopes through which he had been able to see more plainly the evils of the two departments, exaggerated, magnified perhaps, just as the germs, which undermine the health and welfare of the human constitution, must first be viewed and studied through a very powerful lens before we are convinced that

they exist and before we can take action upon their extermination.

Milton recalled once having seen a case of buzzards and vultures at a museum. They were ugly horrible-looking birds of prey, hovering over the dead body of a deer, which had been wounded by a hunter's arrow. The deer had sought a secluded spot among the bushes, where it might die in peace. The carcass had been there for sometime; otherwise the buzzards and the vultures could not have found it, for they scent, not the pure and the clean, but only that which is putrid and decadent. Time had ripened the flesh and prepared it for their gruesome feast, and there they were, shrieking and gorging, their beaks and claws besmeared with blood. The scene was revolting. And yet the card which described the exhibit stated that these birds had their place and use in Nature; they were scavengers who soon detected the presence of decay and rottenness, upon which they fed, and, by so doing, kept the atmosphere sweet and pure.

Thus Sweeny and Leech also had their places and uses in the university world. What God cannot accomplish through Nature, He accomplishes through man. These men were the human vultures which God had sent to detect injustice and corruption, to gloat over it, and to point it out to others who wished to make the university a cleaner and more honorable community.

Yes! Milton had been dreaming. Sweeny was right. The violin had closed his eyes and ears to the corruption which was thriving about him, and he decided not to touch it again until he had done his part in clearing away the evil which was undermining the health of the Alma Mater. Yes; music is very beautiful. It had kept him clean and upright, as it had kept his own father. But it is not enough that we see only to our own cleanliness and morality. Of what good is our goodness if we do not use it as a shield in fighting the evil which is degrading others?

True enough his mother had once called his attention to the birds, who sang so beautifully in the tree tops because

they were near God; but God has created other birds as well. He has created some that cannot sing so beautifully, some which only shriek and scream—the buzzards and the vultures. We must listen to them also, for they are attracting our attention to the corruption which is endangering the lives of those of our fellow-men who are so unfortunate as not to be able to appreciate the songs of the whip-poor-will and the nightingale. It is not sufficient that those of us who love only beauty and purity should sit by ourselves listening to the music which elevates only our own souls; it is also necessary that we hear occasionally the shrill, coarse cry of the vulture to arouse us from our peaceful dream and enlist us in the army which is fighting for the salvation of the souls of our brothers. The vulture!—he too is one of God's birds, terrible though his song may seem.

Milton wanted to rush forward to battle, and yet he felt that he should not go alone. There came to him suddenly the thought of Harold Hollis. He recalled the evening he had spent in Hollis' room before the bright warm fire and the picture which Hollis had shown him—the picture of a girl—a girl who had already enlisted in the army which was fighting for morality. Curiously enough, this girl had continued to remain in Paul Milton's mind. He did not know her, but she seemed to beckon him onward. It was the girl whom Hollis would some day marry and for whom Hollis wanted to do something big to feel that he deserved her. Here was a great cause for which he and Hollis could work side by side. How he rejoiced over the thought of helping to join the boy he loved with the girl whom that boy loved!

It was the night before the last weekly test in Calculus. Milton could scarcely wait until he heard the rap on his door, which would announce the arrival of his pupil. He would tell Hollis to again take interest in the studies he had neglected, and he would explain his plan for their working together like two brothers to ameliorate the university. He lay there on his bed expecting every moment to hear Hollis'

footsteps on the stairs—Hollis! who would bring so much happiness and love, and who would now help *him* solve a problem—the great problem which had set fire to his mind and filled it with burning enthusiasm. How he longed, yearned, craved for the boy!

Some one knocked. Milton jumped up quickly and opened the door. He was standing face to face with Miss Jones.

"Here is a letter for you," she said sweetly.

"Do come in," said Milton urgently. "I wish to speak with you. I am going to ask something of you."

He had decided to lay his plans before Hollis' aunt that she too might use her influence to bring them together. He knew she was optimistic, but he would try to convince her of the need of reform as he saw it.

"Gladly," said Miss Jones, taking the rocking chair before the fire and still holding in her lap the letter which Milton, in his enthusiasm, had forgotten.

"I am miserable," he began.

"Oh," said Miss Jones, with compassion.

"You have always seemed so happy to me," he continued. "I used to watch you from my window when I roomed across the street. I used to wish I lived in your house. That is why I moved over here. I thought I would be happier. That is why I came here."

"Are you not happier?" she asked.

"No;" he answered, "I believe there are times when I am far more miserable."

"You are too much alone," she suggested.

"Yes," he said, "I realize that; but the nearer I try to get to those whose presence I yearn for, the farther away they seem from me, and the more unhappy I become."

"Are you unhappy even now?" asked Miss Jones, with hesitancy.

"I have never been more so," he answered.

"I do not understand you; you must make yourself clearer."

"You will understand me when I tell you what I wish to ask of you," he explained.

"I am waiting to hear it," she responded.

Milton sat down on the floor between Miss Jones and the little gas-stove. The mellow light illuminated his face, and she saw that he was suffering and sad, that something was weighing heavily upon his mind, that he was yearning for something which seemed to be denied him.

"I crave; I hunger; I thirst," he said.

"For what?" she asked.

"For love," he answered.

She said nothing, only reached out and stroked his head tenderly. The door to Milton's room had been left partly open. Harold Hollis had noiselessly ascended the stairs, and was standing unobserved in the hall. Milton sighed with joy when he felt the touch of Miss Jones' hand.

"Just that; just that," he murmured. "If I could do but that. If only I could allow myself to do but that—just that."

"Just what?" she asked.

"The touch—the contact—the union," he said.

"The union of man and woman," she added, continuing to smooth his hair. "Ah, you should have a companion—a wife."

"But I must first earn one; I must first accomplish a broader union," said Paul.

"Not the union by marriage?"

"No; the union of man and man—brotherhood."

Miss Jones withdrew her hand abruptly.

"We live here in a university," began Milton. "There are two distinct parts to the community—the faculty and the students. What common relation exists between them? None. How can they therefore better each other? They can't.

"Here are the faculty and the students, each with widely divergent pursuits. The faculty symbolize mind and work; the students symbolize body and pleasure. The faculty are satisfied to let the students continue their pleasure; for by

making physical pleasure foremost in student interests, the work of the faculty meets with no interference or interruption. The students are satisfied to let the faculty continue their work; for by making mental work foremost in faculty interests, the pleasure of the students meets with no objection or prevention. Each destroy their own end by over-developing it at the sacrifice of the other. The farther the interests of the two groups are separated, the happier they seem to be. And what is accomplished? Nothing. What is the meaning of education under such conditions? Alas, there can be no education—the word is meaningless.

“Select the man on our faculty who is most applauded for his achievements—a great scientist. Mentally he is brilliant, but bodily he is stunted—devoid of physique. Furthermore, his extraordinary mental development has carried his thoughts so far in advance of the average man that his works are likely to be useless to mankind in general.

“Select the man among our students who is most applauded for his achievements—a great athlete. Physically he is perfect, but mentally he is dull—devoid of intellect. Likewise, his extraordinary physical development has carried his appetites so far in advance of the average man that his pleasures are likely to be ruinous to mankind in general.

“Neither the scientist nor the athlete is human. One is, in a sense, superhuman; the other, animal. They are extremes, antagonists. Their interests are exact opposites. In neither is there a proper coördination of mind and body. One shuns physical effort; the other, mental effort. There is no friendly relation between them and their interests, and no effort is made to bring them together into a common brotherhood. The gulf between them widens and deepens from year to year. Here we erect a costly stadium for athletics; there we erect a costly laboratory for research. But what do we erect for scholarship? Those who are supposed to teach have no interest in the subject they teach or in the students to whom they teach it; those who are supposed to learn have no interest in the books where learning is written or in the teachers who are to impart it. What

chance has scholarship under such conditions? What is a university without scholarship? without this contact—this brotherhood between the teacher and the taught?

“There must be a reform. How will it come about? Two centers or nuclei must appear: one, among the faculty; the other, among the students. There must be a union between these two centers; they must come together as brothers. The union of these two centers will eventually lead to the union of the two forces,—the mental and the physical,—which they represent. Then, and not until then, will education have its true meaning and a significance.

“I have volunteered to be the center on the faculty. As to the center among the students—I see him also. I have already united myself with him, but *he* has not as yet come in close enough contact to enable me to explain freely what we could accomplish in working side by side for our common cause. The students could have no better representative than he. He is a youth, honorable, bright, clean, wholesome, manly. He has not yet been ensnared by the temptations which surround him. There is one whose influence keeps him upright. He is noble, grand, great; and you have done much to keep him so. You have guarded him, watched him, and protected him in the absence of his mother as though he were your own child. You are a mother to all your students, but you have been closer to him than to all the others. You are his blood relation. He has felt the great power of good in you—the great power which resists evil. He has felt it in the kiss and caress the mother gives her boy when she places him in his cradle; he has felt it in the kiss and caress which she gives as she sends him off to school; he has felt it in the kiss which she continues to give him when she goes to rest at the end of her happy day and he steals to her chamber to clasp her lovingly to his manly bosom. You know that boy. Bring him to me; he does not seem to care to come. You love him, but your love for him is no greater than mine. Now you understand why I am lonely, why I am miserable, why I crave for the fraternity of the brother

who is going to help me reform our Alma Mater—your nephew—Harold Hollis.”

Hollis had intended leaving when he discovered Miss Jones stroking Milton's head as the instructor revealed his craving for love—and yet something, perhaps that same Providence, held him there. But when his own name came at the very end of the soliloquy, it seemed he could not get air enough to enable him to breathe; he crept down the stairs and then ran down the street in search of his friends, whose company, he hoped, would help him forget all he had seen and heard.

Miss Jones was silent during the soliloquy. She had listened with interest to all Milton had said, although he seemed wholly unaware of her presence. She believed he was talking to some one other than her—to some invisible companion. His eyes had been fixed in the direction of the little stove before him. Its door was made up of several thin bars of iron, radiating from an open semi-circle. The golden light, reflected from the copper lining through this grating, gave the effect of a sunrise. No doubt the reader has seen just such a stove. Milton was speaking as one in a dream. He imagined his sun was gradually rising higher and higher while the light, which it diffused, was becoming brighter and brighter, illuminating his little world among the stars with hope and faith and love. After he mentioned the name of Hollis, he turned his head and saw large tears streaming from Miss Jones' eyes.

“Why do you weep?” he asked softly.

“It is all so wonderful,” she sobbed. “Your idea of what a university should be compared with what it is. Your wish, your thirst, your hunger, your desire to make the students better, more upright, more studious, more clean. I am going to help you do it. You must not know just yet—in fact you may never learn in what way I have assisted you; it is best for both of us that I do not mention it. But you have shown me the proper path. Know that I shall always be thinking of you and your noble work, and helping you to succeed with your undertaking. I can do some-

thing to prevent, in a small degree, the conditions you have observed in your surroundings, and which have incited in you the spirit of reform. I shall be glad to play my part in your work of reconstruction. It shall be but a small fraction and therefore I shall expect no credit at all. Let us not speak of it further. Good night."

Milton offered her his hand, and she held it firmly in her grasp for an instant, her handkerchief to her eyes. Then the door closed softly; she was gone. The light from *Sunrise* fell full upon the letter which had slipped unobserved from Miss Jones' lap to the floor. Milton opened it and read:

Dear Mr. Milton:—

I am sorry indeed if it has appeared to you that I have insinuated that your work in the classroom was unsatisfactory. I want you to feel that we have in no way lost interest in you. A new assistant always has more or less difficulty getting his class in running order. We shall hope for better results next term. Do not allow any matter concerning your students to discourage your interest in the greater task for which you are destined, and for which the university has now installed you on its faculty: I shall speak with you later in regard to your thesis.

Another matter: One of our undergraduate fraternities has decided to erect a beautiful new building on the same site where their present domicile stands. The wrecking of the old structure will begin at the end of the present college year, and the new one will not be ready for occupancy until year after next. The members of that fraternity have obtained permission from the faculty to use, as temporary quarters for a part of their brotherhood, a private residence recently willed to the university. We must, according to our rules, place a member of the faculty in this building to act as proctor. I thought you might like to consider the position. The free room will save you the expense of rent, which, in a way, might be considered as an addition to your salary aside from the contemplated

increase which your excellent teaching during this term seems to justify.

We will talk these matters over in greater detail when it is convenient for us to do so.

Yours very truly,

AMBROISE DE SOTO.

Milton folded the note and pressed it against his heart, which was beating madly with ecstasy; the fraternity referred to was that of which Harold Hollis was a member.

CHAPTER XVII

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES?

The next morning Milton read the note again. This time he studied it more deeply than he had the night before, and realized that De Soto's wrath over the "ten exclusions" was mostly excitement; he expected the old professor to take the matter differently as soon as he had regained his self-composure. This part of the note seemed only natural, but the thing that puzzled Milton was De Soto's attitude in regard to his moving into a fraternity house. The head of the department had plainly told Milton that he was giving too much attention to his students in the classroom, and yet here he was trying to bring about closer contact by appointing him as proctor over their dormitory.

Milton conducted his usual morning recitation directly after breakfasting, and then called at De Soto's private office.

"Good morning," said the geometer, smiling. "I take it you have received my note."

"Yes," said Milton.

"I thought perhaps you would mention it at the close of the meeting of the Mathematical Club. You hurried off so last night."

"I only found the note after I returned to my room from the meeting," explained Milton.

"Oh, I see," said the geometer. "Sit down, and let us talk it over." De Soto cleared his throat. "I feel that I owe you an apology for the attitude I took toward the result of your teaching yesterday. I lose my self-control so easily. However, let us forget that. By the way, did you call on Doctor Leech?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he informed you as to the nature of the tests we give to our students?"

Milton nodded.

"Leech is a genius—a great mathematician," added De Soto. "I hope you will some day be his equal if not his superior."

De Soto expected a remark from the boy, but the latter decided to let the professor do the talking; he learned more by it.

"Of course his appearance is very much against him, but then we can't all be handsome; some of us must have brains. A few of us are fortunate enough to have both—a very few," he added, leaning back in his chair and twisting his mustache on the end of his finger. "Leech has certain mannerisms which annoy all of us at first, but his remarkable mentality soon causes us to forget them. He is unmarried, which is very much in his favor. A man who is fashioned by nature 'to strike new springs of thought'—as Huxley puts it—can't very well be bothered with a wife and children. It was Lord Bacon, I believe, who said that memory, merit and noble works are proper to men while the perpetuity by generation is common to beasts."

And Milton wondered under which category Leech belonged.

"After all," continued the professor, "the money of a university should be used for the advancement of science and not for feeding the mouths of the children of its faculty. Babies are all right in their place, but we should not be so tender-hearted as to pity the instructor who holds them before us on his pleading arms to ask for an increase in the father's salary, or who offers them as an excuse for the absence of his contributions to science. It is mental and not material production that should serve as a basis for professional remuneration and promotion. Human love is an element which makes the home, but it defeats the real purpose of a university. When a man becomes interested in science, he sees how far superior it is to marriage, and

he realizes that human love, and even Christianity, to a certain extent, are farcical and illusory."

To Milton, that moment, the thin transparent body of the great geometer looked exactly like an icicle which he had seen hanging from the roof that morning just outside his window. The geometer's statement that human love defeated the real purpose of a university was one which Milton could not easily forget.

"And now in regard to your thesis," began De Soto, emphasizing the pronoun as though his former discourse had been intended as a piece of advice for Milton's future, "of course you understood some of the things I explained to you at the Club last night. Were you able to follow me?"

"Not very well," said Milton.

"I tried to make it very plain for your special benefit," remarked the geometer, "but I realize it is very advanced in its nature. I did not expect you to understand it immediately. Later on, you will run across certain topics in your graduate courses which will make things clearer, but even so, you will have to give a great deal of time to special study before you can master it. I am going to give you all—one hundred and thirty-two pages; and I shall ask you to look them over just as soon as you find it convenient to do so."

The geomter unlocked a drawer of his desk and took out a stack of papers.

"You understand," added De Soto, "that I am always ready to help you in case you run across anything which is obscure; and there will be much of that. If you need more time, I shall gladly read your test papers for you. Throughout the work there are numerous problems suggested. The solution of these will constitute your thesis. I myself have labored on the more important and more difficult part—the theory. The thesis submitted for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy must be deposited at the university library on the first day of May of the same year in which the degree is conferred. It is now close to the first of January. You will get your degree one year from the coming June. There

is no need for hurry. You have sixteen months, including the summer vacation. It is expected of course that you will devote the coming summer to the preparation of your dissertation—just a few hours each morning. You will enjoy that, I know. Most members of our faculty do the greater part of their researching during vacation, when they are not tied down by their teaching.”

And Milton thought how Leech was tied down by his teaching.

“The final work will be published under my name, and I shall make especial mention, in the preface, of all your problems and valuable suggestions. The complete work—including the preface—will later be translated into many foreign languages, and, while serving to advance the standing of this great university, it will, at the same time, introduce you to the ever-growing world of mathematical research. Now in regard to the proctorship—”

Milton was glad to hear this abrupt change in the topic of conversation. He was well nigh weary of the professor’s babble on research.

“Have you considered that?”

Milton answered in the affirmative.

“And at present you are rooming at—”

“At 97 Walnut Street.”

“Oh, yes; that is the house run by Miss Jones,” said De Soto.

Milton thought it extraordinary that the professor should be so well posted; but Milton did not know that some one, a few years before, had reported to the faculty how the students of that house had taken a girl in through the window.

“How long have you been there?” asked De Soto.

“This is my second year.”

De Soto reflected a moment; the event had occurred before Milton roomed at that house.

“During your stay there, have the students seemed well-behaved?”

“Yes;” answered Milton, “quite well behaved—the influence of Miss Jones keeps them so.”

"Miss Jones makes a good landlady; does she?" asked the professor, as he absent-mindedly turned over some of the papers on his desk.

"An ideal landlady," answered Milton. "She runs her house more like a home than a dormitory."

"She speaks very highly of the morals of the students, and opinions of that nature are very helpful to the university. Miss Jones is well thought of by the university officials."

"She is a good woman," said Milton.

"Yes," said De Soto, scratching his chin.

"There are enough indecent ones in the community," added Milton.

"No more than there are in any other community," said the professor. "Have you decided to accept the proctorship?" asked De Soto, anxious to change the subject.

"Yes, sir."

"Aside from the money, which a free room will save for you, is there any other reason which leads you to make the change?"

Miss Jones had refused to accept rent of Milton, although he had offered it several times.

"It is not the idea of a free room that leads me to make the change; it is the idea of living among the students and influencing them as well as I can in matters of conduct."

"You help Miss Jones in that too; do you?"

"No; but when I become a proctor, I shall feel it my duty to do so."

"Oh," replied De Soto, "your responsibilities will be very light indeed. We are not placing you in the building as a watchdog."

The name watchdog, coming from this man, had a peculiar effect on Milton; he wondered if De Soto knew Sweeny.

"We must not forget that boys will be boys," continued the geometer. "You will find them hilarious now and then when they drink a little more than they should—almost everybody likes beer."

"What will my duties be?" asked Milton.

"Simply to be there—that's all. It is a rule, you know, that there shall be a member of the faculty in every dormitory connected with the university. It makes the parents feel easier about their boys. Some mammas are so afraid their sons will learn a thing or two by experience that we have adopted this means of soothing their nerves. It's mere formality, you understand—mere formality."

"Am I expected to report ill-behavior?"

"Not unless it is something serious," said De Soto nonchalantly.

"For example?"

"Well, now in case they attempted to burn down the house, it would be well to send in an alarm to the fire department."

De Soto grinned.

"But the less you interfere with them the better," he continued. "The men in these fraternities belong to a rather exclusive set; most of them are wealthy. They are not here primarily for the purpose of study; they have other interests—fellowship, football, promenades, etc. If I were you, I should not mingle with them—not too much. You of course will have your work to do; you will be kept busy solving the problems for my new book."

De Soto handed Milton the stack of papers.

"The room, by the way, is the small chamber on the third floor," said the professor.

"Is that the top floor?" asked Milton.

"No; there is one other above it, but the rooms on the fourth floor are unfinished and unfit for occupancy. Why do you ask?"

"I am accustomed to living in a garret."

De Soto smiled.

"It is the only place for a mathematical genius like you," he said, "but as it is, there will be no students living over you; nothing will be done overhead to disturb or hinder your progress in the work on my book in any way."

"Is the room furnished?" asked Milton.

"No; but there isn't space for much more than a bed and a desk. You can furnish it easily and inexpensively."

"I wish to thank you for doing all this for me."

"Don't mention it; and, by the way, take very good care of my precious manuscript."

Milton, as usual, had said little but had heard much. De Soto's ideas and opinions were all recorded in his mind along with those of Doctor Leech, Mr. Sweeny and May Stanley.

When he returned to Miss Jones' house, he found the front door locked. He had never found it so before, and for that reason had never carried a latch key. He rang the bell. There was a heavy step in the hall; the door opened, and something like a woman confronted him. She was more like a man; there were a few long hairs on her bony chin, and two huge warts on her long pointed nose; she had lost several of her teeth."

"What do you want?" she grumbled.

"I am on my way to my room; I am sorry to trouble you, but I have forgotten my key."

"Well, you'll need it all the time from now on," she said imperatively. "*I'm* going to run this house hereafter, and the front door's going to be kept bolted. Miss Jones has been called out of town very suddenly, and she's not coming back again."

Milton was stunned.

"What's your name?" she shouted.

"Milton."

"Oh, you're Mr. Milton, are you?" she said with a smile, her voice becoming more civil. "Pardon me for speaking so impolitely. I thought you were one of the students."

Then the giantess disappeared so suddenly that Milton believed she had dropped through the floor. When he reached his room, he found a note on his desk, stating that, although there had been a change in landladies, the room was still to be his; that neither the rent for the past nor the

rent for the future would be collected ; that the new landlady would be sure to keep the room clean and in order. It also stated, that if he cared to move out of the house at any time, he was entitled to take the furniture with him wherever he might go. Miss Jones herself had signed the note.

She had told Milton, only the night before, that she was going to help him, and that she was going to prevent at least partially the conditions he had observed. She had also said that she would not speak of it again. It was all so strange, so mysterious that she, who had treated him so kindly, should leave so suddenly without a word of explanation. He could not fathom it.

On his way out to lunch, he noticed that Miss Jones' students were, from all appearances, changing their quarters. Evidently they took a strong dislike to their new landlady. She was certainly less attractive than Miss Jones. One of them was carrying a drop-light under his arm ; a second had several pillows and books ; a third, framed pictures ; a fourth, a Morris chair balanced on his head. Milton recalled that Miss Jones had told him how the students left all their furniture with her. It was evident that the giantess had manifested little or no kindness during her short *régime*, for the students would surely have repaid her for it just as they had Miss Jones.

When Milton returned after the Christmas vacation the first thing to attract his attention was a sign in the window from which the students had lowered the girl. It read: *Rooms For Rent*, but the rooms remained empty. Milton and the giantess were the only two persons in the house. She said nothing more than "Good morning" and "Good night." Several times he asked her why Miss Jones had left ; but he soon gave up all hope of elucidation, for the giantess would close her mouth so firmly that her lips would turn white.

Harold Hollis discontinued his calls. Milton never saw him again the rest of the year. He concluded that Miss Jones had left without delivering his message, for he believed that Hollis knew nothing of his project—the project

in which Hollis and he were to work side by side. Once he was on the point of calling on Hollis at the fraternity house, but the admonition from De Soto—that it was best not to mingle with this “exclusive set”—prevented his visit. Milton decided that Hollis would visit him sometime soon, but not, however, for assistance on his Calculus. For he now had a new instructor; the new schedule gave him a more inspiring teacher—Doctor Wellworth. No doubt Hollis had revived interest in his studies without Milton urging him—at least Milton thought so, and he was glad to believe Hollis was earning his diploma honestly. But nevertheless Hollis would come back once in a while to see his old friend—the friend who was going to help him win the girl of the photograph by allowing him to assist in “the good and great purpose.” Yes; Hollis would return. How often Milton sat in his room of an evening waiting for him! How often he imagined he heard footfalls on the stairs, breathlessly awaiting the knock which would announce his arrival. But Hollis never came.

Once Milton descended the stairs and walked to the room at the end of the hall on the third floor. He opened the door; the room was empty, cold and silent. It had not been swept since the last student had deserted it; strangely enough, there were several chestnut shells on the hearth. He imagined he saw the selfsame woodfire beginning to glow again, and the boy in his white pajamas on his knees before it. The room seemed to grow warmer, and the soft light illuminated the boy’s ruddy face. The flames in the grate rose higher and higher; two of them reached out curiously, like a pair of hungry arms, and drew one of the shells into the fire. The shell squirmed and writhed under the heat which quickly consumed it leaving only a gray weightless powder. The vision of Hollis had disappeared. The room seemed colder than ever. Milton hurried into the hall and quickly closed the door behind him. “It was only an hallucination,” he was whispering to himself, as he ascended the stairs to resume the reading of De Soto’s manuscript.

One night during "prom" week a carriage rolled by the house; in it were a girl, her mother, and a student.

"I used to room there my freshman year," said the student.

"What a dark house!" exclaimed the girl.

"It is no longer used as a students' dormitory," answered the boy, by way of explanation.

"The only light I can see is in a little attic window," said the girl, turning her head to see through the small oval-shaped glass in the rear of the carriage, which had already passed the house and was turning the corner.

"Yes; a graduate student lives up there."

"All alone!" said the girl.

"Yes; they like to live alone. He lived there also at the same time I did. One night he came down to my room, and I showed him your photograph, but graduate students don't care much about girls."

"They are more like dead men, aren't they?" said the mother. "They become so buried in their books that they look like worms."

"Didn't he say anything at all when you showed him the picture?" asked the girl.

"I believe he said you looked like a girl of considerable influence," was the reply.

The girl sighed softly but said nothing as she sank back among the cushions.

"He used to sit up there day and night making thread models," said the student, for the sake of conversation.

"What are thread models?" asked the mother.

"Oh," said the student, "they have something to do with his geometry; our landlady used to say they looked like mouse traps, and they did too."

"Mouse traps!" exclaimed the mother. "What a rat he must be!"

And the carriage rolled on.

A few hours later the student and the girl were dancing to a soft dreamy waltz.

"Do you remember that glorious night last summer

when you and I were in the moonlight on the balcony?" he said.

The girl did not answer. She closed her eyes. He was pressing her tenderly to his bosom. It seemed her feet no longer touched the floor; she had risen and was floating through the air. She was no longer aware of the presence of the dancers, and the music seemed far below her.

"You refused me then," he continued.

"No," she whispered softly. "I only said I must wait."

"And you have waited; it has seemed like years to me. You know how deeply I love you. Why don't you tell me? Why don't you promise me that you'll be mine now? To-night!"

Through her closed eyes she could see a lonely light in a little window—a window among the stars.

"I must wait," she murmured, "I must wait."

How lonely Paul Milton was that night and all the nights that followed! There was a time when he loved to be alone. When he lived in Sweeny's garret across the street, he took delight in his solitude, and yet that garret, with its torn rag carpet and its soiled walls, was anything but comfortable and inviting. But here, where everything was bright and clean, where the new landlady had the light burning for him every evening when he returned to his room, where a fresh bouquet of fragrant flowers was placed on his desk every morning (for Miss Jones had informed the giantess to do this as soon as Spring came)—here he was unbearably lonely and sad, waiting for the boy who never came.

Recitations closed. How happy he was to leave that lonely house! He took home with him De Soto's manuscript together with a whole trunkful of books and journals, which he had, by special permission, taken from the university library for reference in writing his thesis. The thought of knowing that, after working hard in the little studio under his mother's roof, he would return to the university as proctor in Harold Hollis' fraternity made his vacation pass quickly and happily.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE THIRD PROPOSAL

The Bennetts did not entertain an elaborate house-party at Willow Lodge that summer. Mr. Harold Hollis had been introduced to Norford the preceding summer. It was best now to entertain him more privately. Solitude was necessary for Harold and Allaine, thought the parents, if they would ripen "the affair" into an engagement.

Allaine had never mentioned to her father or mother either of the two proposals of marriage which Harold Hollis had made to her.

It was Mr. Bennett who invited Harold to spend the summer with them in the mountains. Hollis was delighted to accept the invitation to the cottage. For what could be more blissful than being near Allaine for the entire summer?

Mr. Bennett's attachment to Harold grew closer each year, and the discovery that the boy had made the same "frat" as Mr. Bennett himself doubly served to strengthen the bond of friendship between them. Allaine noticed that her father was again wearing the Greek letters which he had earlier discarded. He felt that his youth had returned, and he was re-living those happy college days. In his actions, if not in his years, he seemed as young as Hollis himself. He had long ago looked forward to the marriage of this boy and his daughter, and he firmly believed that this very summer on the mountain top would open the bud of courtship.

The two boys—for they were more like two boys than two men—would tramp for hours each morning in the cool shade of the mountain pines. On these strolls they never mentioned the subject which had earlier interested Mr. Ben-

nett: the immorality in college life. Mr. Bennett had completely forgotten Paul Milton; he even neglected to take his Emersons with him that summer. The presence of Hollis was far more interesting to him just then than the pages which had formerly given him such infinite pleasure. He did not even deem it necessary to mention morality and cleanliness in the company of this clean and upright youth; for he knew that he had refused to follow his own father's loose counsel, which alone would have brought ruin to many a son.

Harold had never spoken seriously to Mr. Bennett about Allaine. She must first be willing to give her hand, and then he believed her father's consent would be easily acquired. Now, however, since Harold felt that the father had considerable influence over his daughter and might be able to help him in his courtship, he approached the question.

"We seem to be pretty good friends—you and I," said Harold one morning, as they were strolling along a mountain path to see the sunrise.

Mr. Bennett had his arm across the boy's shoulders.

"The best of friends," he assured him.

"Then I can expect your assistance in something," ventured Harold.

"In all things," responded Mr. Bennett.

"I am not going to try to longer conceal the fact that I love Allaine dearly," began the boy.

"Why should you?" asked Mr. Bennett happily. "It is only natural that a young man should fall in love. I did it myself once upon a time."

"Did you have a hard time getting Mrs. Bennett to accept your proposal?" asked Harold somewhat reluctantly.

"I met her at the promenade during my senior year at college, and we were married the following June."

"That was quick work," said the boy. "But Allaine doesn't seem so willing. I have known her now for two years and have been corresponding with her regularly. I have proposed twice—once on the balcony at Willow Lodge last summer, and again at the 'prom' this winter."

"And without success!" said Mr. Bennett eagerly; for he was glad to get the information which Allaine was keeping from him.

"She didn't exactly refuse me either time; she merely asked me to postpone it—to wait, but I love her too much to wait."

"It is probably for your own good that she has asked you to wait, Harold," said Mr. Bennett. "Allaine is a very sensible girl; very often more sensible than I. She has never mentioned the fact to me, but no doubt she was thinking of your next two years at the university."

"Yes; that is just what she said. But you see I was two years later entering college—two years later than the average student, and now I have reached the age when most of the fellows graduate. I am not anxious for a degree; I feel that I have a good enough education now, considering my two years of foreign travel with Dad. I'm not working for a diploma—I don't want a diploma; I want a wife. I wish to get away from college, and get into a home of my own. I am old enough to love and support a girl. I am not a simpleton; it isn't a case of 'puppy love.' This affair between Allaine and me is no illusion, honestly, Mr. Bennett; not on my part at least. It is true love—real love—necessary love. I am looking for a life's companion. My mother is dead; you know that. My father has his own interests; he will probably marry again—maybe very soon. And then his house could never be a home to me. What I want is a home of my own, and a wife to keep me straight and happy. If I felt that Allaine and I could marry, say within a year, my future would be a paradise; but now it is only filled with doubt, longing and sorrow which may, perhaps, result in ruin."

Mr. Bennett could hear an occasional sob as the boy emptied his heart to him. The reference to his deceased mother had filled the elder man with compassion and a deeper love for Harold Hollis. He took Harold's right hand and pressed it firmly.

"Poor fellow, I shall do what I can for you. I shall talk with Allaine today, and then you can arrange a stroll

in the moonlight tonight; and here's hoping you are more successful this time."

"This is awfully good of you," said Harold.

By this time they had reached the summit, and the sunrise never appeared more glorious and brilliant to the hopeful young collegiate.

We shall not record here the conversation which took place between Allaine and her father that evening while Harold was bathing, shaving and dressing for dinner. During the interview she never mentioned the name of Paul Milton nor the word reform. She knew that Harold Hollis had driven that name and that word from her father's memory. She knew that had Harold Hollis been her own brother, her father could not have loved him more. She knew that if she refused to gratify her father's wish to claim the boy as a son-in-law, she would break her father's heart; and rather than break his she decided to break her own.

The soft, liquid notes of the Japanese gongs floated out into the garden where they first kissed the cool mountain roses and were then wafted through the lattice into Harold's chamber. To him, that dinner call was nothing more than Allaine's sweet musical voice whispering her consent—whispering that oft-postponed promise, which was to unite their souls.

How radiant and immaculate he appeared at table! How his eyes seemed to sparkle with ecstasy! Mr. Bennett told several humorous stories to keep Harold smiling, in order that Allaine might constantly see his perfect, solid, white teeth. Allaine—she, too, looked beautiful, but it was that peculiar, ethereal beauty which veils the countenance when the soul is suffering. She smiled also, but her smile was delicate and sweet—as sweet as the pale lilies in the centerpiece; it did not seem to reflect that radiance which beamed upon it from across the table—a radiance more splendrous than the sunrise that morning.

"We shall have coffee served on the veranda, James," said Mrs. Bennett.

The sun had set, but the sky was still bright—so bright that the moon was only faintly visible behind the pine woods.

"Let us walk to the summit, Allaine," suggested Harold. "The pine trees do not stand in the way of the moon there. We shall watch it rise higher and higher."

Allaine placed her untouched coffee on the mahogany tray.

"Perhaps father and mother would like to accompany us," she said, gazing pleadingly at Mr. Bennett, but she imagined his face frowned mercilessly.

"We shall remain on the veranda," said the father. "We have seen the moon rise very often before."

Harold offered Allaine his arm, and they strolled out through the garden, among the flower-covered bushes.

"How happy they are!" said Mrs. Bennett, as they disappeared behind the tall pines.

"Just as happy as we were then," said Mr. Bennett.

"Just as happy as we are now and ever shall be," added the wife. "It is this which has brought us together again; it has in fact rewedded us and awakened the old love of former years and dispelled the cold indifference which seemed to have invaded our life."

Consequently there were more than one pair of lovers watching the moon that night.

Harold and Allaine were slowly ascending the mountain path. Once they heard a whip-poor-will call to its mate, and afterwards there was only moonlight and silence. Each step was bringing him nearer and nearer to her, and each step was taking her farther and farther from the boy she loved. By the time they had reached the summit, the moon had risen above the pine trees and was shining with unusual splendor.

"You know why I have brought you here, Allaine," he began.

"Yes; Father has told me all."

"He told you that my father is about to marry again, and that I shall then be all alone?"

"Yes," she said.

"And you are going to brighten that loneliness of mine just as the moonlight is brightening the solitude of the pine wood. You are going to make me happy, Allaine, by scattering the darkness which surrounds me. You alone can do that. You are going to promise me tonight—now—that no one shall ever take you from me. You will not ask me to wait any longer; will you, Allaine? Speak, Allaine, speak—tell me you are mine."

She looked out across the mountains—to the east—to the north—to the west—to the south. They seemed like the mighty waves of a silver ocean—waves which were coming nearer and nearer—waves which were about to claim her and carry her away from the boy she had loved and lived for. Where was the ship that was coming to save her? Where was her rescuer? Where was the little head light which had heretofore, at just such perilous moments as this, given her the strength to resist and to wait?

Ah! the night was clear enough, but the old-fashioned oil-lamp was too far away. Yet, at that very hour, Paul Milton was working under its steady, golden glow.

"Why don't you answer?" he cried. "You are tearing my heart. Why do you let me suffer?"

"Do not suffer," she murmured. "I know how terrible it is to suffer; I shall relieve you. I promise; I promise."

"Allaine! Allaine!"

Her head fell upon his bosom, and she began to sob pitifully; the waves had claimed her—his strong arms were drawing her closer and closer to his heart. He, too, was weeping, but they were tears of happiness which trickled down his ruddy cheeks and nestled among the curls of her soft bright hair.

In the fall, Hollis returned to the university, where he was to spend one more year. Then they were to be married in June. Yes; Mrs. Bennett had arranged all that—Allaine and Harold would be united in the month of June on the anniversary of her mother's wedding. No formal announcement of the engagement was to be made until

late in the winter, when Mrs. Bennett planned to send out cards to that effect. Nevertheless, her most intimate friend, Mrs. Samson Pokes, was informed of everything as soon as the Bennetts returned to Willow Lodge. But when that fashionable lady hears anything—well, Mrs. Samson pokes it into several other ears as well. Consequently, Allaine's engagement to Harold Hollis soon became the chief topic of conversation in every social circle of Norford.

The Pokes twins had met Mr. Hollis at the time of the house party at Willow Lodge, when they adored him. How often they spoke of him and his *bonne mine* between themselves! and to think that he never paid the slightest attention to their French Songs and had proposed to Allaine Bennett, who didn't know a word of French and who lowered herself to visit the common folk in the *bas quartiers*! They consoled themselves by concluding that he had no sense whatever, however handsome he might be; and Mrs. Pokes agreed with them—although she gushingly complimented Mrs. Wallace Bennett very highly and sincerely on her future son-in-law.

Allaine was not paying much attention to the preparations which were being made for the reception and for the wedding too. It seemed to her that everything was being planned centuries in advance. She left all to her mother,—even the selection of the bridesmaids,—because Mrs. Bennett knew how to arrange and manage such things exquisitely, and she did them so happily and enthusiastically too.

In the meanwhile, Allaine returned to her charity work. While calling among the tenements, she was able to resume her secret visits to Alice Milton. She had decided to tell the widow everything, because she knew she would learn of it sooner or later. She said that, to please her father, she had consented to marry his college friend's son. She admitted that Harold was a gentleman in every way, and that he loved her dearly, but that it had broken her heart to accept him; because she had hoped and prayed that she might marry the widow's son—the boy whom she had in-

duced her father to send to the university—the only boy whom she ever had loved or ever would love. There was one thing which helped to solace her: the fact that Paul had never known that she loved him, that her love for him had not awakened his love for her, which might have kept him away from his studies and stood in the way of his success. And she made the widow promise she would continue to keep this secret forever—the secret of which only Alice and Allaine knew. How it pained the widow! For she had longed to call Allaine her daughter more ardently than Mr. Bennett had longed to call Harold his son. She had believed with certainty that the day would soon come when she and Allaine would live together and do all they could for Paul, but now all her hopes were blighted, and she sat beside the girl, and both of them wept bitterly. In the presence of her father and her mother, Allaine managed to keep up her spirits; it was only at the widow's cottage that she shed her tears. The widow was the only human soul with whom she shared her sorrow—the only person in Norford who could really comfort her.

CHAPTETR XIX

THE FINAL IMPETUS

The proctor's room in the house which the fraternity had leased from the university as their temporary quarters was little larger than an alcove. It was, in fact, originally intended for use in connection with the very spacious room adjoining it. The partition between these two rooms was very thin, but the door through this partition had been heavily bolted from the other side. Milton entered his room through another door—one which opened into a general hallway. He removed the desk, the chair, the rug, the cot and the lamp from Miss Jones' attic, as she had requested him to do; he also decorated the new walls with the pictures of his old friends—the famous mathematicians, which De Soto had given him. After Milton had hung his clothes in the narrow closet, the janitor carried his empty trunk to the fourth floor, and placed it in the room just overhead.

The house was not large enough to domicile all the members of the fraternity; only the juniors lived here. The other members had found quarters elsewhere. Harold Hollis was of course a junior now, and, as chance would have it, he and his roommate occupied the spacious room next to Milton's alcove and separated from it by the bolted door.

Milton had just gone to bed for the first time in his new room. He was half asleep, when he felt some one slap him on the thigh in a friendly way. He woke up with a start and found a boy sitting on the edge of his cot. The room was almost dark; there was just enough light for Milton to observe that the boy was in white pajamas. He could not see his face, but plainly detected the odor of liquor on his breath.

"What's the matter?" asked Milton.

"Pardon me," said the boy, with a hiccough between the two words. "I must be in the wrong bed;" and he staggered through the door.

A few minutes later that boy was fast asleep breathing heavily in his own bed, which was beside Milton's and separated from it only by the thin partition already referred to.

Milton never found out who it was that made the visit; he didn't care to know. The visitor himself never knew what had happened.

The term rolled on. Milton had remembered De Soto's advice: not to mingle too much with the "exclusive set." In spite of the fact that he was living at a house in which every room was occupied, he found himself more lonely than he had been in Miss Jones' house after it had been vacated by all except himself.

Although the rooms were luxuriously furnished, although they were palaces of comfort, nevertheless, the students cared very little to be in them. They were usually at recitations, ball games, "movies," theatres, taverns, or strolling about town. The house was a dormitory in the truest sense—in it they did little more than sleep. After dinner in the evening, they rarely returned to their rooms until ten and eleven o'clock, when they would open a textbook and study for perhaps fifteen minutes, then either go to bed or leave the house again, some of them remaining out all night and returning in the morning to find the lights still burning over their deserted desks. On Saturdays, the majority of them left town to be gone until the following Monday or Tuesday.

Milton was not at all astounded when he attended the first Junior faculty meeting of the year and learned that half of the men in the fraternity house were on probation and most of the remaining ones on official warning. He began to understand why there had been "ten exclusions" in his division the preceding year. The poor boy at one time believed that most students studied as conscientiously

as he himself had studied in Mr. Sweeny's garret, but now he was learning differently. But as he was requested not to report anything until the students "attempted to burn down the house," he kept silent. He understood also that Oswald's being an uninspiring teacher was not the only reason why Harold Hollis had neglected his studies.

Nevertheless, he had not lost hope. He still believed in Harold Hollis. If Hollis had neglected his studies, he would profit by the serious results of it. He still entertained the hope that he would have him as a fellow-worker for "the good and great purpose." He could not, however, quite understand the change which had come over the boy. Nevertheless it only served to deepen his love for him. He wondered why the boy never came into his room, as he had done in preceding years. Milton never went into Hollis' room, because he had the feeling that a proctor was not welcome there. Earlier in the year Hollis used to speak when they met on the stairs, but later he seemed to avoid him. Often Milton would not see him for weeks. But this separation only brought Hollis nearer to him. Milton was happy—happy that he was again under the same roof with the boy he loved—happy that he always slept at his side, even though there was a thin partition between them.

Milton never closed the door of his own room. He kept it open day and night whether he was at work or asleep. It seemed to bring him nearer to the students, however distant they were to him. Hollis often passed the open door and, on entering his own room, would close his sometimes with a violent slam; that slam always pained Milton. There was one night in each week when the fraternity marched to its tomb. That night the house was left in total darkness, and black shades were drawn over all the windows. This added much to the loneliness of the proctor. He was always glad to hear the clock strike midnight and to hear the footsteps of the returning fraternity come nearer and nearer. He was glad when he heard Hollis pass his open door—glad to be near him again on the other side of the partition. Such a thin partition!

Milton still upheld Hollis as a representative student. He still considered him upright and clean—an example whom other students might well follow. What Milton wanted to do for Hollis he wanted to do for every student in the house, for every student in the university: he wanted to preserve their manhood and their honor.

The thesis was progressing rapidly. He had completed the greater part of it during the summer. He had worked almost all the problems suggested in De Soto's manuscript, and was now engaged in drawing, with brilliantly colored inks, the final figures which were to accompany them. He had procured a package of paper of the exact size and quality which De Soto himself had used, for Milton intended to insert the problems at the proper places throughout the manuscript and wanted his work to conform accurately with the professor's. The quality of Milton's paper was the same, but the quality of the work which Milton had placed upon it was far superior to that of the scientist. There was indeed as much art as there was science in Milton's thesis, which formed a stack of papers just as high as that which the geometer had given him with the warning to preserve them carefully.

Milton's thesis had not banished his earlier experiences from his mind; it did not affect him as his music had done. Leech, Sweeny and May Stanley often loomed up to remind him, it seemed, that he had not yet performed that other duty. At times when he was troubled most by these mental storms, he found shelter in his thesis—shelter, but not escape. The thesis did not stop the downpour—the torrent of thought, which beat upon his brain; it merely served to lessen the pelts, for he could always hear it splashing and dashing above him, far away perhaps, but always within earshot. During the night he sometimes awoke suddenly with the feeling that a great weight was resting on his brain or that his head was clamped in a vise. The voice was still calling him—the inaudible voice. The music from his violin might have silenced that voice, but Milton did not wish to silence it. He wanted to be awake. He wanted to

be alert, ready to respond to the cry of the vulture. He wanted to know and understand his fellow-men as they were. Miss Jones' optimism had vanished almost simultaneously with Miss Jones herself.

He only began to realize how wonderful his solitude was. It was not the same solitude which his music had produced—the solitude which isolated him bodily and mentally from his fellow-beings. It was a solitude which was bringing them into every hour of his daily life. It was an isolation which was uniting him to them inseparately. He was closer—far closer to them now than he would have been had he allowed himself to throw his arms about their necks.

Allaine Bennett had indeed selected the right boy to send to the university to accomplish that which her father had desired. Mr. Bennett had sent a boy who saw far more deeply into the causes of conditions than Mr. Bennett himself had seen. Mr. Bennett saw them only from the point of view of a student. Milton had seen that far when he had completed his senior year in Sweeny's garret. It was only natural that Mr. Bennett grew impatient because the youth had not acted earlier. But Providence knew better than Mr. Bennett; so did Allaine. Providence was showing Milton the matter from all points and angles. Providence was holding the boy back until he saw all and the more important causes which lay at the very root of the immorality which flourished around the university.

Allaine had once told her father that the reason why Paul Milton had not undertaken or agitated a reform was because the things he had seen had not come close enough to the boy's own heart. The girl was quite right. If that moment should ever arrive when the boy's own heart were pierced, then the bulb, now latent as a weight on his mind, would burst; and it would bloom, nourished by the warm blood gushing from the wound and by the penetrating ray of light which had caused it.

It was next to the last day of the term, just before the Christmas vacation. The students were closeted in their

rooms with tutors, preparing for the last examination. As in Coddington's case, their pleasures had rendered them mentally unfit and too stupid for self-reliance and application. Milton had solved and copied the last problem in De Soto's manuscript, and the two stacks of papers—the professor's work and Milton's thesis—were on his desk completed. The thought of a Christmas vacation without the burden of mental labor was a happy one, and he had visions of the restful three weeks he would spend with his mother at the little cottage with no thesis to take him from her. He decided to pack his trunk at once.

The janitor was out, and Milton himself ascended the stairs to the trunk room, which was just over his alcove. While searching for his own among the many other trunks, he noticed a picture—an unframed picture standing on a wooden box. It was a picture of a football squad and was rather faded. Nevertheless he could plainly distinguish the faces of the players—especially the player in the center of the group, who was no other than Tom Kuhler. Some one had written across the picture this inscription: The Varsity Squad that won the Greatest Victory in the History of the University.

Milton had always learned much in garrets—unpleasant things which he would rather not have learned, but things which seemed nevertheless to lie in wait for him—things which destiny would not permit him to escape. He picked up the picture to view it more closely, but just as his eyes were about to meet Tom Kuhler's they fell on something else: behind the picture stood four small bottles and four syringes, one of which was plainly labeled "HOLLIS." Milton felt himself grow deathly sick; his face became ghastly pale, and he sank to the floor in a faint. When he came to, he was covered with a cold sweat. He arose and staggered from the room, his knees trembling as though he were being pursued by a poisonous serpent—the serpent of victory, which he had awakened from its long sleep, coiled up in a nest of slime.

Little wonder that the boy always heard that splashing tempest above! When De Soto had assigned the proctor to

his alcove on the third floor, he had told him there would be nothing done overhead to disturb him. If every room on that fourth floor had been occupied and if in every room each night the students had executed a war dance, it would not have disturbed Milton one small fraction as much as this secret cure and prevention, which they practiced so silently directly over his head.

When he reached his room he fell across the bed and wept. He lay there for one hour, trying hard to control himself, but in vain; it seemed a knife had entered his heart, and he could not stop the wound. He was bleeding—bleeding for Harold Hollis—the boy whom he loved and whom he had hoped would help him clean the university.

Dusk was approaching. Milton's eyes were red with weeping; his head, as well as his heart, was throbbing with pain. His love for Hollis had, with this discovery, increased tenfold, and with it a love for all the students of the university. He jumped from the bed, with a voice ringing in his ears; it may have been the cry of the vulture, or perhaps it was the voice of God:

"Go forward! Fight for your brother! Do not faint, but fight! Save them! Die for them if it must needs be! Forsake all! Sacrifice all! Leave all! Follow only me by leading the great battle for Good and Right!"

The street lamps came on suddenly and illuminated the faces of the great modern mathematicians which were tacked on the wall.

"What have they done?" cried the voice. "What have they done for humanity? What have they cared for humanity? Nothing. They locked themselves up in their garrets. They forgot that humanity existed. They ignored humanity—ignored it as it sank lower and lower, crying for help outside their selfish sanctums. Souls were going to perdition and ruin; the Spirit of Christian Brotherhood was going there also. And what had replaced it? The works of genius. And what were these? Nonsense—worthless stuff which would mold and rot unread on the shelves of our libraries, black with dust and darkness! And this was

enlightenment! This was progress! This was the great purpose of a university! This was the purpose which human love defeats! Well might it defeat it! Enlightenment? It is not enlightenment; it is blindness. It closes the eyes of genius to suffering humanity. It closes the ears of genius to the wails of fellow-men. Burn your research! and let the heat from the flames warm the icy heart which has ceased to beat in your cold inhuman bosom! Burn your research! and let the light of the flames show you the proper path—the path of love, brotherhood, Christianity—the path which God has laid out for you to follow! Burn your research! and let the roaring of the flames open your ears to the silent cries of your suffering brothers! Burn your research! and scatter the ashes to the wind! Burn it! Burn it! Burn it!”

Milton heard the crackling of a large wood fire in Hollis' room and saw the red reflection on the wall outside his door. In another moment he had seized the thesis, rushed through the hall into Hollis' room, and hurled the stack of papers among the flames. The fire roared; the heat beat against his face, flushed his cheeks, and dried the tears in his eyes—those large dark eyes which were now beaming as brightly and as wildly as the flames themselves. How it thrilled him to see his thesis reduced to weightless ashes—the thesis on which he had wasted a whole summer, and which was now leaving him free, as it floated lightly up the chimney to be scattered on the wind!

A flake of the burned paper floated out into the room. Milton watched it drifting through the air. It finally settled on Hollis' desk just in front of a girl's photograph—the picture of Allaine Bennett. His heart was wounded afresh. He took the frame in his hands and sank before the hearth into the davenport. This was the girl whom he had so longed to see united with the boy he loved. This girl who should have been the first and only woman to reward Hollis with the sweet pleasure which his work for a great cause would have merited! How much he had wanted Hollis to enjoy that pleasure—the pleasure which could

bring him nothing but happiness and smiling children! What happiness would there be in that union now? Hollis had tasted that pleasure before he had earned it, and, as Alice Milton said, he was visited by disease. Some woman had usurped the sacred rights and joys which belonged to this girl alone. Some woman had poisoned the boy, and he might in turn poison this innocent girl, whose sweet pure face Milton now held between his own hands. A tear fell upon the glass through which those eyes seemed to gaze so knowingly, so approvingly. How he had yearned to make her happy by preserving the manhood of the boy who had first shown him her beautiful face that night before the fireplace! What a happy night that was for Milton! But now—Alas! it was only too true—he saw the shell consumed by the flames, as it lay there, squirming and writhing with pain.

“Is your room cold?” asked a voice behind him.

He turned about quickly and saw a boy lying on the bed—a boy wrapped in an ash-colored corduroy robe. Milton had not seen that boy’s face for an age. The cheeks were no longer blooming; they seemed yellow and withered like the halves of a pod which has already scattered its seed. The lips were thin and colorless; the forehead, no longer smooth. The eyes, which had turned toward Milton, were dull and heavy.

“I hope I haven’t disturbed you.”

“No,” said Hollis coolly. “I’m not feeling very well, and I thought I would try to sleep a little.”

“I am sorry I awoke you.”

“It doesn’t matter; I shall soon fall asleep again.” Hollis’ head fell back on the pillow, and he turned his face toward the partition.

Milton left the room on tiptoe and closed the door softly. When he reached his own, he found that he had unknowingly carried Allaine Bennett’s picture with him. Rather than disturb Hollis again, he placed it upon his own desk. The surrounding darkness seemed to intensify the light which the street lamps cast upon the wall. He could see

the faces of the mathematicians though not distinctly. They had changed, it seemed, since he had burned his research; they were sneering at him, and their revengeful eyes followed him about the room reproachfully. He snatched the pictures from the wall and tore them into a hundred shreds. Then he put on his hat and coat, and left the room.

When he returned after his dinner, he did not light his desk lamp immediately, but lay on his bed for an hour or two in the darkness. His thoughts were with the boy in the other room. He imagined he could see those hollow cheeks through the partition. How gladly he would part with his own blood to restore them to their former ruddiness! Milton's room was growing cold. How he longed to go into Hollis' room and talk before the cheery woodfire, but he feared he might disturb him.

It was too early to retire. What should he do? He again donned his hat and overcoat for a long walk through the snow. In the hall all was still save for the occasional moaning of the wind among the rafters on the fourth floor. It sounded like a serpent hissing up there—a serpent which had been cornered and which was fighting to defend itself against some dauntless hero who had appeared to exterminate it.

Milton stopped outside Hollis' door; he imagined he heard the boy breathing heavily. Should he leave him alone in the house? Suppose he should awaken and wish some warm food. It would not do to allow him to go out; for the thermometer registered zero, and the snow was falling so abundantly that it stood a foot high in the streets.

Milton was about to take off his overcoat when he heard the front door open. Two boys entered, one helping the other up the steps. Perhaps this "brother" would also help the sick man, and attend to getting him some food. Milton felt more satisfied, and after the stairs were cleared, he descended and started out for his walk.

The streets were alive with students. It was the last night of the term—the last night of the old year which they

would spend in college. They were out celebrating, snow-balling one another. A dozen or more of them stood before a brilliantly lighted saloon.

"Doc Leech has passed all the men in his division!" shouted one of them, just as Milton was passing.

"How do you know?" asked another.

"He has done it for the last five years, and there's no reason why he shouldn't do it again. I haven't done a stroke of work for him all term."

"Hurrah for Leech! Let's all have a drink to his health!"

And with one accord, they filed through the swinging doors.

Milton walked on. Ten minutes later he passed 53 Melton Street. The shades of the windows on the second floor were closely drawn, but on one of them he saw the shadow of Doctor Leech with a bottle lifted to his lips.

Later he met three students from his own house, staggering along and trying to hold one another up. Not wishing to see them, he turned into the dark side street he was about to cross. After walking a few squares, he heard the twangy notes of an ancient piano. Two students opened a door on the other side of the street, and he saw several couples dancing within. One couple in particular appeared more conspicuous to him than the others; he had seen both their pale worn faces before—one several years ago, the other but a few hours since. Milton groaned.

Then it was May Stanley—the tail of the serpent of victory—who had poisoned Harold Hollis. Milton hurried away, his eyes burning with unshed tears. If he could only enter that house and persuade Hollis to return again to the dormitory. He knew that the others who were dancing would laugh at him, but even so, he must do it. He turned to retrace his steps, but he was lost. The music had ceased, and the house had disappeared as if by magic. The night was still; and the snow fell silently and thickly over all.

Milton walked on—he knew not whither. He was thinking of all the things that had happened since his own visit

to May Stanley's establishment with Arch Coddington, now so long ago. It seemed some invisible hand was leading him where he could have a last glance at those things which should incite him to reform the community. It was growing colder and colder. The icy wind pierced his overcoat, and cut into his back. He began to tremble and shiver; his teeth clattered. He was lonely. Even a kennel would be comfortable; even a dog would be company. But a light in the lower windows made him doubt if he was really standing before Mr. Sweeny's house. He rang the bell to make sure. Mr. Sweeny himself answered it. He seemed glad to see his faithful servant, helped him off with his coat, and ushered him into the front room, which was nice and warm.

"You have a light in this room now," said Milton.

"Yes," replied Sweeny, "ever since Miss Jones has left town."

Milton was startled at the remark.

"What has that to do with it?" asked the boy.

"We don't have to watch her house no more; it was the only loose house on the street. You've heard about it—hain't you?"

"I knew she had left town; but I didn't know why," said Milton.

"Well, its time you're findin' out. She was a clever one—she was," snickered Sweeny.

"What do you mean?" asked the boy.

"And you livin' in the house with her, and never knowin' it! I just thought so."

Milton had once suspected Miss Jones, and he began to wonder now if that suspicion was perhaps correct.

"Well," continued the landlord, "she run a sort of harem over there. It was different from the old Sultan's harem—just the opposite. She was the Sultan herself, and her students were her husbands. Do you get me?"

Milton determined to listen to the cry of the vulture, horrible and vulgar as it was.

"They went into her room on scheduled time—each man had his night in the week," added Sweeny.

Milton shuddered, for he recalled how Hollis' visit on his aunt occurred regularly on the night the Mathematical Club met, and how he had seen him leaving her room when he was returning from the meetings of the club. He could not believe that Hollis had deliberately lied to him about his family relation to Miss Jones, but the next remark of the landlord removed all doubt.

"What was your night with Aunt Clarabelle?" asked Sweeny, emphasizing the word *Aunt*.

Milton colored.

"Don't blush," said the landlord. "Every one in the whole town knows you're a virgin. The students told me you was as slow as a snail. They yelled and laughed when they heard that you was goin' to be a proctor for that bunch you're livin' with now. They said the faculty might just as well have put a curlin' poker in the house to keep them guys straight. You didn't care to believe what I told you about this university; did you? I suppose you're goin' to get another degree this June—one of them Ph. D.'s or D. F.'s or something like that. Keep on; you'll learn something some of these days."

After Milton left Mr. Sweeny's room, he glanced at the house across the street. It was in that house that he had first met the boy who was going to help him reform the university. That house was now dark and deserted. Hollis had lied to him, but Milton now loved the boy more deeply than ever, and in him he still saw a mighty fellow-reformer. The things which Hollis had done would make him a more ardent reformer than Milton himself. Hollis had seen far more of and had come far closer to immorality than Paul Milton; he had been swamped in the very quagmire which both of them would strive to exterminate. Was it not their combined action which had already raided and destroyed one of these quagmires—the dark building on the other side of the street? Was it not their combined action which had sent Miss Jones out of the community? and sent her out voluntarily? When Milton realized that he had unconsciously opened this woman's eyes

to her own wrong, he knew the work of reform had already begun!

He was considerably happier when he returned to the fraternity dormitory than when he had left it. He lighted his desk lamp; the picture of Allaine Bennett smiled up at him, filling him with encouragement and spurring him on to continue the battle—the fight for God and righteousness. It was with some reluctance that he returned the inspiring photograph to the desk in Hollis' room. Then he undressed, extinguished his lamp, and retired, leaving the door of his room open as usual.

He lay there for some time awake, waiting for Hollis to return. He wanted to have his fellow-worker at his side. The partition between them was becoming thinner and thinner; he knew that it must eventually give way.

He was almost asleep when he heard a student stumbling up the stairs. The student did not pass Milton's open door; he stopped before it, and cried out into the darkness with a voice that quivered with misery and dejection:

"It is you who have ruined me. I had a mistress—one whom I could trust—one who took great care not to pollute me. You took her away from me; you banished her. I heard all you told her; I was standing outside your door just as I am tonight. You sent her away from me, and I had to find another, because I couldn't resist it. I couldn't, I tell you; I tried, but I couldn't. And I found one,—an ordinary street rat,—and she has ruined me, poisoned me, rotted me. This is what you have brought me to. You! You! You! Don't look at me or speak to me again."

Milton sprang from his bed and ran into the hall. Hollis had entered his own room and closed the door with a violent slam. Milton tried to open it, but it was bolted from the inside.

CHAPTER XX

THE MESSAGE FROM "THE ALUMNI"

They were sitting together at the little table. He had just arrived that morning and how glad and proud she was to prepare and serve his breakfast!

"It feels so good to have you home again," said the widow.

"I have never been gladder to come home—to come home to you and to Christmas. The real meaning of Christmas is wonderful; isn't it, Mother?"

"Yes, my son, but tell me—must you spend your whole vacation working on your thesis again?"

"That thesis is finished."

"Finished!" exclaimed the widow.

"Yes, Mother."

"Oh! I am so glad. I was beginning to grow a wee bit jealous of it, Paul, because it kept you away from me so much."

"It has kept me away from everybody. It was a horrible thesis—a worthless thesis!"

"Paul! No, no; I did not mean to say that."

"But I do," replied Paul. "It was nothing but foolish, nonsensical geometry—highly theoretical—absolutely impracticable—there was not one word in it to benefit mankind—there was not a thought in it that would cheer a human heart or save a human soul. It was all bosh—nothing but bosh from beginning to end."

"Paul! Paul! What has come over you? This thesis is going to bring you your degree. I shall see my son march up the aisle of that grand old chapel among all those great and dignified men of learning in their gold-tasseled caps and colored velvet robes; and the great pipe organ—the

majestic voice of God—will pour forth its song of praise from a hundred golden throats; and the President of the University will read your name—and perhaps he will some day place one of those purple velvet hoods over your head.”

“Never over my head, Mother,” said Paul.

“But, Paul! don’t you understand that this is the good and great purpose for which you have left me these many years?”

“You have the wrong idea of greatness, Mother. True greatness does not consist of such superficial ostentation. Our commencement processions with men dressed up in red, green, blue and yellow robes trailing along after a brass band—why it is almost as spectacular as a circus parade!”

“Paul! Paul!” was all the astonished widow could say.

“It is true, Mother—that is mere ostentation; not greatness. Instead of conferring honorary degrees and velvet hoods upon these great scientists and artists and lawyers and poets, the university would do better to reform itself—to Christianize itself. When a man has done something which pleases God, God doesn’t decorate him like a clown in a circus. All of this is done to give the university publicity—not to reward the man’s work. And then the public thinks what a wonderful place the university is—but if they only knew!”

“I don’t understand you, Paul.”

“O Mother, I have never told you anything, but I have seen and heard so much that my heart is sick. I am disgusted with universities through and through. I am going to give up my teaching, my geometry, my research, everything; and I am going to fight for improvement—fight for humanity—fight for brotherhood—fight for God.”

“With a sword!” exclaimed the widow—for her son did appear somewhat terrible just then, as his hand grasped the handle of the table knife with a piece of red jelly trembling on the end of the blade.

“No; with a pen. I am going to write another thesis. I have destroyed—I have burned the old one—burned it, Mother, burned it!”

"Burned it?" gasped the widow.

"Yes, thank God," said Paul, and his large eyes at that moment seemed to reflect again the light of the roaring flames which had devoured his work on De Soto's manuscript.

"But the university hasn't given you all these free scholarships for the purpose of fighting against its principles. The Alumni sent you there to help the university—to improve it."

"That is just what I am going to do," responded Paul. "The principles of the university are wrong and inhumane. I am going to serve it by bettering them."

"But, Paul dear, it is not only at the university that such conditions exist. They are prevalent the world over; it is the principles of the world that are wrong and inhumane."

"True, Mother; yet who but educated men can undertake to reform the world, and how will the world ever become reformed as long as students themselves are immoral? Don't you see clearly that there's only one place to begin the amelioration of the universe? The university."

He had convinced her.

"But does the university know what you intend to do?" she asked.

"No; only you and I know it. Don't tell any one else. Promise me: promise me you won't. I wish to work alone."

Alice promised, but immediately added: "You can't do it alone, Paul."

"No; not without God."

The widow was silent.

"It is God who is going to help me," said Paul. "He has already helped me; He has shown me this path, and it is to Him only that I must look for further guidance."

"You are right, my boy—you are quite right."

And Paul arose from the table and threw his arms about his mother's neck.

"You won't mind it—will you Mother?—if I spend most of my vacation up there," he said, pointing overhead, "up there in the studio."

"What doing?" asked the widow.

"Receiving messages—God's messages," was the answer.

The mother looked at her son curiously, and then she seemed to understand everything and nodded with a smile.

"The good and great purpose!" she murmured.

When Paul went up to the studio the first thing his eyes fell upon was the set of Emerson with which "The Alumni" had presented him. He had never looked inside of them, because his geometry had kept him away. He took the volume of *Lectures and Biographical Sketches* from the shelf and opened it, by chance, to the very page on which the essay on *Perpetual Forces* ended. His eyes became focused on a sentence in the middle of the last paragraph: *The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men.* He at once concluded that "God's messages" were to come through these books, and, strangely enough, from that moment on, he read during the entire Christmas vacation, beginning early each morning and reading late into the night. It seemed he could not leave the books; he clung to them as though his eyes were glued to the print. It seemed he was reading his own autobiography—his past, his present, and even his future, as he wished to see it. Each word was a light—a lamp, which illuminated the path over which he had already trodden as well as the path over which he was yet to pass.

And to think that the alumni had sent them—The Alumni of *his* Alma Mater! After all, they wanted him to do the very thing which he himself had decided to do. Then they did see something more noble than football! Tom Kuhler had received their applause—but what did that wild exotic screaming amount to? How could the boisterous cheering of that infuriated mob ever incite a man to accomplish something worth while? There was no true reverence in that mad display of animalism. It was the unseen and unheard message which the alumni were voicing in these books—only this could lead a hero to real greatness.

At the end of the vacation, Milton had completed reading most of the volumes, underlining and double-underlining something on every page—sentences which were to help him. He had come home without a single book in his trunk, but when he returned to the university he packed the entire set among his clothing, wrapping them in his shirts and linens to prevent them from becoming bruised and torn during transportation. He told his mother he was taking back a trunkful of friends—not friends who conversed on dry mathematical topics, but friends who spoke beautifully and forcibly—friends with a love for humanity. He could never be lonely again with such as these.

Milton was unaware of the fact that, while he was reading at night, there was often a girl gazing through the studio window from the little stone balcony at Willow Lodge. Her engagement to Mr. Harold Hollis was announced publicly at a monstrous reception which was held shortly after Milton returned to the university. It was almost as happy and as merry a Christmas for Mr. and Mrs. Bennett as it was for Paul Milton in his studio. But it was a sad Christmas for the engaged couple: they had not even spent that day together. Harold had sent Allaine a letter in which he stated that his absence would be due to the fact that his father was soon to be married again, and that he—Harold—felt that they should spend the last Christmas in their old home together, for it would never seem like home again. But he went on to say that he was looking forward to the next Christmas, when he and Allaine would be living happily in a little home all of their own.

CHAPTER XXI

WHAT MILTON UNDERLINED IN EMERSON

Now and then a man exquisitely made can live alone, and must; but coop up most men and you undo them.*

But one condition is essential to the social education of man, namely, morality.°

Let him look on opposition as opportunity.†

It is what is done and suffered in the house, in the constitution, in the temperament, in the personal history, that has the profoundest interest for us.**

Genius and virtue, like diamonds, are best plain-set—set in lead, set in poverty.**

The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call into activity the higher perceptions and subdue the low habits of comfort and luxury; but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere; only the low habits need palaces and banquets.**

It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity in safe and right channels, and made them, despite themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful and the good.**

For we do not listen with the best regard to the verses of a man who is only a poet, nor to his problems if he is only an algebraist; but if a man is at once acquainted with the geometrical foundations of things and with their festal splendor, his poetry is exact and his arithmetic musical.°°

There can be no greatness without abandonment.°°

No, what has been best done in the world,—the works of

*Society and Solitude.

**Domestic Life.

°Civilization.

°°Works and Days.

†Eloquence.

genius,—cost nothing. There is no painful effort, but it is the spontaneous flowing of thought.°°

I have known persons of rare ability who were heavy company to good social men who knew well enough how to draw out others of retiring habit; and, moreover, were heavy to intellectual men who ought to have known them. And does it never occur that we perhaps live with people too superior to be seen,—as there are musical notes too high for the scale of most ears?*

A scholar does not wish to be always pumping his brains; he wants gossips.*

The third excellence is courage, the perfect will, which no terrors can shake, which is attracted by frowns or threats or hostile armies, nay, needs these to awake and fan its reserved energies into a pure flame, and is never quite itself until the hazard is extreme; then it is serene and fertile, and all its powers play well.°

'Tis said courage is common, but the immense esteem in which it is held proves it to be rare. Animal resistance, the instinct of the male animal when cornered, is no doubt common; but the pure article, courage with eyes, courage with conduct, self-possession at the cannon's mouth, cheerfulness in lonely adherence to the right, is the endowment of elevated characters.°

They can conquer who believe they can.°

Courage is directness,—the instant performing of that which he ought.°

Morphy played a daring game in chess: the daring was only an illusion of the spectator, for the player sees his move to be well fortified and safe.°

True courage is never ostentatious.°

There is a persuasion in the soul of man that he is here for cause, that he was put down in this place by the Creator to do the work for which he inspires him, that thus he is an overmatch for all antagonists that could combine against him.*

Sacred courage indicates that a man loves an idea better

°°Work and Days.

*Clubs.

°Courage.

than all things in the world ; that he is aiming neither at pelf nor comfort, but will venture all to put in act the invisible thought in his mind.*

Wolf, snake and crocodile are not inharmonious in Nature, but are made useful as checks, scavengers and pioneers ; and we must have a scope as large as Nature's to deal with beast-like men, detect what scullion function is assigned them, and foresee in the secular melioration of the planet how these will become unnecessary and will die out.°

If you accept your thoughts as inspirations from the Supreme Intelligence, obey them when they prescribe difficult duties, because they come only so long as they are used ; or, if your skepticism reaches to the last verge, and you have no confidence in any foreign mind, then be brave, because there is one good opinion which must always be of consequence to you, namely, your own.°

Self-trust is the first secret of success, the belief that if you are here the authorities of the universe put you here, and for cause, or with some task strictly appointed you in your constitution, and so long as you work at that you are well and successful. It by no means consists in rushing prematurely to a showy feat that shall catch the eye and satisfy spectators. It is enough if you work in the right direction.†

Cannot we please ourselves with performing our work, or gaining truth and power, without being praised for it?†

I pronounce that young man happy who is content with having acquired the skill which he had aimed at, and waits willingly when the occasion of making it appreciated shall arrive, knowing well that it will not loiter.†

To awake in man and to raise the sense of worth, to educate his feeling and judgment so that he shall scorn himself for a bad action, that is the only aim.†

There is the like tempest in every good head in which some great benefit for the world is planted.‡

All the functions of human duty irritate and lash him forward, bemoaning and chiding, until they are performed.‡

Our instincts drove us to hve innumerable experiences,

*Courage.

†Success.

‡Old Age.

that are yet of no visible value, and which we may keep for twice seven years before they shall be wanted.†

The day comes when the hidden author of our story is found; when the brave speech returns straight to the hero who said it; when the admirable verse finds the poet to whom it belongs; and best of all, when the lonely thought, which seemed so wise, yet half-wise, half-thought, because it cast no light abroad, is suddenly matched in our mind by its twin, by its sequence, or next related analogy, which gives it instantly radiating power, and justifies the superstitious instinct with which we have hoarded it.‡

God himself does not speak prose, but communicates with us by hints, omens, inference and dark resemblances in objects lying all around us.*

Every writer is a skater, and must go partly where he would, and partly where the skates carry him.*

There is no choice of words for him who clearly sees the truth. That provides him with the best word.*

If your subject do not appear to you the flower of the world at this moment, you have not rightly chosen it.*

In dreams we are true poets; we create the persons of the drama; we give them appropriate figures, faces, costume; they are perfect in their organs, attitude, manners: moreover, they speak after their own characters, not ours;—they speak to us, and we listen with surprise to what they say.*

As the imagination is not a talent of some men but is the health of every man, so also is this joy of musical expression. I know the pride of mathematicians and materialists, but they cannot conceal from me their capital want.*

I honor the geometer, but he has before him higher power and happiness than he knows.*

In proportion as a man's life comes into union with truth, his thoughts approach to a parallelism with the currents of natural laws, so that he easily expresses his meaning by natural symbols, or uses the ecstatic or poetic speech.
. . . In proportion as his life departs from this simplicity,

†Old Age.

*Poetry and Imagination.

he uses circumlocution,—by many words hoping to suggest what he cannot say.*

He whose word or deed you cannot predict, who answers you without any supplication in his eye, who draws his determination from within, and draws it instantly,—that man rules.°

Whilst one man by his manners pins me to the wall, with another I walk among the stars.°

A few times in my life it has happened to me to meet persons of so good a nature and so good breeding that every topic was open and discussed without possibility of offence,—persons who could not be shocked.°

Of course those people, and no others, interest us, who believe in their thought, who are absorbed, if you please to say so, in their own dream.°

A determined man, by his very attitude and the tone of his voice, puts a stop to defeat, and begins to conquer.†

A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good.‡

Whoever expresses to us a just thought makes ridiculous the pains of the critic who should tell him where such a word had been said before.‡

We are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates.‡

Our best thought came from others. We heard in their words a deeper sense than the speakers put into them, and could express ourselves in other people's phrases to finer purpose than they knew.‡

And what is originality? It is being, being one's self, and reporting accurately what we see and are.‡

Every book is written with a constant secret reference to a few intelligent persons whom the writer believes to exist in the million.**

And the first measure of a mind is its centrality, its capacity of truth, and its adhesion to it.**

*Poetry and Imagination.

†Quotation and Originality.

°Social Aims.

†Resources.

**Progress of Culture.

The foundation of culture, as of character, is at last the moral sentiment.**

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world.**

The great heart will no more complain of the obstructions that make success hard, than of the iron walls of the gun which hinder the shot from scattering. It was walled round with iron tube with that purpose, to give it irresistible force in one direction.**

It is the ardor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defender.**

I believe that nothing great and lasting can be done except by inspiration, by leaning on the secret augury.*

A rush of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to us.

What is a man good for without enthusiasm? and what is enthusiasm but the daring of ruin for its object?

"No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness, nor can anything grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken except by the agitated soul."* (Aristotle).

When the spirit chooses you for its scribe to publish some commandment, it makes you odious to men and men odious to you, and you shall accept that loathsomeness with joy.°

There are some hints toward what is in all education a chief necessity,—the right government, or, shall I say? the right obedience to the powers of the human soul. Itself is the dictator; the mind itself the awful oracle. All our power, all our happiness consists in our reception of its hints, which ever become clearer and grander as they are obeyed.°

Self-respect is the early form in which greatness appears. The man in the tavern maintains his opinion, though the whole crowd takes the other side; we are at once drawn to him.†

They may well fear Fate who have any infirmity of habit

**Progress of Culture.

°Inspiration.

†Greatness.

or aim; but he who rests on what he is, has a destiny above destiny, and can make mouths at Fortune.†

There is somewhat in the true scholar which he cannot be laughed out of, nor be terrified or bought off from. Stick to your own; don't inculcate yourself in the local, social or national crime, but follow the path your genius traces like the galaxy of heaven for you to walk in.†

Young men think that the manly character requires that they should go to California, or to India, or into the army. When they have learned that the parlor and the college and the counting-room demand as much courage as the sea or the camp, they will be willing to consult their own strength and education in their choice of place.†

Whilst he shares with all mankind the gift of reason and the moral sentiment, there is a teaching for him from within which is leading him in a new path, and, the more it is trusted, separates and signalizes him, while it makes him more important and necessary to society. We call this specialty the *bias* of each individual. And none of us will ever accomplish anything excellent or commanding except when he listens to this whisper which is heard by him alone.†

The necessity of resting on the real, of speaking *your* private thought and experience, few young men apprehend.†

Indeed I think it an essential caution to young writers, that they shall not in their discourse leave out the one thing which the discourse was written to say. Let that belief which you hold alone have free course.†

You are rightly fond of certain books or men that you have found to excite your reverence and emulation. But none of these can compare with the greatness of that counsel which is open to you in happy solitude.†

The rule of the orator begins . . . when the thought which he stands for gives its own authority to him, adds to him a grander personality, gives him valor, breadth and new intellectual power, so that not he, but mankind, seems to speak through his lips.†

The day will come when no badge, uniform or medal

†Greatness.

will be worn; when the eye, which carries in it planetary influences from all the stars, will indicate rank fast enough by exerting power.†

The great man loves the conversation of the book that convicts him, not that which soothes or flatters him.†

Whilst degrees of intellect interest only classes of men who pursue the same studies, as chemists or astronomers, mathematicians or linguists, and have no attraction for the crowd, there are always men who have a more catholic genius, are really great as men, and inspire universal enthusiasm. A great style of hero draws equally all classes, all the extremes of society, till we say the very dogs believe in him.†

With self-respect then there must be in the aspirant the strong fellow feeling, the humanity, which makes men of all classes warm to him as their leader and representative.†

Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.‡

There is a profound melancholy at the base of men of active and powerful talent, seldom suspected.‡

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.‡

The one doctrine in which all religions agree is that new light is added to the mind in proportion as it uses what it has.‡

Ignorant people confound reverence for the intuitions with egotism.‡

The moral sentiment measures itself by sacrifice. It risks or ruins property, health, life itself, without hesitation, for its thoughts, and all men justify the man by their praise for this act.‡

The revelation that is true is written on the palms of the hands, the thought of our mind, the desire of our heart, or nowhere.‡

What but thought deepens life, and makes us better than cow or cat.*

†Greatness.

‡Immortality.

*Powers and Laws of Thought.

To be isolated is to be sick, and in so far, dead. The life of the All must stream through us to make the man and the moment great.*

Every new impression on the mind is not to be derided, but is to be accounted for, and, until accounted for, registered as an indisputable addition to our catalogue of natural facts.*

Our thoughts at first possess us. Later, if we have good heads, we come to possess them.*

All men know the truth, but what of that? It is rare to find one who knows how to speak it.*

Every man has his theory, true, but ridiculously overstated. We are forced to treat a great part of mankind as if they were a little deranged.*

Man was made for conflict, not for rest.*

The secret of power is delight in one's work.°

Him we account the fortunate man whose determination to his aim is sufficiently strong to leave him no doubt.°

I think the reason why men fail in their conflicts is because they wear other armor than their own. Each must have all, but by no means need he have it in your form.°

Follow this leading, nor ask too curiously whither. To follow is thy part. And what if it lead, as men say, to an excess, to partiality, to individualism? Follow it still.°

For either science and literature is a hypocrisy, or it is not. If it be, then resign your charter to the Legislature, turn your college into barracks and warehouses, and divert the funds of your founders into the stock of a rope-walk or a candle-factory, a tan-yard or some other undoubted conveniency for the surrounding population. But if the intellectual interest be, as I hold, no hypocrisy, but the only reality,—then it behooves us to enthrone it, obey it; and give it possession of us and ours; to give, among other possessions, the college into its hand, casting down every idol, every pretender, every hoary lie, every dignified blunder that has crept into its administration.†

*Powers and Laws of Thought.

°Instinct and Inspiration.

†The Celebration of Intellect.

These are giddy times, and, you say, the college will be deserted. No, never was it so much needed. But I say, those were giddy times which went before these, and the new times are the times of arraignment, times of trial and times of judgment. 'T is because the college was false to its trust, because the scholars did not learn and teach, because they were traders and left their altars and libraries and worship of truth and played the sycophant to presidents and generals and members of Congress, and gave degrees and literary and social honors to those whom they ought to have rebuked and exposed, incurring the contempt of those whom they ought to have put in fear; then the college is suicidal; ceases to be a school; power oozes out of it just as fast as truth does; and instead of overawing the strong, and upholding the good, it is a hospital for decayed tutors.†

Never was pure valor—and almost I might say, never pure ability—shown in a bad cause.†

Society is always taken by surprise at any new example of common sense and of simple justice, as at a wonderful discovery.†

The man who knows any truth not yet discerned by other men is master of all other men, so far as that truth and its wide relations are concerned.†

Nay, in the class called intellectual the men are no better than the uninstructed. They use their wit and learning in the service of the Devil. There are bad looks and false teachers and corrupt judges; and in the institutions of education a want of faith in their own cause.†

A certain hospitality and jealousy of genius grows up in the masters of routine, and unless, by rare good fortune, the professor has a generous sympathy with genius and takes care to interpose a certain relief and cherishing and reverence for the wild poet and dawning philosopher he has detected in his classes, that will happen which has happened so often, that the best scholar, he for whom colleges exist, finds himself a stranger and an orphan therein.†

Sit low and wait long.†

†The Celebration of Intellect.

He has seen but half the universe who has never been shown the house of Pain.‡

Neither the caucus, nor the newspaper, nor the Congress, nor the mob, nor the guillotine, nor fire, nor all together, can avail to outlaw, cut out, burn or destroy the offence of superiority in persons.*

Men of aim must lead the aimless.*

The man's associations, fortunes, love, hatred, residence, rank, the books he will buy, the roads he will traverse are predetermined in his organism. Men will need him, and he is rich and eminent by nature. That man cannot be too late or too early. Let him not hurry or hesitate. Though millions are already arrived, his seat is reserved.*

There are men who may dare much and will be justified in their daring, but it is because they know they are in their place. As long as I am in my place, I am safe.*

What is it that makes the true knight? Loyalty to his thought.*

For a soul on which elevated duties are laid will so realize its special and lofty duties as not to be in danger of assuming through a low generosity those which do not belong to it.*

The noble mind is here to teach us that failure is a part of success. Prosperity and pound-cake are for very young gentlemen, whom such things content; but a hero's, a man's success is made up of failures, because he experiments and ventures every day, and "the more falls he gets, moves faster on;" defeated all the time and yet to victory born.*

Give up, once for all, the hope of approbation from the people in the street, if you are pursuing great ends. How can they guess your designs?*

By experiment, by original studies, by secret obedience, he has made a place for himself in the world; stands there a real, substantial, unprecedented person, and when the great come by, as always there are angels walking in the earth, they know him at sight.*

The distinction of a royal nature is a great heart.*

‡The Tragic.

*Aristocracy.

For to every gentleman grave and dangerous duties are proposed. Justice always wants champions. The world waits for him as its defender, for he will find in the well-dressed crowd, yes, in the civility of whole nations, vulgarity of sentiment.*

You must, for wisdom, for sanity, have some access to the mind and heart of the common humanity. The exclusive excludes himself.*

It is the interest of society that good men should govern, and there is always a tendency so to place them.*

Call it man of honor, or call it Man, the American who would serve his country must learn the beauty and honor of perseverance, he must reinforce himself by the power of character, and revisit the margin of that well from which his fathers drew waters of life and enthusiasm, the fountain I mean of the moral sentiments, the parent fountain from which this goodly Universe flows as a wave.*

Never was any man too strong for his proper work.°

No force but is his force. He does not possess them, he is a pipe through which their currents flow. . . . Look at him; you can give no guess at what power is in him. It never appears directly, but follow him and see his effects, his productions.°

What he chiefly brings, all he brings, is not his land or his money or body's strength, but his thoughts, his way of classifying and seeing things, his method.°

The art of compelling belief, the art of making peoples' hearts dance to his pipe! And not less, method, patience, self-trust, perseverance, love, desire of knowledge, the passion for truth. These are the angels that take us by the hand, these our immortal, invulnerable guardians.°

But if you wish to avail yourself of their might, and in like manner if you wish the force of the intellect, the force of the will, you must take their divine direction, not they yours. Obedience alone gives the right to command.°

The world belongs to the energetical.°

Things are saturated with the moral law. There is no

*Aristocracy.

°Perpetual Forces.

escape from it. Violets and grass preach it; rain and snow, wind and tides, every change, every cause in Nature is nothing but a disguised missionary.[°]

One thing is plain; a certain personal virtue is essential to freedom; and it begins to be doubtful whether our corruption in this country has not gone a little over the mark of safety, so that when canvassed we shall be found to be made up of a majority of reckless self-seekers. The divine knowledge has ebbed out of us and we do not know enough to be free.[°]

The illusion that strikes me as the masterpiece in that ring of illusions which our life is, is the timidity with which we assert our moral sentiment. We are made of it, the world is built by it, things endure as they share it; all beauty, all health, all intelligence exist by it; yet we shrink to speak of it or to range ourselves by its side. Nay, we presume strength of him or them who deny it. Cities go against it; the college goes against it.[°]

Every new asserter of the right surprises us, like a man joining the church, and we hardly dare believe he is in earnest.[°]

The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men.[°]

He that speaks the truth executes no private function of an individual will, but the world utters a sound by his lips. He who doth a just action seeth therein nothing of his own, but an inconceivable nobleness attaches to it, because it is a dictate of the general mind.[†]

Men appear from time to time who receive with more purity and fulness these high communications.[†]

When a man is born with a profound moral sentiment, preferring truth, justice and the serving of all men to any honors or any gain, men readily feel the superiority. They who deal with him are elevated with joy and hope; he lights up the house or the landscape in which he stands. His actions are poetic and miraculous in their eyes.[†]

To a well-principled man existence is victory.[†]

[°]Perpetual Forces.

[†]Character.

Duty grows everywhere, like children, like grass; we need not go to Europe or to Asia to learn it.†

Men may well come together to kindle each other to virtuous living.‡

Victory over things is the office of man. Of course, until it is accomplished, it is the war and insult of things over him.‡

A man is a little thing whilst he works by and for himself, but, when he gives voice to the rules of love and justice, is godlike, his word is current in all countries; and all men, though his enemies, are made his friends and obey it as their own.‡

Nature, when she sends a new mind into the world, fills it beforehand with a desire for that which she wishes it to know and do.‡

And jealous provision seems to have been made in his constitution that you shall not invade and contaminate him with the worn weeds of your language and opinions.‡

Heaven often protects valuable souls charged with great secrets, great ideas, by long shutting them up with their own thoughts.‡

There is the perpetual romance of new life, the invasion of God into the old dead world, when he sends into quiet houses a young soul with a thought which is not met, looking for something which is not there, but which ought to be there.‡

Happy this child with a bias, with a thought which entrances him, leads him, now into deserts, now into cities, the fool of an idea. Let him follow it in good and in evil report, in good or bad company; it will justify itself; it will lead him at last into the illustrious society of the lovers of truth.‡

Is it not manifest that our academic institutions should have a wider scope; that they should not be timid and keep the ruts of the last generation, but that wise men thinking for themselves and heartily seeking the good of mankind, and counting the cost of innovation, should dare to arouse the young to a just and heroic life; that the moral nature

†Character.

‡Education.

should be addressed in the school-room, and children should be treated as the high-born candidates of truth and virtue?†

For the luminous object wastes itself by its shining,—is luminous because it is burning up.*

These monsters are the scavengers, executioners, diggers, pioneers and fertilizers, destroying what is more destructive than they, and making better life possible.°

If you love and serve men, you cannot, by any hiding or stratagem, escape the remuneration.°

Wondrous state of man! never so happy as when he has lost all private interests and regards, and exists only in obedience and love of the Author.°

We are to know that we are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and dare not hoist a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way, though we do not. When the stars and sun appear, when we have conversed with navigators who know the coast, we may begin to put out an oar and trim a sail. The ship of heaven guides itself, and will not accept a wooden rudder.°

What is true in thought? What is just in action? It is the yielding of the private heart to the Divine mind, and all personal preferences, and all requiring of wonders, are profane.°

As the sentiment purifies and rises, it leaves crowds.°

It is very sad to see men who think their goodness made of themselves; it is very grateful to see those who hold an opinion the reverse of this.°

By humility we rise, by obedience we command, by poverty we are rich, by dying we live.°

It is certain that many dark hours, many imbecilities, periods of inactivity,—solstices when we make no progress, but stand still,—will occur. In those hours we can find comfort in reverence of the highest power, and only in that.†

Unlovely, nay, frightful, is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world.†

It is a comfort to reflect that the gigantic evils which

†Education.

*The Superlative.

°The Sovereignty of Ethics.

†The Preacher.

seem to us so mischievous and so incurable will at last end themselves and rid the world of their presence, as all crime sooner or later must. But be that event for us soon or late, we are not excused from playing our short part in the best manner we can, no matter how insignificant our aid may be.†

The essential ground of a new book or a new sermon is a new spirit. The author has a new thought, sees the sweep of a more comprehensive tendency than others are aware of; falters never, but takes the victorious tone.‡

He belongs to a superior society, and is born one or two centuries too early for the rough and sensual population into which he is thrown.‡

The intellectual man lives in perpetual victory. As certainly as water falls in rain on the tops of mountains and runs down into valleys, plains and pits, so does thought fall first on the best minds, and run down, from class to class, until it reaches the masses, and works revolutions.‡

There is respect due to your teachers, but every age is new, and has problems to solve, insoluble by the last age. Men over forty are no judges of a book written in a new spirit. Neither your teachers, nor the universal teachers, the laws, the customs or the dogmas of nations, neither saint nor sage, can compare with that counsel which is open to you.‡

Like them he will joyfully lose days and months, and estates and credit, in the profound hope that one restoring, all rewarding, immense success will arrive at last, which will give him at one bound a universal dominion.*

I should wish your energy to run in works and emergencies growing out of your personal character. Nature will fast enough instruct you in the occasion and the need, and will bring to each of you the crowded hour, the great opportunity.*

There was never anything that did not proceed from a thought.*

The scholar, when he comes, will be known by an energy that will animate all who see him.*

†The Preacher.

‡The Man of Letters.

*The Scholar.

We who should be the channel of that unweariable Power which never sleeps must give our diligence no holidays.*

It seems to me that the thoughtful man needs no armor but this—concentration. One thing is for him settled, that he is to come at his ends. He is not there to defend himself, but to deliver his message: if his voice is clear, then clearly; if husky, then huskily; if broken, he can at least scream; gag him, he can still write it; bruise, mutilate him, cut off his hands and feet, he can still crawl toward his object on his stumps.*

The hero rises out of all comparison with contemporaries and with ages of men, because he disesteems old age, and lands, and money, and power, and will oppose all mankind at the call of that private and perfect Right and Beauty in which he lives.*

I like to see a man of that virtue that no obscurity or disguise can conceal, who wins all souls by his way of thinking.*

There is a great deal of spiritual energy in the universe, but it is not palpable to us until we can make it up into man.*

Truth alone is great.*

The scholar must be ready for bad weather, poverty, insult, weariness, repute of failure and many vexations. He is to know that in the last resort he is not here to work, but to be worked upon. He is to eat insult, drink insult, be clothed and shod in insult until he has learned that this bitter bread and shameful dress is also wholesome and warm, is, in short, indifferent; is of the same chemistry as praise and fat living; that they also are disgrace and soreness to him who has them.*

He is still to decline how many glittering opportunities, and to retreat, and wait.*

Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.†

I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty.‡

*The Scholar.

†Uses of Great Man.

Something is wanting to science until it has been humanized.†

Nature never sends a great man into the planet without confiding the secret to another soul.‡

In him the freest abandonment is united with the precision of a geometer.**

The sciences, even the best,—mathematics and astronomy,—are like sportsmen, who seize whatever prey offers, even without being able to make any use of it.**

Vice can never know itself and virtue, but virtue knows both itself and vice.**

Astronomy is excellent ; but it must come up into life to have its full value, and not remain there in globes and spaces.°

The man co-operates ; he loves to communicate ; and that which is for him to say lies as a load on his heart until it is delivered.†

Act, if you like,—but you do it at your peril.†

Talent alone cannot make a writer. There must be a man behind the book ; a personality which by birth and quality is pledged to the doctrine there set forth, and which exists to see and state things so, and not otherwise ; holding things because they are things. If he cannot rightly express himself today, the same things subsist and will open themselves tomorrow. There lies the burden on his mind,—the burden of truth to be declared,—more or less understood ; and it constitutes his business and calling in the world to see those facts through, and to make them known.†

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible.°°

An action is the perfection and publication of thought.**

A dream may let us deeper into the secret of nature than a hundred concerted experiments.°°

No man ever prayed heartily without learning something.°°

Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never

†Uses of Great Men.

‡Goethe.

**Plato.

°°Nature.

°Swedenborg.

ripen into truth. . . . Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind.*

When the scholar can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings.*

Great men do not content us. It is their solitude, not their force, that makes them conspicuous.°

Did he not come into being because something must be done which he and no other is and does.°

What is strong but goodness, and what is energetic but the presence of a brave man?°

You need not speak to me, I need not go where you are, that you should exert magnetism on me. Be you only whole and sufficient, and I shall feel you in every part of my life and fortune, and I can as easily dodge the gravitation of the globe as escape your influence.°

A man was born not for prosperity, but to suffer for the benefit of others, like the noble rock-maple which all around our villages bleeds for the service of man.°

Deserve thy genius; exalt it. The good, the illuminated, sit apart from the rest, censuring their dullness and vices, as if they thought that by sitting very grand in their chairs, the very brokers, attorneys and congressmen would see the error of their ways, and flock to them. But the good and wise must learn to act, and carry salvation to the combatants and demagogues in the dusty arena below.†

For the path which the hero travels alone is the highway of health and benefit to mankind.†

Where is he who seeing a thousand men useless and unhappy, and making the whole region forlorn by their inaction, and conscious himself of possessing the faculty they want, does not hear his call to go and be their king.‡

Yet only by the supernatural is a man strong; nothing is so weak as an egotist. Nothing is mightier than we, when we are vehicles of a truth before which the State and the individual are alike ephemeral.‡

*The American Scholar.
°The Method of Nature.

†The Transcendentalist.
‡The Young American.

We are fired with the hope to reform men. After many experiments we find that we must begin earlier,—at school.*

But the lightning which explodes and fashions planets, maker of planets and suns, is in him.*

We sit and rule, and, though we sleep, our dream will come to pass.*

No man has a right perception of any truth who has not been reacted on by it so as to be ready to be its martyr.*

One way is right to go; the hero sees it, and moves on that aim, and has the world under him for root and support. He is to others as the world. His approbation is honor; his dissent, infamy. The glance of his eye has the force of sunbeams.*

But every jet of chaos which threatens to exterminate us is convertible by intellect into wholesome force. . . . The water drowns ship and sailor like a grain of dust. But learn to swim, trim your bark, and the wave which drowned it will be cloven by it and carry it like its own foam, a plume and a power.*

Physical force has no value where there is nothing else.°

One of the benefits of a college education is to show the boy its little avail.†

He that does not fill a place at home, cannot abroad. He only goes there to hide his insignificance in a larger crowd.†

The mark of the man of the world is absence of pretension. He does not make a speech, he takes a low business-tone, avoids all brag, is nobody, dresses plainly, promises not at all, performs much, speaks in monosyllables, hugs his fact.†

He who should inspire and lead his race must be defended from traveling with the souls of other men, from living, breathing, reading and writing in the daily, time-worn yoke of their opinions.†

The high advantage of university life is often the mere mechanical one, I may call it, of a separate chamber and fire.†

But the wiser God says, Take the shame, the poverty and

*Fate.

°Power.

†Culture.

the penal solitude that belong to truth-speaking. Try the rough water as well as the smooth.†

Don't be so tender at making an enemy now and then. Be willing to go to Coventry sometimes, and let the populace bestow on you their coldest contempts. The finished man of the world must eat of every apple once. He must hold his hatreds also at arm's length, and not remember spite. He has neither friends nor enemies, but values men only as channels of power.†

If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or the second call, nor in the shape of fashion, ease, and city drawing-rooms. Popularity is for dolls.†

The measure of a master is his success in bringing all men round to his opinion twenty years later.†

The age of the quadruped is to go out, the age of the brain and of the heart is to come in.†

Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces which expose the whole movement.‡

Nature forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love.*

The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also.‡

Only those can help in counsel or conduct who did not make a party pledge to defend this or that, but who were appointed by God Almighty, before they came into the world, to stand for this which they uphold.*

Forget your books and traditions, and obey your moral perceptions at this hour.*

It is true that genius takes its rise out of mountains of rectitude; that all beauty and power which men covet are somehow born out of that Alpine district; that any extraordinary degree of beauty in man or woman involves a moral charm. . . . For such persons are nearer to the secret of God than others; are bathed by sweeter waters; they hear notices, they see visions, where others are vacant.*

†Culture.

‡Behavior.

*Worship.

The moment of your loss of faith and acceptance of the lucrative standard will be marked in the pause or solstice of genius, the sequent retrogression, and the inevitable loss of attraction to other minds. The vulgar are sensible of the change in you, and of your descent, though they clap you on the back and congratulate you on your increased common-sense.*

You cannot hide any secret. If the artist succor his flagging spirits by opium or wine, his work will characterize itself as the effect of opium or wine.*

I look on that man as happy, who, when there is question of success, looks into his work for a reply, not into the market, not into opinion, not into patronage.*

He who has acquired the ability may wait securely the occasion of making it felt and appreciated, and know that it will not loiter. Men talk as if victory were something fortunate. Work is victory. Wherever work is done, victory is obtained.*

Every man's task is his life-preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God and cannot be spared defends him.*

The weight of the universe is pressed down on the shoulders of each moral agent to hold him to his task. The only path of escape known in all the worlds of God is performance. You must do your work before you shall be released.*

That by which a man conquers in any passage is a profound secret to every other being in the world, and it is only as he turns his back on us and on all men and draws on his most private wisdom that any good can come to him.°

"There are none but men of strong passions capable of going to greatness."* (Mirabeau).

Passion, though a bad regulator, is a powerful spring.°

The human heart concerns us more than the poring into microscopes, and is larger than can be measured by the pompous figures of the astronomer.†

These geologies, chemistries, astronomies, seem to make

*Worship.

°Considerations by the Way.

†Beauty.

wise, but they leave us where they found us. The invention is of use to the inventor, of questionable help to any other. The formulas of science are like the papers in your pocket-book, of no value to any but the owner. Science in England, in America is jealous of theory, hates the name of love and moral purpose. There is a revenge for this inhumanity. What manner of man does science make? The boy is not attracted. He says, I do not wish to be such a kind of man as my professor is. The collector has dried all the plants in his herbal, but he has lost weight and humor. He has got all snakes and lizards in his phials, but science has done for him also, and has put the man into a bottle.†

We see faces every day which have a good type but have been marred in the casting; a proof that we are all entitled to beauty, should have been beautiful if our ancestors had kept the laws,—as every lily and rose is well.‡

Men who make themselves felt in the world avail themselves of a certain fate in their constitution which they know how to use. But they never deeply interest us unless they lift a corner of the curtain, or betray, never so slightly, their penetration of what is behind it.‡

The idiot, the Indian, the child and unschooled farmer's boy stand nearer to the light by which nature is to be read, than the dissector or the antiquary.*

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius.°

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages.°

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.°

To be great is to be misunderstood.°

Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.°

†Beauty.

*History.

‡Illusions.

°Self-Reliance.

A great man is always willing to be little.†

Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.‡

Somewhere, not only every orator but every man should let out all the length of all the reins; should find or make a frank and hearty expression of what force and meaning is in him.‡

Until he can manage to communicate himself to others in his full stature and proportion, he does not yet find his vocation.‡

Whatever he knows and thinks, whatever in his apprehension is worth doing, that let him communicate, or men will never know and honor him aright.‡

What your heart thinks great, is great.‡

God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream.‡

Let him be great and love shall follow him.‡

There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principle in which you are; a transfusion takes place; he is you and you are he; then is a teaching, and by no unfriendly chance or bad company can he ever quite lose the benefit.‡

The great man knew not that he was great. It took a century or two for that fact to appear. What he did, he did because he must; it was the most natural thing in the world, and grew out of the circumstances of the moment.‡

A man passes for that he is worth. What he is engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light. Concealment avails him nothing, boasting nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations, and the grasp of hands. His sin

†Compensation.

‡Spiritual Laws.

bedaubs him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him, but they do not trust him. His vice glasses his eye, cuts lines of mean expression in his cheek, pinches the nose, sets the mark of the beast on the back of the head, and writes O fool! fool! on the forehead of a king.†

When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends and speaks falsely, the eye is muddy and sometimes asquint.‡

To think is to act.*

A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures.*

The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it.*

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables.*

Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be.*

It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet.*

Our culture therefore must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace, but warned, self-collected and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech and the rectitude of his behavior.*

Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and

†Spiritual Laws.

*Friendship.

°Heroism.

good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little farther on his own proper path than any one else. Therefore just and wise men take umbrage at his act, until after some little time be past; then they see it to be in unison with their acts.*

See to it only that thyself is here, and art and nature, hope and fate, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest.*

To speak the truth, even with some austerity, to live with some rigor of temperance, or some extremes of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good-nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men. And not only need we breathe and exercise the soul by assuming the penalties of abstinence, of debt, of solitude, of unpopularity,—but it behooves the wise man to look with a bold eye into those rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and to familiarize himself with disgusting forms of disease, with sounds of execration, and the vision of violent death?*

A thrill passes through all men at the reception of new truth, or at the performance of a great action, which comes out of the heart of nature.†

If he have not found his home in God, his manners, his forms of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build, shall I say, of all his opinions will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will. If he have found his center, the Deity will shine through him, through all the disguises of ignorance, of ungenial temperament, of unfavorable circumstance.†

Every friend whom not thy fantastic will but the great and tender heart in thee craveth shall lock thee in his embrace.†

That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntarily but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues

*Heroism.

†The Over-Soul.

which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.†

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.‡

We have little control over our thoughts. We are the prisoners of ideas. They catch us up for moments into their heaven and so fully engage us that we take no thought for the morrow, gaze like children, without an effort to make them our own. By and by we fall out of that rapture, bethink us where we have been, what we have seen, and repeat as truly as we can what we have beheld. As far as we can recall these ecstasies we carry away in the ineffaceable memory the result, and all men and all the ages confirm it. It is called truth. But the moment we cease to report and attempt to correct and contrive, it is not truth.*

All progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason. It is vain to hurry it. By trusting it to the end, it shall ripen into truth, and you shall know why you believe.*

Each mind has its own method. A true man never acquires after college rules. What you have aggregated in a natural manner surprises and delights when it is produced.*

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please,—you can never have both.*

Every man's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems at the time to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new. Frankly let him accept it all. Jesus says, Leave father, mother, house and lands, and follow me. Who leaves all, receives more.*

He is isolated among his contemporaries by truth and by his art, but with this consolation in his pursuits, that they will draw all men sooner or later.*

The spirit of the world, the great calm presence of the Creator, comes not forth to the sorceries of opium or of wine. The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body.*

†The Over-Soul.

‡Circles.

*Intellect.

°The Poet.

Man, never too often deceived, still watches for the arrival of a brother who can hold him steady to a truth until he has made it his own.[°]

I think nothing is of any value in books excepting the transcendental and extraordinary. If a man is inflamed and carried away by his thought, to that degree that he forgets the authors and the public and heeds only this one dream which holds him like an insanity, let me read his paper, and you may have all the arguments and histories and criticism.[°]

"By God it is in me and must go forth of me."[°]

Of what use is genius, if the organ is too convex or too concave and cannot find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life.[†]

The most attractive class of people are those who are powerful obliquely and not by the direct stroke; men of genius, but not yet accredited; one gets the cheer of their light without paying too great a tax.[†]

All writing comes by grace of God, and all doing and having.[†]

There never was a right endeavor but it succeeded.[†]

Patience and Patience, we shall win at the last.[†]

Never mind the ridicule, never mind the defeat; up again, old heart!—it seems to say,—there is victory yet for all justice; and the true romance which the world exists to realize will be the transformation of genius into practical power.[†]

Men of character like to hear of their faults; the other class do not like to hear of faults.[‡]

Our houses ring with laughter and personal and critical gossip, but it helps little. But the uncivil, unavailable man, who is a problem and a threat to society, whom it cannot let pass in silence but must either worship or hate,—and to whom all parties feel related, both the leaders of opinion and the obscure and eccentric,—he helps.[‡]

I knew an amiable and accomplished person who undertook a practical reform, yet I was never able to find in him the enterprise of love he took in hand. He adopted it by ear and by the understanding from the books he had been

[°]The Poet.

[†]Experience.

[‡]Character.

reading. All his action was tentative, a piece of the city carried out into the fields, and was the city still, and no new fact, and could not inspire enthusiasm. Had there been something latent in the man, a terrible undemonstrated genius agitating and embarrassing his demeanor, we had watched for its advent. It is not enough that the intellect should see the evils and their remedy.†

Fear, when your friends say to you what you have done well, and say it through; but when they stand with uncertain timid looks of respect and half-dislike, and must suspend their judgment for years to come, you may begin to hope.‡

Great men are not commonly in Fashion's halls; they are absent in the field; they are working, not triumphing.*

Without electricity the air would rot, and without this violence of direction which men and women have, without a spice of bigot and fanatic, no excitement, no efficiency. We aim above the mark to hit the mark. Every act hath some falsehood of exaggeration in it.°

No man is quite sane; each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head, to make sure of holding him hard to some one point which nature had taken to heart.°

Not less remarkable is the overfaith of each man in the importance of what he has to do or say. The poet, the prophet, has a higher value for what he utters than any hearer, and therefore it gets spoken.°

For no man can write anything who does not think that what he writes is for the time the history of the world; or do anything well who does not esteem his work to be of importance. My work may be of none, but I must not think it of none, or I shall not do it with impunity.*

The form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it.†

What the tender poetic youth dreams, and prays, and paints today, but shuns the ridicule of saying aloud, shall presently be the resolutions of public bodies.‡

†Character.

*Manners.

°Nature.

‡Politics.

Every project in the history of reform, no matter how violent and surprising, is good when it is the dictate of a man's genius and constitution, but very dull and suspicious when adopted from another.†

We are students of words: we are shut up in schools, and colleges, and recitation-rooms, for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last with a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing.‡

Men in all ways are better than they seem. They like flattery for the moment, but they know the truth for their own. It is a foolish cowardice which keeps us from trusting them and speaking to them rude truth. They resent your honesty for an instant, they will thank you for it always. What is it we heartily wish of each other? Is it to be pleased and flattered? No, but to be convicted and exposed, to be shamed out of our nonsense of all kinds, and made men of, instead of ghosts and phantoms.‡

All that a man has will he give for right relations with his mates. All that he has will he give for an erect demeanor in every company and on each occasion. He aims at such things as his neighbors prize, and gives his days and nights, his talents and his heart, to strike a good stroke, to acquit himself in all men's sight as a man.‡

Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth.‡

There is a power over and behind us, and we are the channels of its communications.‡

We exclaim, "There's a traitor in the house!" but at last it appears that he is the true man, and I am the traitor.‡

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.‡

Every vice is only an exaggeration of a necessary and virtuous function.*

It seems not unfit that the scholar should deal plainly with society and tell them that he saw well enough before he spoke the consequence of his speaking; that up there in his silent study, by his dim lamp, he fore-heard this Babel of outcries. The nature of man he knew, the insanity that

†New England Reformers.

*Journal of 1838.

comes of inaction and tradition, and knew well that when their dream and routine were disturbed, like bats and owls and nocturnal beasts they would howl and shriek and fly at the torch-bearer. But he saw plainly that under this their distressing disguise of bird-form and beast-form the divine features of man were hidden, and he felt that he would dare to be so much their friend as to do them this violence to drag them to the day and to the healthy air and water of God, that the unclean spirits that had possessed them might be exorcised and depart. The taunts and cries of hatred and anger, the very epithets you bestow on me, are so familiar long ago in my reading that they sound to me ridiculously old and stale. The same thing has happened so many times over (that is, with the appearance of every original observer) that, if people were not very ignorant of literary history, they would be struck with the exact coincidence. I, whilst I see this, that you must have been shocked and must cry out at what I have said, I see too that we cannot be easily reconciled, for I have a great deal more to say that will shock you out of all patience.*

There is no terror like that of being known. The world lies in night of sin. It hears not the cock crowing; it sees not the grey streak in the East. At the first entering ray of light, society is shaken with fear and anger from side to side. Who opened that shutter? they cry. Woe to him! They belie it, they call it darkness that comes in, affirming that they were in light before. Before the man who has spoken to them the dread word they tremble and flee. They flee to new topics, to their learning, to the solid institutions about them, to their great men, to their windows, and look-out on the road and passengers, to their very furniture, and meats, and drinks,—anywhere, anyhow, to escape the apparition. The wild horse has heard the whisper of the tamer: the maniac has caught the glance of the keeper. They try to forget the memory of the speaker; to put him down into the same obscure place he occupied in their minds before he spake to them. It is all in vain. They even

*Journal of 1838.

flatter themselves that they have killed and buried the enemy, when they have magisterially denied and denounced him. But vain, vain, all vain. It was but the first mutter of the distant storm they heard,—it was the first cry of the Revolution,—it was the touch, the palpitation that goes before the earthquake.*

Do something; it matters little or not at all whether it be in the way of what you call your profession or not, so it be in the plane or coincidence with the axis of your character. The reaction is always proportional to the action, and it is the reaction that we want. Strike the hardest blow you can, and you can always do this by work which is agreeable to your nature. This is economy.†

Gather yourself into a ball to be thrown at the mark.†

I do not care what you write, but only that you should show yourself a man by writing.†

*Journal of 1838.

†Journal of 1839.

CHAPTER XXII

THE THESIS

The temporary quarters, in which Paul Milton held the position of proctor, were just across the street from the property on which the old dormitory had stood and on which the new one was to be erected. Milton's window—the only one in his alcove—overlooked this property. He had often sat there during the fall term, watching the laborers tear down the old walls. The destruction of one of the corner rooms—the one in which he had tutored Arch Coddington, and the one from which Coddington had taken him directly to May Stanley's establishment—filled him with joy.

The demolition of the old fraternity house was completed at the beginning of the New Year. Before the Christmas vacation, the pavements and street had been littered with old brick, stone, window frames and plaster. When Milton returned, all this debris was cleared away and replaced by orderly piles of new brick and beautiful white stone. The old foundation had been dug up and hauled away; and the new one was already begun.

All these things had deep significance. It pleased him to draw up analogies between the work which was going on across the street and the work which was under way in his own mind. He too had destroyed a worthless building and was erecting a new one: for he had at once begun another thesis, which had humane interests and fraternity for its main theme and foundation. The building before him was nothing more than the materialization of his own thought, which continually advanced and enlarged just as the walls rose each day higher and higher. Each white stone, which the laborers placed on those walls, represented

a word; each row of stones, a sentence in the construction of his dissertation.

Strangely enough the university was erecting a new research laboratory on the site next to the fraternity property, but Milton took no interest in its progress.

The first of May was just a few months off. On that day his new thesis must be completed and published. Research no longer fascinated Milton. He sacrificed all other interests and concentrated all his time and thought on this new work.

He had found a kind of research, which was religious rather than scientific. He had become a Christian. He was no longer a heathen—a worshipper of geometrical configurations and thread models; he had become a Christian. Unlike the other members of the faculty, who continued their idolatrous observations on fossils, molecules, microbes, ions, worms and meteors, he turned his attention to God and God's children, to the human heart and the human soul.

It is true that he might still be called a maniac, but his mania was no longer a monomania like geometry; his mania had broadened and deepened and was no longer a thing which isolated him from his fellow-men; it was something which brought him closer to them. His mania was humanity—fraternity.

It was indeed the idea of true fraternity that had taken possession of Paul Milton's mind and refused to let any other ideas enter. Just as geometry had once left no room for humanity, so now did humanity hold sway and predominance. And yet he realized that his geometry had helped him and that his music also had played its part, although he had forsaken them both. The geometry had equipped him with a sense of exactness; the music had taught him abandonment. These very qualities were needed in his future work. For what is human life but a combination of problems and songs? problems which disturb yet inspire us to work, songs which soothe and lull us to repose? Science and Art each have a place in the universe,

but not until they are humanized, not until they are Christianized.

Milton continued to conduct his classes, although he had lost much of his old enthusiasm which he had had in them. The effort, which he was now making to stimulate interest in their students among other teachers, was gradually smothering the interest which he once had in his own. However there was no guilty conscience to whisper in his ear that he was neglecting his duties; for if Leech could abandon his teaching in order to pursue the researches which in no way benefited his students but served merely to advance himself and the university unduly, then surely he, Milton, could also abandon his teaching to work unselfishly for the betterment of both the teacher and the taught. Therefore, with De Soto's approval, he had adopted Leech's policy, and was never again known to report "ten exclusions" at a faculty meeting. De Soto felt that he had won a victory—a new convert to his doctrine: Not that I love teaching less but that I love research more.

De Soto often asked Milton how his thesis was progressing.

"Admirably," answered the boy.

The professor felt no alarm or anxiety because his disciple no longer called upon him for assistance. He knew conclusively that the boy was a mathematical genius, who, by this time, probably understood the manuscript as thoroughly as he himself.

Milton continued to attend De Soto's lectures in Higher Geometry and a few other graduate courses, but he had lost all interest in them. While taking notes, he jotted down inspirations which came to him during the lecture—inspirations for his new thesis—inspirations which meant far more to him and would mean far more to every one else than the dry expositions in geometry, which the professors for the most part might just as well have addressed to empty benches.

Milton now knew definitely that his presence irritated Harold Hollis, and he made no further effort to approach

him. One thing he could not and would not do was to annoy or pain the boy whom he loved. He felt that Hollis had suffered enough as it was; he would not increase that suffering by forcing himself upon the youth when his company was not desired. Even though the boy had bolted the door against him, Milton continued to work and sleep at his side, knowing that when the partition would break,—as it must eventually,—the two brothers would be united in their work for one common cause.

Hollis' attitude toward Milton became the attitude of the entire fraternity. Such is the nature of the spirit of fraternity as it exists in the clubs at our universities and colleges, nay, in all secret clans. It is far removed from true fraternity. It is a spirit which destroys individuality—the individuality of God, which should be found in every man. It robs a man of his personal likes and virtues, and forces him to adopt the dislikes and opinions of that body of which he has become a dependent and an inseparable member. My brother's enemies shall be my enemies also. What he hates I will likewise hate. Superficially I shall appear undisturbed and act like a gentleman of honor, but deep down in my heart, hidden from public view, there shall be found the same rancor which lies in the heart of my brother, to whose bosom I am riveted and whom I am pledged to defend, however unjust and mean his thoughts and actions may be: for such is the commandment of our idol—the Greek letters with which we pin our hearts together.

It was this false spirit of fraternity which Milton would attack openly in his "thesis"—this idolatrous form of fraternity which could not survive but which must eventually destroy itself to make way for the genuine brotherhood of Christianity—that brotherhood which forgives sin but does not conceal it. They employed secrecy to conceal their rancor; Milton would employ it to destroy that rancor. He would work in their midst without their knowing it, not behind a bolted door, but openly, yet silently and alone—alone save for the presence of that Supreme Power which works for good and good only.

And after the message is delivered, let them call him a spy if they care to. He had gone there not by his own free will but by the will of that Power which had also led him elsewhere and awakened in him a deep fraternal love for those who despised him and whose conduct even disgusted and repelled him. He would not attempt to establish with them the same friendship which existed among themselves. By doing so, he might be considered all the more a spy. He did not wish to learn the secrets of that friendship by mingling with them; Providence had already revealed those secrets and revealed them without the boy's volition.

There was no God-given power behind Leech's work; there was nothing but alcohol and nicotine to drive him on. Such external forces are not needed by those who work for humane interests; such forces destroy humane interests. It is only when man's aims are selfish and material that he must resort to unnatural and injurious sources of energy, which stifle his love for humanity.

Milton was merely a channel for the Higher Power. Page after page seemed to flow spontaneously from his pen. At the time, the words he wrote had little meaning to him—or at least no depth of meaning. But when he would read and reread them, they seemed to become more and more illuminant, more like the words of another. He himself could not justly claim the authorship. There was more than he had originally recorded. There were thoughts which appeared even dangerous to him, but which he had to retain however much it pained him to do so. He dared not alter them. How could any one alter truth?

When the manuscript of his "thesis" was complete, Milton sent it to a publisher in a neighboring town, who promised to have it ready in book-form by the first of May. He did not return to his mother's cottage at Norford during the Easter vacation, but remained at the university to correct the galleys and page-proofs from the printer, and also to be near by in order that he might communicate with him in person. He wrote a letter to Alice explaining everything.

How she yearned to tell Allaine of the great reform to which she had led her son! But she had promised Paul to remain silent, just as she had promised Allaine; she alone knew the secret which each was trying to hold from the other. Allaine, as usual, did not call at the cottage during vacation. Consequently, she did not discover that Paul had not returned, and therefore never suspected that he was actually going to agitate the reform and thus accomplish the task in which she had hoped and prayed he would succeed before leaving the university—the task which she had never failed to believe would save her.

Allaine's engagement had been formally announced. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett seemed happier than ever. They now felt certain that Harold Hollis was as truly theirs as though he had been born unto them. Harold did not visit Willow Lodge during Easter. He continued, however, to write long and encouraging letters to Allaine, stating that the constant thought of her had taken his mind off his studies and that there was danger of his suspension from the university if he did not make up his back work. Rather than have such a disgrace brought upon Allaine, he preferred to suffer not being with her at Eastertide, and remain at the university over the holidays. The students would all leave town then, he wrote, and the fellows could not interfere with his work on the books and lessons which he had neglected on her account. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett applauded this great sacrifice which Harold was making, and both of them began to plan very energetically for the preparation of their daughter's wedding in June. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, was what Mr. Bennett told his wife, adding that Allaine's heart would be overflowing by the time June arrived, she not having seen Harold for almost a year.

Indeed, if Allaine's anxiety to see Harold had been half so great as her father's, what a wonderful meeting and wedding there might have been! But we know how she was suffering. We know the silent grief that was tearing and crushing her heart. How it pained her to see the carpenters coming to Willow Lodge to take measurements for the con-

struction of those immense pavilions, which were to be erected on the lawn to accommodate the multitude invited to her wedding! Thousands of yards of smilax! Several hundred palms! Orchids! Orange blossoms! A veil and a shower bouquet! What thoughts could be more cruel than these?

There was but one other person who knew the deep sorrow which was concealed under all of Allaine's forced and superficial happiness. And how she might have alleviated the girl's sorrow by relating the other secret which she had also promised to keep! If Allaine but knew what Paul was doing, how it would help dispel her grief! If she could go to her father and say, with certainty, that Paul Milton was performing that task for which he had been sent to the university! If she could only proclaim, with truth, that the man she really loved was not a failure, then she might awaken her father from the blissful dream in which he had been completely submerged by Mr. Richard Hollis and his son. She might even succeed in canceling the . . . If! If! How much she, Allaine, had done for Paul! How little he was doing for her! Why doesn't he try to save me? Why doesn't he come to my rescue? Paul! Paul!

But Paul was happy, extremely happy—happy at his desk, reading the proof-sheets of his "thesis." Yet there was a boy in the room next to him who was even more miserable than Allaine Bennett. Hollis had written her the truth: he did remain at the university locked up in his room. How lonely he was! How he pined for company, for the company of some noble soul, for the company of the man on the other side of the partition! How he craved to enter that door which was always wide open, always waiting like an outstretched arm to receive him!

It was the first day in the month of May, refulgent and refreshing. It seemed to Milton that the sun had never shone more gloriously in a bluer sky; the birds had never sung more happily; the flowers had never looked brighter; the bushes had never swayed more gracefully; the bees had

never stumbled along more contentedly through the fragrant clover. Nature was at her best. God was smiling, and his smile was illuminating, ameliorating and felicitating all that he had created.

Milton appeared bright and early at the university library. It seemed that the wind had carried him there on wings; so happy and light was his heart. He expected to see several other candidates depositing their theses; he might have seen them had he gone there at the closing hour that night. But at this early hour he stood alone. He handed his book to the man at the desk. The librarian scrutinized it, looking for library marks and labels.

"Is this one of our books?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Milton. "I am presenting it to the university. It is customary—is it not?—for graduates of the institution to present the library with copies of their works."

"Yes," said the librarian.

"This is my first publication," said Milton.

"What is the nature of it?"

"It is my thesis."

The librarian looked up; a thesis is never printed before it is accepted.

"Are you a candidate for a degree?"

"I am a candidate for truth," answered Paul.

"What department?"

"The department for the promotion of human love and brotherhood."

The librarian looked up again.

"Under whose guidance have you prepared this work?" asked the librarian, expecting to hear the familiar name of some research professor in the university.

"Under the guidance of God," was the reply.

And then Paul Milton walked out into the sunshine among the birds and among the flowers. When he returned to his room he seized his violin—his long-forgotten violin. It trembled ecstatically in his arms, and sang to him as it had never sung before.

An hour later the president of the university was sitting in his private office reading Milton's "thesis." He twitched about nervously in his chair, and at the end of each chapter he got up and paced the floor. By noon he had perused the entire book, lightly perhaps, but he saw and understood only too well the theme on which it was constructed. Then he went to the telephone, and called up his Richelieu—Professor Ambroise De Soto.

The following morning the janitor brought a note to the proctor's room. After reading it, Milton sat at his desk, wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper, appended his signature, folded the paper and placed it in his pocket. Then he took De Soto's manuscript from the desk drawer, wrapped it up, placed it under his arm and hurried off to the professor's office.

When he arrived there, he knocked on the door, but received no answer. Milton tried the door and found it open. The geometer was meditating at the window. He had evidently encountered something which had given him more food for thought than either his research or the "ten exclusions."

"Good morning," said Milton. "I believe you wanted to see me."

The great scientist came to with a start.

"Good morning—good morning—just sit down, please."

"It is a glorious day," said Milton.

But the geometer had something more important to talk about than the weather.

"Of course you understand the object of this interview," he began.

"I suppose it concerns my thesis."

"Yes, since you prefer to call it such," said the geometer, with just a slight shade of sarcasm. Then he changed the tone of his voice, and added: "My dear young man, why, oh why, did you publish this book before consulting me?"

"Had I consulted you first, it would never have been published," explained Milton.

"And your career would then have been saved," added De Soto.

"What career?" asked Paul.

"Your career as a mathematician. It was I who found you; I who discovered you. You had remarkable talent and genius. I have praised you before every professor on the faculty. I had predicted to them that you would be one of the foremost geometers of the future. Your power of investigation was so unique, so rare. What fame and glory you would have won for the university with your researches! And here you have derided and condemned the very thing for which Nature has so excellently equipped you. And it all falls back on me—me who have helped you and done so much for you by procuring you a free scholarship and a free room at the dormitory. This is my reward. You have not only ruined your own career; you have also injured mine. You have denounced the great work over which I have labored for three years. I shall not be able to mention your name in the preface, but even without it being there, I feel that this book of yours will depreciate the value of my great investigations."

Great tears stood in the eyes of the little man.

"Ah! it is not only my work which will suffer," he continued. "You have attacked, in an almost insane manner, the first and real purpose of every great university. You were not yourself when you wrote this book; I am inclined to think you were out of your mind. No sane person would attack the doctrine which the President of our great institution upholds—the doctrine that our main purpose is the advancement of science and art. We are trying to gather all the leading scientists into our fold; we are planning to become the foremost research institution in America. Research is our motto—our empire. And here one of our own faculty rises from obscurity and denounces it. Of course we ourselves will not take you seriously, but your book will harm us when it falls into the hands of the ignorant and silly parents of our undergraduates. They will certainly see these things in the wrong proportion, in the wrong light.

If you had only brought it to me before publishing it! I could have prevented all—the harm which it is going to do you, the harm which it is going to do me, and the harm which it is going to do the university.”

There was considerable sorrow and pity in the tone of De Soto's voice.

“My boy!” he cried. “Every one in the university will pity you. You should never have done it. You undertook more than you were able to do. You have had a little experience in Mathematical Research, but you know nothing of Research along other lines; you know nothing of the great achievements which our faculty are making in Chemistry, Eugenics, Dietetics, Astronomy, Biology and Medicine. You do not see deeply enough into these things; you do not see their true value. You do not see how much good they are doing for the world at large. You do not realize how far-reaching the results of our researches are. You have undertaken to criticise that which is far beyond you. My boy, I fear you have displayed great stupidity and ignorance.”

The moment had arrived when Paul Milton could remain silent no longer. He rose to his feet and stood squarely in front of the great geometer. He would not allow his “good and great purpose” to be referred to as stupid and ignorant.

“Perhaps I am stupid,” he began firmly. “Perhaps I am ignorant of the extensive work which is being done by the professors in other departments. Perhaps I do not realize the great good our faculty is doing for the world at large. But I do know the conditions that exist among our undergraduates, and I do know that your wonderful researches are not reaching and improving them. They are being neglected for the sake of research—for a thing which in no way benefits them. There is a great need for investigation and discovery right here among our students. Why should we go searching for fame in test tubes, in bell jars, in foreign countries, in prehistoric ages, on other planets, as long as these humane duties are staring us in the face in our very classrooms? Why not direct our activities toward making

our Alma Mater a cleaner and a more honorable community? Here is a field of true public service—a field in which few of us care to investigate—a field in which the majority of us prefer to close our eyes. Why don't we use love to try to prevent the causes of injury and disease which flourish in our midst instead of using science to invent medicines and fads for temporary remedies? Why don't we take an active interest in teaching and in our students instead of an interest in research and roaches? You sent me to Doctor Leech to learn how things should be done; he told me to pass my students and say nothing. That, he claims, is the universal policy among your teachers. Teachers! they do not deserve the name. And what is your own opinion in regard to teaching? It consists of throwing a measureful of corn to a flock of geese. Geese! that is the extent of your consideration for your students. You consider them as a flock of geese, not as a class of men. You make no effort to ascertain their individual needs and attention. You let them do just as they please. You allow them to neglect the very studies which should serve to sharpen their minds and enable them to reason. They do not know the difference between right and wrong, between virtue and vice. You ignore their moral and their intellectual education as long as their interest in athletics and other extra-curriculum activities brings the university into the public eye. Your aims are too selfish to even think of their welfare. Your own future and the future of the university—that is the sum total of your interests. What difference does it matter if our students are sinking as long as the reputation of our university is growing—a reputation founded on research and football. This is your notion of fame, is it? this frenzied effort to expand, to dash forward, to flare up no matter what the expense? Who is more insane? You or I? Who is the madder of the two? You say I have ruined my career. If so, I have done it to save the careers of my brothers. What is all your mathematical research worth compared with the uprightness of a hundred students? Is this dry, fantastic, impractical geometry which you call my career—is this

worth more to the world than the careers of a hundred American boys? If I had a dozen such mathematical careers before me, I should abandon them one and all to save the boys I love. You do not realize how much immortality flourishes about you, or perhaps you do, but you do not care to admit it. If you had seen and heard what I have, your lips would not remain closed to the parents of our undergraduates unless you are a man of no heart, which I believe you are. I have every reason to believe it. You are not interested in your students because you do not love them; you actually try to avoid them. If they held the place in your heart that they hold in mine, you would have given up this selfish career of yours long ago. You do not know what it means to love your fellow-men. You have never experienced the anguish of seeing your loved ones torn and mangled with beastly brutality. You have never felt the pain and the sympathy which I have felt upon learning that the brother I so loved was disfigured, withered, poisoned, polluted, ruined by a disease which might have been so easily prevented. Your heart has never bled for one whom you love with all your soul and body. Your life's blood has never known the warmth of true fraternal devotion. It is cold; it is frozen in your veins and arteries. It has never been thawed by human affection. I may be stupid and ignorant in regard to the great benefits of research, but I am at least a Christian. I no longer sit at my desk and worship idols. I do not kneel to the university which you are trying to place on a pedestal. My interest lies in the souls of her students. You have forsaken them. To you, love is an illusion, and Christianity is a farce. You have forsaken the brotherhood of man. You have forsaken God Himself for your idolized research. I shall no longer assist you in it. I have solved all the problems in your manuscript, but I have burned all the solutions. I have tossed them among the flames and have allowed their light to show me how worthless they were. Here is your manuscript; I am through with it. I do not wish to see it again. Neither do I care to have a degree conferred upon me, not when it is the reward

of such work as this. I would far rather do a useful Christian task which goes unrewarded. Nor shall I remain longer in an institution which places its interest in vases, bugs, octic curves, horses' skeletons and guinea pigs above its interest in the welfare of its students, who are to become the future citizens of America. Here, Sir, is my resignation."

It seemed the boy had uttered this entire discourse without taking a single breath. The geometer had not interrupted him once during the long arraignment. De Soto indeed appeared to grow smaller and smaller in the presence of the inflamed youth before him, and by the time Milton had finished speaking, he was curiously drawn in like a spider trying to escape the notice of him who has destroyed its web.

After Milton left the office, De Soto gradually assumed his natural dimensions and form. He quickly seized the manuscript which had been left on his desk, for he feared the boy might return and tear it to shreds. He nervously broke the twine and removed the wrapping to look at the precious work which was so dear to him and which had been separated from him so long in the camp of the enemy. Several sheets of paper, of the same size and quality as his own manuscript, fluttered to the floor, displaying systems of circles and other curves beautifully drawn in brilliant colored inks—carmine, green, orange, purple—like a flock of birds of paradise escaping from a cage. The geometer hurriedly looked through all the sheets which remained in the package. He found them covered with similar designs and recognized the solutions to several of the problems which had suggested themselves in his work.

A sudden fear seized him. He began to tremble. He at once realized that Paul Milton had burned the precious manuscript instead of his own thesis, which was now on the desk before him, complete and perfect. De Soto knew that the boy would never have done such a thing intentionally, and he decided not to agitate him by informing him of his error; he believed the boy had already suffered too much.

And yet the geometer looked upon it as a miracle rather than an error. He began to perceive, more and more conclusively, that the youth, who seldom had anything to say heretofore, was not himself when he gave voice to that sermon on human love, which was still ringing in the scientist's ears. The boy was merely a medium, a channel, an avenue which had conducted an almost mysterious power—a power to which that youth was servant. It was that power, and not the boy, that had destroyed the scientist's manuscript—destroyed it without the boy's knowledge of it.

The scientist fell to thinking. What was this power? What *is* this power in the presence of which his own research seemed so defenceless—in the presence of which it had to bow and be unknowingly destroyed and reduced to dust and ashes? Call this power what you will, it is a power which works for the salvation of men's souls. It is a power which places humane interests above all others, a power before which all other interests seem artificial, idolatrous and unessential. The geometer began to wonder what good he or his work had ever done for the world of humanity—ah! not only he, but his colleagues as well, who were shut up in their laboratories and offices isolated from their fellow-men and preferring the company of germs and geometry. His whole past loomed up before him. What little interest he had taken in his undergraduates! How he had ignored them and allowed them to ruin their own careers! He began to think not only of the evil he might have helped to prevent, but also of the good he might have done by living and walking among them, by loving them, and by enlightening them morally as well as intellectually as did the greatest Teacher who ever trod this earth.

De Soto became a nervous wreck; his nights were sleepless. A week after his interview with Paul Milton, the geometer was placed in a sanitarium to recover from the "strain of overwork"—as the university publications printed it. There was a conflict raging in his soul—a conflict between Science and Religion, and he believed the latter was gradually conquering the former. He was slowly but cer-

tainly beginning to believe in that power which had been transmitted to him through Paul Milton, of whatever nature that power might be and by whatever name we choose to call it. It is generally referred to as God.

A few weeks later the college papers announced the changes, appointments and promotions for the coming year in the various departments of the university. In the department of mathematics it was stated that Paul Milton had voluntarily resigned. (But nobody cared to believe it; they preferred to think of him as having been ousted.) Doctor Leech had been promoted to assistant professorship, but Doctor Leech was stretched out on the floor of his room, not rolling in ecstasy over the fact that he was without wife and children, or that he had won out over those who were blessed with them; but motionless and silent. He had passed away in a fit of drunkenness; his brick-red hair was floating on a pool of blood, and the fingers of his long white hand were fastened with a death-grip about the neck of a whiskey bottle. Professor Ambroise De Soto had already left the university on his summer vacation, which he would spend out west to recover from that "strain of overwork which his remarkable researches of the past three years had brought upon his system."

Paul Milton's "thesis" was on sale at all the bookstores in town. Every one in the university had read it or was reading it. It was the topic of conversation everywhere; his name was on the lips of every student and every member of the faculty. His book was ridiculed, condemned, praised and ignored.

Every writer and artist should learn to enjoy and appreciate ridicule whether directed at him or at his work. Many of us are prone to take both ourselves and our work too seriously, and we should indeed feel grateful for the amusement furnished by the caricatures and the burlesques which flow from the pen of the public jester. These contributions are intended neither for praise nor for censure, and the man

who takes them earnestly is a greater fool than he who invents them.

A word or two might also be said in regard to serious praise or censure. The critic who praises our work need not sign his name to his critique, for praise neither harms nor helps us, and therefore he who praises might just as well remain unknown. A condemnatory article, however, should never appear without a signature—a real one, not a *nom de plume*. If our critic has not enough courage to censure us openly, we shall not even pay him the respect of reading what he has to say. Let him append his name that we might first consider the character of the man before we give weight to his opinions. If he is honorable, we should learn and try to correct the faults which he finds with our work. But so many critics know so little about the subject they attempt to criticise, and they decide that the easiest way to talk about something they do not understand is to deny its existence. Hence they frequently write: "The conditions which the writer has exaggerated do not even exist."

Neither high praise nor low condemnation are indicative of serious thought. It is only when our work is seemingly ignored that it has penetrated deeply into the mind of our silent critic. Time is the only element which solves great problems correctly. To say, at a glance, that a theory is right or wrong is to say nothing at all. When the critic speaks neither pro nor con, but hesitates and prefers to postpone his judgment, then we may justly feel that we have introduced a great principle.

It is only the man who doubts the merit of his own work who flies to the newspapers and periodicals to learn what others think of it; but when a man is satisfied with that which has been produced through himself as a medium, he is indifferent to criticism of either form, and considers it merely as a source of information for plagiarists whose minds are too immature to form opinions of their own. The embryonic artist likes praise and hates censure; the developing artist ignores praise and loves censure, because the latter shows him the very defects he is striving to remove

or rectify; but the mature and born artist is neither disturbed nor pleased by other persons' opinions of his work, be those opinions good or bad.

Paul Milton seemed to feel no responsibility for the ideas set forth in his "thesis." Neither the praise nor the censure seemed to reach his eye or ear. He heard only those who remained silent, only those who seemingly ignored his work; and their inaudible approval was as sweet to his ears as the songs of the birds and the voice of his own violin.

He received but one personal communication in regard to his work. One day the door bell rang, and the janitor found a sturdy little fellow, four or five years old, standing on the steps. He was dressed in a soldier's uniform of bright red decorated with large brass buttons. He carried a tin helmet on his head, a toy sword in his right hand, and a sealed envelope in his left.

"This is for Mr. Milton," said the little chap, as he held out the letter. "Are you him?"

The negro laughed.

"No," answered he; "I ain't him, but I sees to it that he gets it."

The janitor took the note to the proctor's room. Milton opened it and read:

Dear Mr. Milton—

I have read your book twice. It's great. The night you come to our joint you woke me up part way. Now you have woke me up altogether. I'm going out of the business. I closed down the house. I think I have ruined enough students already. I don't know what's going to become of me, but I guess God will take care of that. I can hope and that's all. Mother died last month. Me and Tom Kuhler Junior are living alone in our shanty. Be sure to notice Tom's uniform and sword. I bought the whole outfit with the two-dollar bill you give me that night. I bought it at the department store that throwed me out of my job when Tom was on the way. I saved that two-dollar bill until

now. But when I read your book I bought this uniform right away with the money. I'm going to make a fighter out of Tom and send him to his Dad's university when he's big enough. Not a football fighter but one like you. One to help keep the students what they ought to be. I ain't particular about his making his Dad's frat. I'd rather he'd stay away from that bunch unless they turn over a new leaf and become the Christian Brotherhood you talk about in that book you have wrote.

Your friend,
MAY STANLEY.

Milton could scarcely believe what he had read. To think that he had written a thesis which every one could understand—a thesis which had reached the hands and the heart of even this poor, abused, illiterate woman of the streets. He wanted to hug the little messenger who delivered that letter.

"Where is the little soldier who brought this?" asked Milton of the janitor, who was making up his bed.

"He's went away ; he didn't wait for no answer, Sir."

Just then there was considerable cheering on the street. Milton ran to the window. The students of the university had assembled in a body to march to the "New" Stadium to see the first "big" baseball game of the season. The little soldier in his bright red uniform and helmet was leading the procession, brandishing his toy sword in tempo with the music of a brass band.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FAREWELL

It was commencement time again. The alumni were on their way from all parts of the country, returning to the university to celebrate the reunion of their classes. If the reader will figure it out, he will observe that it was the year for Paul Milton's Triennial and for Tom Kuhler's Sexennial.

It was the first big reunion of Milton's class since graduation, but he did not care to participate in it: for they were all strangers to him—all but Arch Coddington, and Arch could hardly be called a friend. Coddington, the only man in his class whom Milton really knew, was the cause of Paul Milton's present sorrow. Yes; Paul Milton was sad in spite of all his happiness.

The greater we love persons or places the more ardently do we yearn to improve and purify them, and sometimes we fight so strenuously, so fearlessly, ah! even so inconsiderately in their defense that we wound them in the conflict. There are many students who stand up to shout and sing their love and praise of their Alma Mater in a manner which seems to thrill her and make her forgetful of all the injuries, insults, lies, tricks, disgraces and sins which they have left behind them as dark spots on her soul; but there are a few less hypocritical ones who have become so genuinely attached to her that they would rather wound her by bringing these dark spots to the surface and then wash them away with their own silent tears caused by the pain, which they (being a true and closer part of her) also feel.

Paul Milton was one of these few. He had loved his Alma Mater so deeply and reverently that he sacrificed himself and everything to fight for her, and she was wounded

in the battle. It would take some time for that wound to heal, but when she recovered, she would be firmer and purer than before. He stayed at her bedside to console her until other sons, with smiling faces and brilliant costumes, would return to relieve the pain. He remained at the university until the Sunday preceding Commencement, knowing that the reunion classes would come to town the following Monday morning.

When Milton arose early that Sunday, he went to the window of his alcove and gazed in admiration upon the New Fraternity building on the other side of the street. Its walls, which had risen high into the fresh clean air, were being bathed in the pure sunlight of that wonderful June morning. The white stones glistened like precious gems against the rich azure of a cloudless sky. The old dormitory, and all the unpleasant memories connected with it, had vanished forever. It was by the wish of the students themselves that it had been smitten to the ground, and in its stead stood this beautiful new temple whose shining roof was there, not to conceal the sins and diseases of a secret clan of reckless pleasure-seekers, but to shelter a democratic confederation of noble, clean, honorable boys and men—a union of both undergraduates and faculty who desired to learn and to teach the wealth, the health, the strength, the truth and the beauty of the moral sentiment and intellect. And God Himself was embracing it in his strong, warm arms—embracing His temple, which both His mental and His physical laborers had erected to symbolize and protect a Christian Brotherhood.

The walls of the research laboratory on the adjoining lot had not risen to so great a height. Its construction had been delayed and postponed for the work on this more important and more necessary addition to the university campus. It pleased Milton to see that the New Fraternity building towered above the grayer walls of the laboratory—that brotherhood had triumphed over research. He saw in this the future fulfillment of his prophecy, and it made his leave-taking happier and easier.

He had sent his trunk to the station the day before, and left a note on his desk, giving the janitor an address to which his mail might be forwarded. He had only his violin to carry with him to the train—his only traveling companion, as it were. Before he left the house, he longed to say good-bye to some human being—some one in whose hand-clasp there would be as much sincerity and love as in his own. He had once received such a clasp the first time he met Harold Hollis in Miss Jones' attic. He knew that clasp might easily be repeated now, were it not for the meager, fragile, senseless partition which had sprung up between the two boys like a blade of poison grass.

Hollis was indeed asleep in the room next to him. He was staying over for the commencement baseball game. The door to his room was closed, as usual, but Milton stood in front of it a long time, before he left the temporary quarters which had brought them so near together despite the fact that it was the cause of their separation. He placed his hand on the knob and was about to open the door and press Hollis to his bosom; but to obey is to command—for there came to his mind those words: "Don't look at me or speak to me again." So he merely whispered his farewell—whispered it softly, silently, tearfully. Then he rushed out into the street, and never turned his head to look back on that house which had cloistered the boy whom he was leaving forever.

On his way to the depot he had to pass the chapel of the university. The president was preaching the baccalaureate sermon. His text was reform, and his message to the undergraduates, who sat before him in their caps and gowns, was very similar to Milton's message from "The Alumni," which he had underlined in Emerson. The candidates for higher degrees were also seated before the head of the university, but one of them was missing, although he had submitted two theses—one of which had been read by almost every student in the congregation; the other was secretly preserved, locked and treasured in a drawer of Professor De Soto's desk.

The campus was deserted. It seemed every one was attending the services in God's temple, listening to the preacher's effort to inspire the graduating class with the spirit of reform. As Milton passed the entrance, the huge pipe organ began to roar majestically, and the entire congregation joined in singing a hymn. He stepped into the lonely vestibule, took his violin from its case, and accompanied the song with all his heart and soul, drinking in every word, as it seemed to pound so powerfully and yet so hopelessly against the massive doors which separated him and his sweet, simple, appealing music from that splendor and display which rendered his own efforts inaudible and invisible to the large congregation.

*Press on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.*

*Press on, press on! still look in faith
To Him who con-q'reth sin and death:
Then shall ye hear His word, "Well done."
True to the last, press on, press on!*

After the close of the last verse, he placed his violin in the case, brushed aside a tear, and hurried off to make his train.

In the meanwhile Harold Hollis had arisen. He was alone in the house. All the other junior members of his fraternity had left town, and, strangely enough, the influence of their shallow exclusiveness and clannish snobbery had departed with them. Consequently, Hollis began to think and act for himself. He had read Paul Milton's "thesis" not as an individual but as a member of a secret clan, and naturally he scorned the criticism which had been directed against them. But when he stood alone and saw the sunlit walls of the New Fraternity house rising so im-

pressively into God's heaven, he realized for the first time that this building was nothing more than the materialization of the thoughts and ideas which Paul Milton had expressed in his book, and in the adherence to which Hollis, from that moment on, saw his own salvation.

He unbolted and flung open the door in the partition between the two rooms, and rushed into the alcove to apologize to the author and claim him and embrace him as his noblest friend and brother. But it was too late: the express was carrying him farther and farther away from the university, never to return, and bringing him nearer and nearer to a mother's bosom—a bosom on which Harold Hollis could never again rest his head. The only trace and remembrance of Milton which Hollis could find was the note he had left for the janitor.

Hollis read that note and learned for the first time that Paul Milton and Allaine Bennett lived in the same town, in fact, on the same street of that town even within a few squares of each other. Hollis returned to his own room, sat down at his desk before Allaine's picture, and began to write a long letter, although he could see very indistinctly; for the hot tears, which filled his smarting eyes, not only blurred his vision but fell upon the paper as well.

CHAPTER XXIV

REUNION

On Monday morning the Alumni began to arrive at the university, register at their respective headquarters, and don the costumes which had been designed to distinguish the various classes. The campus was a scene of animation and brilliancy. The graduates, strolling across the green in their multicolor suits, gave it the appearance of a gigantic flower bed planted unsymmetrically with numerous stalks, bearing blossoms of every possible description, which moved about from time to time constantly interchanging their positions like the colors in a kaleidoscope.

Here stood a group of jolly tars attired in dazzling blue and white. Beside them, under the spreading elms, sat several Chinamen in vivid red and yellow, smoking their quaint long-stemmed pipes. A chorus of clowns in pink bloomers and peaked hats, trimmed with green tassels and rosettes, were performing circus "stunts" on the steps of the old vine-clad chapel. A battalion of soldiers, in tin helmets and bright red uniforms, were drilling under the memorial gateway and singing the glees of former days. A gang of convicts were displaying their stripes behind the black iron fence at the gymnasium. An automobile, loaded with Turks in purple turbans and gilded scimiters, rolled slowly through the crowded streets.

It was Arch Coddington's class who were dressed as clowns, and it was Tom Kuhler's class who were dressed as soldiers.

The graduates re-visited all the dear old haunts of their college days—the haunts which were again brightened by the jolly costumes and the happy faces of yore. The senior

fence, the tavern, the lunch counter, the shore, the vaudeville—each in turn became the rendezvous where old acquaintances were once again renewed and enjoyed. One haunt, however, was deserted. That night a soldier and a clown were walking arm in arm. They turned in a dark side street and stopped before a certain house, which had formerly been the scene of lawless pleasure. But the house was now dark and silent. The familiar twang of the old piano had ceased. But in the little shanty on the other side of the street they could hear the thin sad voice of a mother singing her boy to sleep. The fool and the warrior retraced their steps and joined the carousing merry-makers.

The revelries continued until late in the evening, and were again renewed the next morning, when more alumni appeared in fresher suits to brighten up those which had already undergone the wear and tear of the first happy day of reunion time.

Everybody seemed to be exuberantly happy. Paul Milton's thesis, it seemed, was forgotten. The sensation which it had produced was seemingly washed away by this great wave of gayety which had swept over the entire university filling every nook and corner with gladness. But gay and happy as all appeared on the surface, there were, nevertheless, some minds in which the ideas of his book had firmly and secretly taken root. Even all this excitement and ecstasy did not suffice to eradicate the impression which those big truths had made upon certain individuals. What does it matter if most of our seed of thought falls on hard, barren, uncultivated soil where it is crushed and destroyed underfoot, so long as one or two grains of it sink deeply enough into fertile crevices, hidden from public view, where they can sprout under protection and finally bloom to reproduce and perpetuate the same idea which was stored in all the others? All great changes take place slowly and imperceptibly. The influence of new conceptions cannot be detected in a day or in a year. Sometimes an entire decade must elapse before a noticeable amelioration appears. But although the good is slowly received and acknowledged,

nevertheless those seeds which are hidden underground begin to germinate at once. There are hundreds of immediate good results of our service which we shall never hear or see, and these, perhaps, are more beneficial to humanity than those which are advertised and flashed so boastfully before the public eye.

Harold Hollis, as we already know, stayed over for the commencement baseball game, which was to be played that Tuesday afternoon. On the morning before the game he was walking along the street and suddenly ran across Arch Coddington arrayed in his pink and green bloomers. Coddington rushed forward excitedly to meet Hollis, and, in drawing his hand from the pocket in his costume, he accidentally scratched it on the "frat" pin which he had used to remedy the tear his bloomers had received in a skirmish the preceding night. Hollis did not seize the hand which had been thrust forward, and Coddington dropped it without noticing that the scratch had drawn blood.

"Good God!" exclaimed Coddington, when he saw Hollis' face more closely. "What's happened to you?"

"I'm poisoned," answered Hollis.

"How?"

"Syphilis," said Hollis, trying hard to smile.

"Hard luck, old man, but you'll get over it."

"The doctor doesn't think so," added the unfortunate victim, trying to swallow the lump in his throat. "It takes years and years to get it out of the system, but I've got such a rank dose of it that my physician doubts a permanent cure."

"I know a specialist that can fix you up all right," suggested Coddington.

"Thanks for the advice, Arch, but it's too late. I wish you had referred me to that specialist when I first entered college. Difficult as it is to cure, it is very easily prevented."

"How?"

"By listening to the counsel of a friend—a true friend."

"Wasn't I a true friend?" asked Coddington.

"Scarcely; you played your part in bringing this upon me."

"I!"

"Yes," said Hollis; "of course it is due mainly to my own weakness—my lack of character. I allowed you and others to influence me, although my mother advised me strongly enough, before she died, to keep the straight path." His voice wavered when he mentioned his mother. "But even after I lost her, I acquired a new friend here at the university who was trying to keep me away from this. He never spoke of it directly, but I could read it in his mind. I ignored him and his advice just because you wrote to me that he was a goody-goody, just because he didn't belong to our order, just because you considered him our inferior. God! how could any one be inferior to me in this present condition; I'm rotten through and through. I used to be a decent sort of fellow." Hollis sobbed quite audibly, and then added in a firmer tone: "It's our damned exclusiveness and secrecy that's brought me to this. We are going to do away with that when we move into our new building. Have you seen it?"

"Yes," said Coddington.

"It is the cleanest and most upright building on the campus. Few of the graduates, who have returned today, understand the true significance of that structure."

"What significance?"

"It is the material symbol for the thought expressed in Paul Milton's book. Have you read it?"

"I know nothing about it."

"Well, you will some day. It made a sensational splash when it first struck the university. Then it disappeared under the surface of this ocean of color which has flooded the town and campus, but it is going to come up again some of these days. It has sunk down into the depths now, and the deeper it goes the longer it will remain out of sight. We don't hear or see much of it, but it's down there stirring up the muddy water of the deep, ready to bring more corruption up with it."

"I shall have to read it."

"I wish you had read it before I knew you. I might have had a different and a brighter future."

"What are you going to do next year?" asked Arch.

"I am coming back to the university."

"What for?"

"Work. I am going to do all I can to keep that book alive. I am going to do all I can to keep the other fellows at their studies and away from the 'fun' which has written its consequences all over my face. I won't be a very pleasant article for them to look at, but, at the same time, my appearance will justify my sermons; it will be a gentle reminder to the boys and will show them the risk they are running. I am going to try to save as many of them from this fate as I can. That's the spirit of The New Fraternity. It's a little different from the spirit of the old, which was to lure them into the 'fun' as you did me."

"But you and I are still friends—still brothers, aren't we?"

"Yes," said Hollis, "brothers in the newer sense."

"Then let's have a grip on it," said Coddington, thrusting out his hand.

"I can't do it, Arch. You've got an open scratch there, and I don't want to infect you."

The two boys walked away—in opposite directions.

The sailors, the Chinamen, the Turks, the clowns, the soldiers, the convicts and all the returning classes were assembling before their headquarters to march to the campus. The various colors had now collected and arranged themselves in lines on the grass, like rows of flowers such as we see in the public parks. After a given signal, each variety left the campus through the memorial gate and joined the procession headed by a brass band.

The streets and sidewalks were black with people, eagerly reviewing the parade and cheering each class and section as it passed them on its way to the baseball diamond. One of those sections received more applause and cheers than any

other. It was the army of soldiers in red uniforms and tin helmets. They were by far the most spectacular costumes in the entire pageant. That army was headed by a span of four beautiful white horses hitched to a brass chariot, which reflected the sunlight so brilliantly that the driver seemed to be enveloped in a cloud of fire. The driver was Tom Kuhler, who looked more mighty and handsome than ever. On the edge of the chariot sat a small child, dressed like his father in a little red uniform and a small tin helmet; it was the "class boy." The group was deserving of all the applause it received. The people had not forgotten the sensational football victory of six years ago, and they lifted their hats and shouted their praise and admiration for the greatest living graduate of the university.

There was only one person among the spectators who did not participate in the storm of applause which welcomed the returning hero. It was a woman standing on the street corner. Her dress was shabby, and her thin, pale face was broken and sad. Her hollow eyes were fixed upon Tom Kuhler, but he would not have recognized them even if they had succeeded in attracting his attention. A small boy was clinging to her skirts. By a queer coincidence he was dressed almost identically like the little soldier on the edge of the chariot, and the faces of both boys bore a striking resemblance to the face of the driver; but no one in that vast cheering multitude seemed to notice it. And the chariot rolled on, and the woman's eyes followed the charioteer until his shining helmet vanished in the distance. Then she took the child's hand and crept wearily to her forsaken shanty.

On Wednesday morning the more dignified caps and gowns of the undergraduates replaced the torn and soiled costumes of the alumni, and a somewhat more solemn procession crossed the campus and entered the chapel of the university, where many happy parents were assembled to see their sons receive diplomas from the president. Several honorary degrees were also conferred—two of them upon men who had undertaken and accomplished great social re-

forms in other cities; purple velvet hoods were hung about the shoulders of these recipients.

Paul Milton's "thesis" had been scarcely heard of outside the university. The *Alumni Weekly*, by means of which a notice of the book might have been circulated among the graduates in all parts of the country, declined to advertise it. He had, however, sent a copy to his mother at once, and she showed it to Allaine the moment she called at the cottage. It was through Allaine that the book was written up in the Norford papers and placed on sale at the Norford bookshops. It was not long before every one in the little town was reading it. Now the name of Paul Milton was heard more frequently in the fashionable circles of Norford than that of Harold Hollis.

No one in all Norford received Paul Milton's book more enthusiastically than Mr. Wallace Bennett. The fact that he had long ago given up all hope for Paul Milton as a reformer made him even more appreciative. And he began to ponder deeply over what he might do to reward the boy for the task he had accomplished; he felt that money was a very inadequate recompense—he wanted to give something which was dearer to both of them. He thought over the situation so deeply that his interest in Allaine's wedding began to lessen considerably.

Allaine of course was happy, at least happier than she had been. She was glad that her father's interest in Paul Milton had again been aroused; but if it had only been before Harold Hollis had won the first place in his mind and heart! But the fact that she had helped the boy she loved—helped him to agitate the reform which her father had desired—cheered her considerably. She was, in fact, trying very hard to imagine that Harold Hollis was none other than Paul Milton himself; that the name Hollis on the wedding cards was merely an assumed name for Milton; that the wedding, after all, was going to turn out exactly as she had desired it, and that she was really marrying the only boy she ever loved.

On that commencement morning when the great pipe organ was pouring forth its song of praise from a hundred golden throats, and when the president of the university was placing the purple velvet hoods of honor over the heads of the great social reformers—on that same morning Alice Milton and her son Paul were in the little garden behind the cottage at Norford. The birds were chanting a *Te Deum* in the trees above them. Paul sat on the grass reading a book; Alice, who had just finished making a garland of purple morning-glories, threw it about her boy's neck, and then clasped him to her bosom.

"I only hope you are as happy as I," she murmured.

"I am very happy," said Paul.

"Happy even without a reward?" asked the mother.

He pointed to a sentence on the page before him. (He had been re-reading Emerson's essay on *New England Reformers*.) The widow read the double-underlined passage:

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

"But I had, so hoped for your sake there should have been something more," added the mother.

At that moment the postman passed the gate and threw a package into the garden. Paul caught it and opened it. It contained a photograph of Allaine Bennett and a letter. The writing of the letter was blurred in many places, but was still legible:

Dear Milton:—

The enclosed photograph is one which you have already seen. I showed it to you one night when you—unconsciously perhaps—were trying to make a more upright man of me. I found you outside my door when I was about to visit my landlady's chamber. You prevented that visit temporarily, and I believe you might have severed all my future relations with her had it not been for the letter which I had received from Arch Coddington, in which he described you as a goody-goody whom I should not allow to keep me away from my 'fun.' I took his advice instead of that which you were voicing through your very silence when we were sit-

ting before the woodfire (and when you remarked later that the girl on the enclosed photo looked like a girl of considerable influence).

The lie which our landlady, Miss Jones, invented to conceal my dishonorable relation with her and to which I unhesitatingly submitted has since caused me many a sleepless night. I often believe that my present punishment is the outcome of that lie, by which I allowed my own mother to be lowered to the level of this woman's sister. I shall never again cease to follow the sound advice she gave me before her death, and which I have temporarily but compensatingly violated. Yet I am not entirely to blame; for after her death I had only my father to advise me. My father, who has done everything possible for me, is, nevertheless, rather loose morally. His own behavior after my mother's death and his talks to me, on certain subjects, weakened my resistance when Miss Jones began to display her affection for me after I moved into her house. You know the result of all this as well as I do, and, as I have said before, you might well have prevented it had it not been that Coddington and I were such close friends and members of the same frat.

I met this girl the preceding summer. She exerted a remarkable influence over me as long as I remained in her presence, but her photograph alone was not enough to keep me straight; I had hoped it might be. However, when I saw her again the following summer, I forgot all about Miss Jones, and this girl's influence again returned—the influence to make me lead an upright life and to win her by doing so. But when I came back to college in the fall and left the girl, I left her influence also, and I resumed my calls on the landlady; and because I was no longer living in Miss Jones' house, I used to visit you the same evening to help me with the preparation of my tests in Calculus. This of course was only a bluff, on my part, to avoid suspicion on yours. I was capable enough of preparing myself for those tests without your assistance.

Then Miss Jones left town. That was a noble talk you gave her the night before her departure. It was right that

she should leave the community. I must admit, however, that I was lost without her. My relations with the landlady had, of course, awakened a desire in me which the purifying influence of this girl's company would have soon overcome. But without her, my power to resist was weak, and I yielded to the everlasting coaxing of my fellow friends and began to patronize a house of ill-fame.

No matter how low we are dragged by these debasing pleasures, it seems that the good in us can never be completely smothered, and it waits patiently to be awakened by the first beam of sunlight which enters our souls. There must be moments in the life of the lowliest man in existence when he craves for the love of a pure and noble woman. The following summer the good in me again triumphed over the evil. I spent my entire vacation with this girl at her parents' home in the mountains. I never again expect to live happier days than those. Her presence again dispelled every evil thought from my mind. It elevated me wonderfully to be near her. My soul seemed as high as the mountains themselves. Her presence was as purifying as the mountain air. At the end of the summer I proposed to her; she accepted me. By doing so, I believed she had forever driven every vice out of my life. But when I returned to the college and again joined the company of my easy-going, conscience-lacking friends, I became more untrue to this girl than ever, even though I was engaged to her. And in a very short time I was hopelessly swamped in degradation, which has now poisoned and polluted every drop of blood in my body.

Our wedding was scheduled for this present June. I was ashamed to appear before her during the Christmas and Easter vacations; you knew my condition at that time. I wrote letters to her, offering excuses for my absence—excuses which involved the truth, but not the whole truth. I knew all the while that I could never marry her, and yet I could not decide to give her up. I often had a pleasant but momentary belief that I might be suddenly cured as if by miracle, but now the doctors have given me up, or at least

given me the impression that my case had little or no chance for a permanent recovery.

The date set for our wedding is only a few days off, but I have not yet informed the family that I cannot marry and run the risk of infecting her with disease. If only I had gone there at Christmas time and told them all. At that time our engagement had not yet been publicly announced. But I still entertained the hope of being cured in spite of my physician's discouraging opinions, and the longer I postponed canceling the engagement the more hopeful I became and the more unwilling to give her up. It is not an easy thing to say good-bye forever to one we love so dearly. I once thought of having the wedding postponed, but that would have aroused suspicion and would have spoiled the slight chance to which I still clung. I was everlastingly debating these questions in my mind. No one will ever know how I suffered both mentally and physically. But I have surrendered at last. The girl must know all, but I am ashamed to tell her myself. I love her too much to breathe these things in her presence or even send them to her on paper.

I once told you not to look at me or speak to me again. I am going to ask you to obey that command of mine, for I do not deserve your recognition. Do not answer this letter, but for my sake and for God's sake do immediately the favor I ask in it. The morning you left college I went into your room to apologize to you, but I saw at once that that pleasure was denied me: you had already departed. I found the note you had left for the janitor, and I learned for the first time that your home, too, was in Norford. That information solved the problem which has driven me almost mad. The girl's name and address are written on the back of the photograph together with a note of introduction which I have signed. I am going to request you to call at her home, return the picture, and explain all to her. Tell her openly of my condition. Tell her I have proved myself unworthy of her. It is my wish—my sincere wish—that you might some day win her in my stead. Indeed, I know of no one

more deserving of her than you, and nothing would give me a more perfect assurance of her future safety and happiness than the union of your hearts. If you do not communicate this message at once, I shall never rest.

I know you will not lack the courage to do this, for you have already displayed that courage in your "thesis," which I have read and re-read several times. It had the same influence over me as this girl; your book has replaced her presence. If I had only had it sooner, it would have saved me. When I return to the university in the fall, I shall do all I can to keep it alive and to spread its influence. I shall indeed continue the great reform which you have already begun. I feel that my work for this cause is the only work which will enable me to forget my disappointment and misery; and who knows but that by helping to save the souls of others I might myself receive God's forgiveness and salvation! This, I believe, is the old gospel of Christianity—the same doctrine of THE NEW FRATERNITY.

Your loving brother,

HAROLD HOLLIS.

It would be impossible to find language to express the effect which this letter had upon Paul Milton. Words could not describe the supreme and sublime joy which thrilled him when he learned from Harold Hollis himself that he had at last won the true fraternity of the boy he had loved so deeply, and that this boy was going to continue and extend the good work which the "thesis" had begun. To Paul that letter was something more than the promise of a human being; it was a promise which God Himself conveyed to him, and Harold Hollis was the medium through which that promise came.

It would be equally difficult to describe the joy which Alice Milton experienced when she saw the photograph of Allaine Bennett in her son's hand. But she dared not let him become aware of that joy, because she must remain true to her promise to Allaine—her promise never to tell Paul how much the girl loved him. That was a secret which

Allaine alone had the exclusive right and extreme happiness to reveal.

"When shall I call at Willow Lodge?" asked Paul, as he glanced at the address on the back of the photograph.

"The letter urges you to do so at once," said the widow. "You must not wait any longer; the Norford papers are full of the plans for the wedding."

"But, Mother dear, think of it! think of it! He has requested me to tell this girl that he wants me to fill his place!"

"Yes, exactly," said Alice absent-mindedly.

"Mother!" exclaimed Paul, "you speak as though you wish me to do it!"

"The poor boy says he will never rest unless you do," added the widow more thoughtfully.

"But I am not brave enough to ask for the hand of a strange girl. She will think I am a lunatic. And think what all Norford would say! Mother, I haven't the courage. I can't do it. I won't do it."

"Perhaps the girl will do it for you," suggested the widow, smiling.

"She doesn't know me either," said Paul.

The widow pretended to reflect for a moment or two.

"Oh," she said, all of a sudden, "I believe it's the same little girl who invited you to her party when you went to school together. I still have that invitation. Wait a second, I shall get it, and we shall compare the name with the one on the back of the photograph." Alice Milton skipped into the cottage like a little child.

Paul's eyes were fixed on the picture before him. He gazed at those knowing, welcoming eyes of hers, long and steadily and with a wonderful admiration. And as he did so, he was conscious of a change coming over him—or rather an exchange: for it seemed he was experiencing the attraction toward Allaine which Hollis had felt, just as Hollis had become imbued with The New Fraternity. After all, was it not the thought of Allaine in Hollis that had roused so deep an affection for the boy? Was not this very affection merely

the bud of a bigger creative love which was now beginning to swell and waiting anxiously to open? Paul fell back on the grass, clasping the picture to his heart. As he did so, he spied a pair of happy birds in the branches above him.

"The reward! The reward!" he murmured, lifting the picture to his lips.

His mother returned with the invitation addressed in Allaine's childish writing to Master Paul Milton. She also brought a small cardboard box with her.

"Yes, it is the same name; compare them," she said, as she handed him the engraved invitation.

"So she invited me to come to see her a long time ago," mused Paul, as he saw his name, which her little hand had written on the envelope.

"Yes, and you did not go, but she brought you this the next day."

"What?" asked Paul.

The widow handed him the little box. He opened it and found a little heart-shaped cake covered with a faded-pink icing, on which the name Allaine was embossed in white sugar. A tiny bite had been taken from it.

"Did a mouse do that?" he asked.

"Yes; you were the little mouse—the little schoolboy who tasted this heart a long time ago; but you were too busy then—too busy building a schoolhouse on the top of your sand pile—too busy to take all of it. And can you guess what you said after you tasted this heart?"

"No; what was it?"

"I wrote it on the lid of the box," said the widow.

Paul looked at the lid, and read:

"I shall get the rest of it some time again."

And that afternoon he took the picture, the letter, the invitation and the cake, and strolled over to Willow Lodge, where all was in readiness for the great wedding.



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